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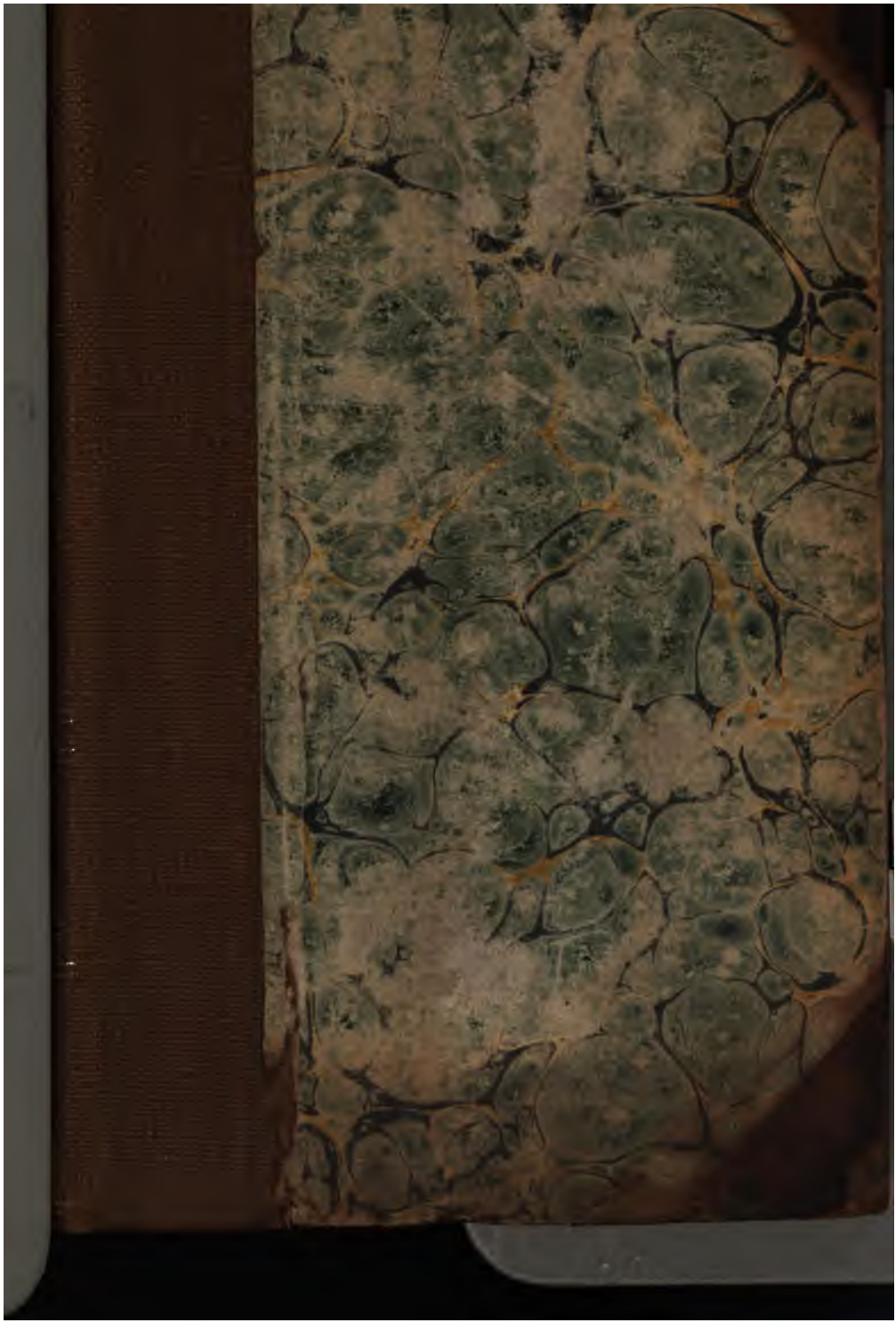

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THE

CABINET ALBUM;

A COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED LITERATURE.

"A Garden, not for show
Planted, but use; where wholesome herbs should grow.
A Cabinet of curious porcelain, where
No fancy enters, but what's rich and rare."

LONDON:
HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1830.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

PREFACE.

In preparing this volume for the press, the chief object of the Editor has been to provide a fund of entertainment for the leisure hour:—for the shady retreat, or for the social circle. With this design he has extracted from various productions such portions as should, when united, form a work of interest and amusement, endeavouring to adapt his selection to all tastes, and by frequent transition from grave to gay, to render it acceptable both to the pensive and cheerful disposition. He may safely say that nothing will be found in these pages which can offend the morals of the most fastidious, and he hopes that if there is not much to praise, little will be found worthy of censure. From our transatlantic countrymen, he has borrowed several interesting tales, and although, perhaps, some may occasionally recognise a well-known title, he believes that

by far the greater part of his selection will be new to most of his readers. To originality he lays little claim, though here and there a nameless contribution will be found. He professes nothing beyond a compilation—of the trouble and pleasure attendant upon which, he can only say, that should his readers think favourably of his exertions, the former will be forgotten, the latter increased tenfold.

July, 1830.

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THE

Cabinet Album.

THE VOLUPTUARY CURED.

We hang thieves, but I think a nobleman of pleasure would deserve hanging better. The poor pilferer in a dwelling house may be in a state of starvation at the time when he lays a trembling finger on a silver waiter; but the nobleman plunders at his ease, against his own interest, and that of his country. She has permitted him to hold a quantity of wealth, sufficient to enable him to spend his life in the study of her laws and government—to travel through other lands, and render himself master of all that is worthy of imitation in their customs and institutions. She has, moreover, invested him with a rank and title that shall confer dignity on all his proceedings, and assist him in filling, with due effect, his place in the legislature, while they enable him to exercise that influence on the minds of the people, which is necessary to keep them in awe of justice. Conceive, therefore, what the honesty is of a man, who, born to the inheritance of those honours, and those duties, neglects the one, and compromises the other, by a life of indolence and inaction. Yet such, and worse than such is, I believe, the life of a large portion of the aristocracy. All, or nearly all, the great benefits which are rendered to the state proceed from the body of the people, while a great body of the aristocracy scarcely fill a more useful place than that of shining at a court gala, or drawing room—smirking and cringing in the train of a hired opera singer—filling up half a column of a newspaper, for the amusement of those who take an interest in the migration of butterflies—and serving the purpose of a mighty outlet, through which the tide of the nation's existence ebbs rapidly away.

The young Lord Ulla was one of those negative plunderers of the state. He had passed his majority without effecting any benefit, either to his country or to himself, and did not then seem anxious to repair the time which he had lost. Unfortunately for his own peace, his wealth was so excessive, as to leave no enjoyment, that he cared to indulge in, beyond his reach. From the highest scenes of dissipation, to the lowest of profligacy, he had left none untried, and all alike had ceased to gratify him. He became indolent and apathetic, and found himself, before the beard was yet black upon his lip, in the condition of a man satiated with the enjoyments of sense, and possessing no relish for, or knowledge of any other of a higher order.

"I lead a most miserable life," he said to his physician,—"I have tried every species of recreation that the world can afford, and I am tired of them all. It terrifies me to think that I have yet a long life before me without a single object to interest or amuse me. I detest vice: it has disgusted and sickened me, and there is no harmless or useful employment, that has the power of affording me a moment's stimulus. What a strange fantastical body is this in which I am confined!—Every thing tires and annoys it; even repose itself has become a labour and a torment. But that I think it a base, a cowardly, and ungrateful thing, to fling away a gift that God has bestowed upon me—I would be tempted

——— "To play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword."———

"I do not know," the medical adviser replied, as he lifted his brows and tossed his head, "why a man should become tired of answering the ends of his existence. Will you pardon me for intimating that there are diseases wherein the patient must minister to himself, and with this advantage, that his practice, if vigorously put in execution, is certain to be successful. There is a feeling in our nature, which if judiciously cultivated, would furnish a certain and radical cure for the sense of discomfort which you describe."

"If you mean to hint that I should join the *saints*,"* Lord Ulla rejoined, with a frown and a yawn, "I have only to say that I hate cant and hypocrisy."

"And so do I," replied his friend, "you quite mistake me, if you suppose that I would recommend to you to undertake the correction of others without being invested with the necessary authority. A man has enough to do, who regulates the little moral commonwealth within his own mind, without extending his dominion, unwarrantably, to that of his neighbours. But are there not active duties which should furnish you with occupation?"

"I have no object to stimulate me to exertion; and labour for labour's sake—you know the apophthegm. Ambition, I have none—I can feel no gratification in the prospect of hearing a few thousand tongues wagging with the sounds of my praise. Why should I care for regulating the affairs of an empire? What is it, but providing for a more numerous family?—and what has the nation done for me, that I should pretend to father it?"

The doctor smiled, and remained for a few moments in meditation. "To be candid with you," said he, "I know of no power in medicine that can be available in your case. But if you could prevail on yourself to travel a few hundred miles, I am acquainted with a mineral water on your own estate of Ulla, which I am almost certain would effect a beneficial change in your constitution. Go there, and when you have found the spring, I will send you directions how to use it."

"Go there!—go to Ireland? Is it to be shot from behind a hedge, or have my throat cut in my bed?"

"I do not think there is such manifest danger of that; and even if the journey were not without risk, would it not be better meet death at once, than be frittered out of the world by colds, and indigestions, and nervous idiosyncrasies?"

"I protest you are right," replied the young Lord—"but then to leave London now in the blaze of winter—and Pasta and Sontag in town!".

"I thought you said that both had tired you—that there was nothing

* A cant term for public and unauthorized conservators of religious decorum.

in London that could supply you with a moment's amusement. The trip will at least have novelty to recommend it."

"I protest you are right again," replied the young nobleman, "I will certainly undertake the journey."

"And if you do so," continued his adviser, "you would do well to perform it incognito, and take with you no other articles of value than are necssary for your expenses on the road. It will be the safest course, and when you arrive in Ulla, you can send to your banker for remittances."

The plan was embraced and executed. Under the unassuming name of Mr. John Johnson, the young Lord of Ulla took his seat in the Bristol coach. He admired, (not for the first time) the glories of Bath, as he entered its gloomy vale late at night, when the traveller imagines he is passing through a city of stars; and lights twinkle through the darkness above, around, and beneath him. He grew rapturous on the Avon—bought bookstones and copper ore at the foot of the lofty Clifton hills, felt queer for half a night on board the Nora Creina, and landed safely on the Waterford quay, all wonder, interest, and terror.

Although there was a great crowd of Irishmen upon the quay, he had the good fortune to arrive with life at a small hotel in a retired part of the city, where he immediately hired a post-chaise for the interior. He drove rapidly by

"——that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky lark never warbles o'er,"

and arrived late on the following day, at the principal inn on his own estate, in a remote and mountainous country.

He was met in the ruinous hall of the house of entertainment, by a shrewd looking man, whose bows and smiles seemed to announce him as the proprietor of the establishment. In compliance with Mr. Johnson's desire, he was shewn into a parlour, the dreary regularity and discomforting finery of which chilled and depressed him.

He observed, as he entered, a peculiar and penetrating expression in the landlord's eye; it vanished, however, the instant their glances met.

"You appear not to be much troubled with company here, landlord?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Scarce and genteel, sir—scarce and genteel is the way with us," replied the host, tossing his head.

"Whose is the estate, pray?"

"It belongs to young Lord Ulla, please your honour."

"A good landlord, I suppose?"

The man lowered his face as if to hide a smile. "Middling, sir," he answered; "middling, as we say, like the small potatoes."

"Why, does he oppress his tenantry in any way for his rents?"

"As for himself, sir," replied the inn-keeper, "we can't say what he is, for our two eyes never perched upon him yet, since the day he was born. But whatever he be himself, the man that *does for him** here, is no great things."

"You mean his agent?"

"Why then I'll not tell you a word of a lie about it, it's the very man I mean."

Mr. Johnson said no more on this subject, but ordered dinner, and gave particular directions about the cookery. After enumerating a long string of dishes which he could furnish, only for something, the landlord

* Transacts his business.

named a pair of chickens, together with "the best potatoes in Europe." On this Mr. Johnson thought he could contrive to sustain life for one day.

But he was doomed to fare still worse, for the chickens were overdone. He rang for the landlord, who, it appeared, was his own waiter.

"These chickens are overdone," was Mr. Johnson's first exclamation.

"Overdone, sir!"

"There is not a morsel fit to eat upon the dish, except the liver."

"In earnest, sir," said the man, with apparent concern.

"Take it away," said Mr. Johnson.

"Will I kill a couple more for your honour?"

Mr. Johnson stared. "Are you a cannibal," said he, "that you would kill and eat a chicken on the same day?"

The landlord looked quite perplexed, removed the chickens, and the young nobleman ordered him to send in tea as quickly as possible.

At this order the landlord remained for some moments, as if hesitating about what he should say.

"Please your honour, sir," he exclaimed at length, "what kind of *tay* would your honour wish?"

"Good green tea, if you have it; I don't suppose I can expect any thing better from you."

"Oh, no, sir, 'tisn't that at all, I mean, only it's what I mean is, is it rale tay-tay your honour wants, or coffee-tay, or oat-male tay?"

"Tay-tay! coffee-tay!" ejaculated the guest; "I don't understand you. I want tea.—Don't you know what tea is?"

"Oh, yes—I see it's the tay-tay you mean. I'm sorry to say I can't give you any to-night."

"No tea!" sighed Mr. Johnson; "well then, send me in coffee, or *coffee-tay*, as you call it."

"I can't promise your honour that neither," said the landlord, shaking his head; "but if you'd like a drop of the oat-male tay, an' a fine thing it is, I could give you some of the best in the county."

"Will you answer me one question, friend?" said Mr. Johnson, after pausing for some moments to gather patience.

"As far as my knowledge goes, sir," replied the landlord, with a quiet bow.

"On what do you support your guests in this house?"

"On what heaven gives me, sir, surely, day after day, taking the fling as it comes."

"Leave me those potatoes," said Mr. Johnson; "I see I have nothing better to expect."

"Why then 'twould be droll if you had," said the landlord, "for the whole parish gives it up to them, that they're the best potatoes that was ever dug out of the ground."

In a few minutes Mr. Johnson's bell again summoned the landlord to the parlour. The latter made his appearance with the same courteous bow, and the same obsequious "What's wanting, please your honour?"

"Have you any listen in the house?" was the query of the guest.

"Listing!" exclaimed the landlord in a grave and rather lofty tone; "Oh, no, sir, there's none o' my people listing.—It's not come to that with us yet any way."

"Psha?" replied Mr. Johnson, "I don't mean listing for soldiers—but cloth listen to nail on that door;—there's such a draught!"

"There's nothing of the kind in the house, plase your honour," said the host, shaking his head.

"Well then, throw on some more turf on the fire, and shut the door after you, which, I perceive, nobody in this house ever thinks it necessary to do."

The man obeyed, and Mr. Johnson began to read a provincial paper which lay on the table. In a few minutes the chimney puffed clouds of smoke, and again the house-bell summoned the landlord to the room. He entered at this time with a smile of peculiar mischief and shrewdness.

"Oh! murder, murder!" he exclaimed, "what a mortal sight o' smoke!"

"Well, what's to be done about it?" said his guest.

"Oh, then I don't know sir," he replied, with much apparent concern, and yet with something like an inclination to smile; "but if your honour would leave the door open, just the weeniest little peep in the world, it will all clear in a minute."

"But then the cold draught, friend—it would be the death of me."

"Well, a dawny piece of the window then?"

"You stupid man, wouldn't the draught be as bad from the window as from the door?"

"Oh, then, dear knows," exclaimed the man, tossing his hands up in despair; "I'm fairly lost between the whole of 'em.—I don't know what I'll do with your honour, nor where I'll put you."

"Give me a light," groaned Mr. Johnson, "and shew me to my sleeping-room."

This was done, but a hard bed, and a scanty covering rendered it only an exchange of one suffering for another. Mr. Johnson resolved that his first measure, in the morning, should be to change his quarters. What was his astonishment and consternation, however, after he had dressed, to discover that his pocket-book, containing all the money which he had brought with him, was not to be found. Inquiry was fruitless, and the landlord threw out more than one hint of his doubt as to whether any loss had really taken place. This doubly incensed the young nobleman, and made him regret his having ever trusted himself, thus unprotected, in such a land.

Still, however, wishing to preserve his incognito, he resolved to remain for some days at the inn, until he should obtain a remittance from his banker. He wrote accordingly, and gave the letter to his landlord, that he might send it to the nearest post town. By this awkward circumstance Mr. John Johnson was reduced almost to his last sovereign, and the appearances which he chose to assume for the preservation of his incognito, rendered it improbable that many persons would be willing to afford him a long credit.

He spent several days within the cover of his apartment—talking with his landlord on the state of the country, and listening with that fascinating curiosity which attracts interest even while it inspires apprehension, to numberless tales of Rockite murders, post-boys shot from behind hedges, and houses burned about the ears of the inmates. These narratives contributed, together with the terrific accounts put forward in the alarmist newspapers, to increase his fears a hundred fold, and to make him regret that he had ever ventured his life among so murderous a generation.

He regretted it still more acutely, when, after a second application to his banker, he received no answer nor acknowledgment of his letter. This circumstance was peculiarly annoying, as, during his sojourn here, he had not rendered himself a favourite with the people of the inn. The air of superiority which Lord Ulla was accustomed to assume, sometimes unconsciously manifested itself in the demeanour of Mr. John Johnson, and the landlord began to feel indignant at his complaints of smoking chimneys, and draughts, and undressed dinners. "Set him up with cookery, indeed!"

his guest heard him say, as he left the apartment on one occasion, "I wish I was sure of getting my money for what's past and gone. What I'm thinking is that the nobles are down to fourpence with him."

One morning, Mr. John Johnson was seated at the breakfast table, on which was placed a quantity of material sufficient to make a considerable company contented. This profusion has always a strange appearance in the eyes of an Englishman who is accustomed to the Lilliputian frugality that is manifested in the service of a London coffee-house. The door suddenly opened, and the landlord advanced to the table.

"I'd take it as a favour, sir," he said, "if you'd oblige me with the loan of five pounds. There's a neat cow below street at the cant, and I'll want beef against the gentlemen come to the races."

Mr. John Johnson could not conceal his confusion.

"I should be most happy to accommodate you," said he, "but, upon my honour, I—I—am quite drained at present. If a few days would answer—"

"No, sir—'twould not answer," the man replied gruffly, "who ever heard of a cow being canted for a few days running?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Johnson, "if you send your man to the office he would find a letter there for me?"

"Long ago this morning, sir, my man was at the office, and there's nothing for you. I'm tired of sending to the office for you. I'm sorry to say it, Mr. Johnson, but I'm afraid 'tis humbugging me you are, sir."

"Humbugging, fellow?"

"Fellow!" the landlord shouted out, glad of a quarrel, "no fellow for a rogue or a sponge, Mr. John Johnson."

"Why, you scoundrel, what do you mean to insinuate?"

"I mean to insinuate that I have my doubts if you're any thing better. That's what I mean to insinuate. And I'll tell you what's more again; I mean to insinuate that there's company coming here to the races, and that I'd be obliged to you if you'd make yourself scarce in these rooms; there's the long and the short of it now."

"Stay, my good fellow," said Lord Ulla, conscious that he was likely to profit little in a contest of this nature, "the fact is, I have written twice to my banker, and by some mischance, I have not yet been able to obtain an answer."

"Poh! that's the old story always. I declare, look—it sickens me to hear you talking of yourself and your banker. I believe he might put all you ever lodged with him into his waiscoat pocket in small change. You have as much bankers as I have of prime ministers—and that isn't one."

"You are an impudent rascal!"

"Cut out of my house now this moment, since you call me an impudent rascal. There's the door open for you."

"Why, you inhospitable fellow, you would not turn me out alone, now, and the country in such a state!"

"Country in a state! And what state is it in, Mr. Johnson? How mighty genteel you are, indeed! Why then you may go from this to Cork, and if you'll meet a greater rogue than yourself on the way, I'll give you leave to call me another, for company. Pack away with yourself now if you please."

"Very well! I tell you I can make you repent this."

"You're welcome, as soon as you like. That's what vexes me entirely, now, is the airs you take upon yourself. If it was Lord Ulla himself was there, he couldn't speak prouder, nor give more trouble."

"Why, fool that you are—I tell you that I am—"

"Well, what do you tell me?"

"Nothing. Give me my hat—and take care of my valise until I send my servant for it. What do you sneer at, you scoundrel?"

"Nothing. Only some thoughts that were coming into my mind when you talked of your *servant*. Why, then, you're the foolishest young man I think I ever saw. Good morning to you.—Here, although you didn't behave so well, still I declare you have a touch of a gentleman with you that I like. Here's a paper of sandwiches, and put 'em in your pocket against the road."

Without condescending to return any other reply than was conveyed in a look of fierce anger, Mr. John Johnson left the door of the hotel, and took his way across the mountains, towards the residence of his own agent, which was about fifteen miles from the spot where he stood.

Necessity taught him the art of walking upon the ground, in which, until now, his education had been very deficient. He discovered, also, that he was capable of standing upright in the face of a tolerable gale, by the mere force of gravitation; and actually sustained two severe showers of rain without melting away. Fifteen miles in one day, however, for a person who had not practised walking, was a little too much; and it was with dismay that Mr. Johnson saw the sun go down behind him, while he was yet pacing wearily along the side of a lonely mountain, over which a few wretched cabins were scattered at long intervals. The night threatened to be stormy, and its threats did not prove vain, like those of a bully. His long abstinence had induced him to bestow more reflection on the rejected paper of sandwiches than his pride would have willingly permitted; and the fear of not being able to procure some equivalent, formed no small part of his anxiety. Indeed it was unreasonable to suppose that he could procure anything fit to be laid even before Mr. John Johnson, in such a wilderness as this.

The night advanced, and his apprehensions increased with the darkness. He would not venture to ask for a lodging in one of the mountain huts, for how did he know but it was there the white-boys lived. And yet was it so safe to be out on such a night? Who knew but he might run full butt up against a rebel, in the darkness? Horrible!—And even if he were fortunate enough to escape, what a terrible thing it was to pass the night out in such a place, with a thorough draught running from the east to the west, enough to give a man his death of cold. He thought of passing the night like Julius Cæsar, under the shelter of one of the cabin walls; but after leaning in that position for a few minutes, he discovered that he and Julius Cæsar were different men. While he was deliberating, he found himself staggering through a sink of stagnant water, which lay unseen on his path, and arrived with a pint of the liquid in each boot on the opposite side. This made him jump to a conclusion.

The slough in question formed a sort of ornamental lake, in front of one of those mountain villas beforementioned. No other course was now left him than to apply for assistance at the cottage; and, reversing the principle of Hamlet, he chose rather to fly to ills he knew not of, than to bear those ills he had.

The door was opened by a meagre looking man, in wretched attire, who held a rush-light in his hand, and looked with an expression of surprise and half-forgotten sorrow on the stranger. The squalidness of his appearance caused a coldness to fall on the heart of the young nobleman, who

would have preferred damp feet to the chances of a night's lodging beneath the same roof with so ill-looking an individual.

"'Twould not be worth our while to refuse you a lodging," said the man, in answer to his request—"in a house that won't be our own to-morrow. Walk in, and welcome."

Mr. Johnson entered, and showed by his countenance, as he stared around the apartment, that he did not think there could be much hardship in being ejected from such a dwelling as this. A few crazy hay-bottomed chairs, and a small table, constituted nearly all the furniture; and the floor, which was of clay, was moistened into a puddle in most places, from the dropping of the roof.

"Put down the rest of the faggots, Mary, honey," said the man, "let us have the benefit of them for this night, at any rate, since it is to be the last, and there's no use in sparing them, when we can't take them with us."

Two little girls, as pale and squalid as their father, proceeded to rekindle the expiring embers, by heaping on fresh fuel, and stooping forward on their little hands to illume it with their breath. This picture, coupled with the surrounding misery, reminded him of the lines in the magnificent poem of "Darkness:"—

> ——— "They raked up
> And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
> The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
> Blew for a little life—and made a flame
> Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
> Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
> Each other's aspects!"

The man bade them to put down their supper, a small pot of potatoes which lay near, saying, that he supposed "the gentleman had no objection to eat a little, any more than themselves."

Mr. Johnson made as cheerful a reply as he could, under the circumstances, and after making an unnecessary apology, was preparing to draw off his wet boots, when a faint moan from an inside room, struck on his ear.

"Is it anything that you'd want, Mary, darling?" said the man, pausing, and holding in his hand the boot which he was about to place in a corner near the fire.

"Nothing, only the rushlight, Ned, until I'll hear little Milly her lesson."

The man asked Mr. Johnson's pardon for leaving him in the dark, saying that his wife was lying sick in the room. When he entered, the young nobleman overheard, with some misgiving, a half-whispered and broken conversation, in the course of which, the sick woman, he perceived, was endeavouring to prevail on her husband to grant her some request which he was unwilling to concede.

"But listen, here, Ned—can't you, now?—what good is it for you!—can't you be said by me?"

"Ah! hold your tongue, woman, you'll drive me crazy."

"But I see by you, now, that you are harbouring something bad in your mind against him; Ned, don't add to my sickness—don't bring down more sorrow on my head."

Mr. Johnson felt very uneasy.

"You poor foolish woman," the man replied; "I don't know what to

say to you. The world wouldn't make you murmur. What chance have we at all of anything but starvation now, and you don't look as if you thought it."

"I don't think it, I tell you—and if I did, what good would it do us to have such thoughts? You say yourself, that the rich people have a great deal to answer for, that feast and drink all their days, and fly the face of all suffering; but what would be said of us when the Almighty sends the means of salvation to our hands, if we refuse to use them? We can't help being poor; if we were to harbour all the revenge, and spite, and envy in the world—if we were to murmur and be sick of discontent, it would not make us one penny richer;—it might be a hard thing, and sore against nature to tie ourselves to sorrow, but when we are bound to it by the Almighty's will, surely it is easy to be contented with what he ordains. The rich man has a better excuse for not inflicting self-denial, than we have for not enduring it;—I declare there's nothing so surprising in the world, as that poor people should murmur at all, when it is so easy for them to earn a great reward just by being silent. Now, if you ever loved me, Edward, show that you loved me with a right heart and intention, by bearing every thing to-morrow with patience."

"Listen to me, what I tell you, Mary; I'll do what I can, and what can I do more, if I was the Pope itself? Ah! you poor saint, it isn't there you ought to be lying this night. I wish, Mary, I left you where I found you first, in your father's house, and never asked you to suffer such misery as this."

"That's the unkindest word you ever said to me yet," said the woman; "I never repented it yet, and why should you? I had rather be sorrowful and patient with you, than gay and thoughtless with another. Do this for me, and I am satisfied."

The husband re-entered the outer apartment, and took his seat with a pleased though troubled aspect, by the now blazing fire. He seemed totally forgetful of the stranger's presence, and continued to turn the roots in the simmering water, while his thoughts were evidently bent on another subject. The sick woman, in the meantime, instructed the child in her lesson, which consisted of that beautiful and consoling passage from the Sermon on the Mount, which is distinguished by the name of the Eight Beatitudes. The lesson was so appropriate in this scene of tears and affliction, that a deep sympathy of mingled hope and pain fell upon the heart of the young Lord, while he glanced from face to face of the silent group, and heard the lips of the innocent child echo the cheering promise, that "they who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted!"

"The Lord relieve you, poor woman," the husband said, at intervals, as he listened, "and direct them that brought you to that pass, and teach them better. The Lord forgive young Lord Ulla, this day! Five pounds couldn't be so much to him that he'd turn a poor famishing family out on the road in weather like this on account of it. Come, Mary, child, lay the table, and throw out the potatoes before the gentleman."

Mr. Johnson endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail on them to sit down with him, but the peasant was resolute in keeping what he thought his distance. In the course of the entertainment, he made his guest acquainted with the story of their distresses, which threw a considerable share of blame upon the shoulders of the young nobleman's agent, the little holding being situate on his estate. The grievances and oppressions detailed, though common even to staleness, were new and shocking to the ear of the sensitive and not ungenerous voluptuary.

"Indeed he has laid a hard and heavy hand on our house," the man added in conclusion; "but, as the woman within says, there's no knowing what compulsion might be on him to do as he is doing, and we have no right to judge."

The delicate Mr. Johnson was astonished to find that he, whom the refinements of a scientific repast frequently failed in tempting to a cheerful meal, was able without an effort to dine heartily on a plate of plain potatoes sweetened with a grain of salt. They tasted more sweetly, he thought, than any delicacy he had ever before partaken of. To his great surprise, moreover, he found an armful of dry straw placed at some little distance from the fire, a more luxurious resting-place than all the upholsterers in the empire could have afforded him,

He was awakened, late on the following morning, by the sound of loud and angry voices in the house. On looking out from behind the projecting partition that separated him from the fire-place, he perceived that the work of spoliation had already commenced. The scene which met his eyes was touching in the extreme. Near the door stood a fat red-faced man, with a shot-belt round his shoulder and a note-book in his hand, in which he was making some memoranda.

"Come, come, bundle away, Hanrahan, as quick as you can. There's no use in your keeping us all day, since you *are* to quit, and I want to have some cocking in the wood as I go home."

The man was standing at a little distance from the door, the early sunshine falling on his features. His wife, a pale and sickly, but calm-eyed and handsome young woman, hung with both her hands upon his shoulder, while their children, unconscious of the mournful consequences of their ejectment, gazed with innocent wonder on the stranger and his attendants. The man exchanged glances with his wife at the speech above written. His look was one of smothered passion; hers was one of affectionate entreaty. He tossed his head; resigned his indignation; and smiled a mournful acquiescence.

"Ho! ho! what have we here?" exclaimed the agent, stirring something that glittered on the floor. "A silver cigar-box! How came you by this, Ned?"

"I don't know," replied the man, "if it doesn't belong to the strange gentleman that was benighted with us last night."

Mr. Johnson here advanced, and claimed his property, mentioning at the same time, in brief and polite terms, the circumstances which compelled him to seek the shelter of so humble a roof as this. While he and the agent were interchanging mutual civilities, a dreadful shower of rain fell outside.

"I ll tell you what, sir," said the poor man, as he bent an anxious eye on his wife, "leave us in the house for a few days, or for this day itself, until we try to get some sort of a lodging. My poor Mary, here, can never stand the weather."

"I can't do it, Hanrahan. I have Lord Ulla's positive directions not to let it go beyond this day; and I have no choice left."

"The Lord forgive that young man," said the husband. "If he's as hard on you as you are on us, you are to be pitied with him. I'll tell you what it is, sir," he added, after a pause and with a totally altered tone, "I'd consider it nothing less than murdering my wife to go out to-day; and neither for Lord Ulla, nor for you, nor for any other man, will I stir one step until I have provided a lodging for her at any rate."

"Come, drag them out at once, now," said the agent, snatching his gun.

The man, springing from his wife, who shrieked in terror, caught up a pitchfork that lay on the floor.

"Leave the house!" cried the man of power, cocking his piece.

"Never, while I live," shouted the peasant, "you'll take me out on a door first! Stand back, woman! I say you shall not go."

"But I am able! I am well, well able!" cried the woman, walking across the room. But the effort disproved her words. She staggered from weakness, and would have fallen, but that her husband caught her in his arms. He looked with a smile of bitter reproach on the agent, while he held her forward, as if by way of appeal to the spectators. The agent understood the action.

"I can't help it," he said: "come, turn them out!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. John Johnson. They all held their hands accordingly, obeying they knew not what of authority in his voice that charmed them.

He requested a word apart with the agent, who followed him into the inner room in some surprise. The rest gazed on one another in silence. In a few seconds, Mr. Johnson returned with the step of a Lord, and the agent followed him pale and agitated.

"Hanrahan," said the latter, "I have changed my mind about this business, you can remain here for the present, and here is some money for your present use. This gentleman has brought me word, that Lord Ulla—that—there was some mistake about his wishes."

The man darted a shrewd glance at Lord Ulla, but perceiving some reproving expression on his features, continued silent, bowing his head down in unaffected reverence, and almost trembling with the agitation of joy and gratitude. Not a word was spoken, until the cabriolet of the baffled deputy drove to the door, and its owner, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, took his seat in the vehicle.

Both sat for some time,—the one in embarrassed, the other in meditative silence. At length, Lord Ulla asked, in an indifferent tone, whether there were not a certain mineral water in the neighbourhood, much resorted to by valetudinarians.

No such thing had ever reached the ears of the obsequious gentleman, who sat beside him. The young nobleman remembered the sharp looks and secret smiles of the landlord, the words and character of his medical friend, and a strange suspicion darted into his mind. The whole had been a scheme concerted between the physician and the innkeeper. The latter had never forwarded the cheques on Lord Ulla's banker, and probably knew more of the abstraction of the pocket book than he had pretended.

"I hope," the agent assumed, in some trepidation, "your Lordship will not attribute the fault——"

"I attribute it where it was due, sir," replied the nobleman. "The fault was mine."

"Yours, my Lord? I think the very last——"

"You drive too slow, sir. Imagine that grey mare to be one of Lord Ulla's tenants, and, if I mistake not, she will be driven faster. You know you want to have some shooting in the wood."

The agent coloured, and discharged his vexation on the sides of the animal. When they arrived at the "great house," Lord Ulla called for ink and paper, and penned the following note to his physician.

"I have found the spring of which you spoke, and derived so much benefit from the draught I have already taken, that I stand in no need of the code of directions you were kind enough to promise me. It is my in-

tention to remain on my estate during the summer, for the purpose of completely establishing the beneficial alteration, which has been already effected.

"Yours, &c.

"ULLA.

"P. S. The English do not know how to dress potatoes. They should be boiled in the rind, and eaten with salt."

On the next morning, the suspicions of the young nobleman were verified by a visit from the inn-keeper, who came to restore the pocket-book, with all its contents, and the two letters which, as Lord Ulla had conjectured, never had been forwarded.

"Please your Lordship's honour," said the landlord, with many obeisances, "if your Lordship blames any body in this business, 'tis the doctor you'll blame, and not me, for 'tis his bidding I was doing. He wrote me word a few days before you came to do all that I did after, and I made no work about doing it, for I knew that I was safe as long as I was said by the doctor. And this much I'll say for my house, please your Lordship's honour, that if ever your Lordship comes the way again, you'll have the best of all good treatment,—tay-tay, and coffee-tay, and green tay too, and yellow, if there's such a thing to be had, high or low; for 'twas only by the doctor's orders we gave your Lordship such poor usage the last time. And as for the chimney, it never puffed before nor after, (which is saying a deal,) only that once I just slipped a weeny piece of a tile upon the chimney above, thinking to please the doctor. Indeed, it went sore against my heart to see you cutting away with yourself that morning, please your Lordship; and 'tis what the wife I have said to me and you going out the doors, was that you'd get your death by it. But as I said to her—A' hold your tongue, you foolish woman, says I, do you think you know better than the doctor? Indeed, I'll tell your Lordship no lie, tis the word the doctor wrote me, was to do something to make Lord Ulla feel what poverty was! Is that the way of it? says I to myself; why then let me alone for giving him a taste of it:—as I did, I'm sure, please your Lordship, and more blame to those that put me up to it."

The history informs, that Lord Ulla prolonged his residence beyond the summer, and discovered, by personal experiment, that the only way to enjoy the real comforts of life, is by bestowing them wherever they are needed.—[TALES OF THE FIVE SENSES.]

TO ——

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

THE ROSE.

"Look on this Picture."—HAMLET.

A Rose in yonder garden grew
In summer beauty bright;
It fed upon the fragrant dew,
And bathed in beams of light.
The gentlest zephyrs still would creep
Warm o'er it from the west;
And the night-spirit lov'd to weep
Upon its beauteous breast;
And all the host of insect beaux
Would pause to trifle with the rose.

Alas! the flower—one fatal night
The mildew rode the gale,
And from his pinions scattered blight
O'er garden, bow'r, and vale.
I saw it in the sunny morn,
'Twas dying on its stem,
Yet wore—though drooping and forlorn—
Its dewy diadem!
But every roving butterfly
Look'd on the rose,—and wander'd by!

The beams of morning had no power
Upon its faded cheek;
The breezes came, and found the flower
They once had lov'd, a wreck.
They were old friends, and when they fled,
Who used to linger here,
The rose would bow its gentle head,
And shake away a tear;
But never raised its timid eye
To gaze again upon the sky.

It wither'd in the noon-day flame,
And when the shadows fell
The Spirit of the Evening came,
But vain its dewy spell.
The moon gleamed sad, the night-breeze sighed
Above the hapless flower,
But none, who lov'd its day of pride,
Watch'd o'er its fading hour.
The flatterers—they had long been gone:—
It died neglected and alone!

[OXFORD MAGAZINE.]

HOPPING BOB.

It was on a rainy day, late in last November, that Mrs. Villars came to take possession of her new residence, called the Lodge, a pretty house, about ten miles off, situated within the boundaries of Oakhampstead Park, the pleasant demesne of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Villars, and generally appropriated to the use of some dowager of that ancient and wealthy race.

Mrs. Villars was an elderly lady of moderate fortune and excellent character. She was the widow of a dignified and richly beneficed clergyman, who had been dead some years, and had left her with three promising sons and two pretty daughters, all of whom were now making their way in the world to her perfect satisfaction;—the daughters happily and respectably married; the sons thriving in different professions; and all of them as widely scattered as the limits of our little island could well permit; so that their mother, disencumbered of the cares of her offspring, had nothing now to prevent her accepting Sir Arthur's kind offer of leaving the great town in which she had hitherto resided, and coming to occupy the family jointure-house at Oakhampstead. To inhabit a mansion in which so many stately matrons of the house of Villars had lived and died, was a point of dignity no less than of economy; and besides, there was no resisting so excellent an opportunity of gratifying amidst the good Archdeacon's native shades, the taste for retirement and solitude of which she had all her life been accustomed to talk. Talk indeed she did so very much of this taste, that shrewd observers sometimes questioned its existence, and were not a little astonished when, after dallying away the summer over take-leave visits, she and her whole establishment (two maids, a pony-chaise, a tabby-cat, and her scrub, Joseph) left C., with its society and amusements, its morning calls, and evening parties, for solitude and the Lodge.

Never was a place or season better calculated to bring a lover of retirement to the test. Oakhampstead, separated from our populous neighbourhood by a barrier of wild heath, was situated in the most beautiful and least inhabited part of a thinly inhabited and beautiful county; the roads were execrable; the nearest post town was seven miles off; the vicar was a bachelor of eighty; and the great house was shut up. There was not one neighbour of decent station to whom she might complain of the want of a neighbourhood. Poor Mrs. Villars! the last stroke too—the desertion of the park—was an unexpected calamity;—for although she knew that Sir Arthur had never resided there since the death of a most beloved daughter, after which event it had been entirely abandoned, except for a few weeks in the autumn, when, his only son, Harry Villars, had been accustomed to visit it for the purpose of shooting, yet she had understood that this her favourite nephew was on the point of marriage with the beautiful heiress of General Egerton, and that the fine old seat was to form the future residence of the young couple. Something she learned had now occurred to prevent an union, which, a few months ago, had seemed so desirable to all parties. Some dispute between the fathers, originally

trifling, but worked up into bitterness by the influence of temper; and all preparations were stopped, Harry Villars gone abroad, and the great house as much shut up as ever. Poor Mrs. Villars, who, after all her praises of retirement and declared love of solitude, could not with any consistency run away from this "Deserted Village," was really as deserving of pity as any one guilty of harmless affectation well could be.

The good lady, however, was not wanting to herself in this emergency. She took cold, that she might summon an apothecary from the next town; and she caused her pigs to commit a trespass on the garden of a litigious farmer, that she might have an excuse for consulting the nearest attorney. Both resources failed. The medical man was one of eminent skill and high practice, whom nothing but real illness could allure into constant attendance; and the lawyer was honest, and settled the affair of the pigs at a single visit. All that either could do for her was to enumerate two or three empty houses that might possibly be filled in the course of the next summer, and two or three people who would probably call when the roads were passable: so that poor Mrs. Villars, after vainly trying to fill up her vacant hours—alas! all her hours!—by superintending her own poultry-yard, overlooking the village school, giving away flannel petticoats, and relieving half the old women in the parish, had very nearly made up her mind to find the Lodge disagree with her, and to return to her old quarters at C, when the arrival of a fresh inmate at the next farm-house gave an unexpected interest to her own situation.

Oakhampstead was, as I have said, a very beautiful spot. Its chief beauty consisted in a small lake or mere without the park, surrounded partly by pastoral meadow grounds, and partly by very wild and romantic woodland scenery, amongst which grew some of the noblest oaks in the kingdom. The water did not, perhaps, cover more than thirty acres; although a length disproportioned to its breadth, a bend in the middle, and above all, the infinite variety of its shores, indented with tiny bays and jutting out into mimic promontories, gave it an appearance of much greater extent. Rides and walks had formerly been cut around it; but these were now rude and overgrown, the rustic seats decayed and fallen, and the summer-houses covered with ivy and creeping plants. Since the absence of Sir Arthur neglect had succeeded to care; but a poet or a painter would have felt that the scene had gained in picturesqueness what it had lost in ornament. A green boat, however, and a thatched boat-house, still remained in excellent preservation under shadow of some magnificent elms; and the chimney of the boatman's cottage might just be seen peeping between the trees, over the high embankment which formed the head of the lake. The only other habitation visible from the water was an old farm-house, the abode of Farmer Ashton, whose wife, formerly the personal attendant of the late Lady Villars, had soon been found by her surviving relative to be by far the most conversable person in the place; and if the many demands on her attention, the care of men, maids, cows, calves, pigs, turkies, geese, ducks, chickens, and children, would have allowed her to devote much time to the unfortunate lady, her society would doubtless have proved a great solace and resource. But Mrs. Ashton, with all her desire to oblige Mrs. Villars, was enviably busy, and could only at short and distant intervals listen to, and, by listening relieve, the intolerable ennui of her seclusion. Now, however, a fresh inmate had made her appearance at the farm: a young woman, whom Mrs. Ashton called Anne, and introduced as her neice; who having much leisure, (for apparently she did nothing in the family but assist in the lighter needle work),

and evincing, as far as great modesty and diffidence would permit, her respectful sympathy with the involuntary recluse, became her favourite auditress during her frequent visits to Farmer Ashton's; and was soon sent for as a visitor (an humble visitor, for neither Mrs. Villars nor her young guest ever forgot the difference of their stations) at the Lodge. Seldom a day passed without Joseph and the pony-chaise being sent to fetch Anne from the farm. Nothing went well without her.

Partly of course, the charm might be resolvable into the bare fact of her getting a listener; any good listener would have been a welcome acquisition in this emergency; that is to say, any one who felt and shewed a genuine sympathy with the "Fair afflicted;" but few would have been so welcome as Anne, who soon became, on the score of her own merits, a first-rate favourite with Mrs. Villars.

Whether Anne was pretty or not was a standing question in the village of Oakhampstead. Her zealous patroness answered without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Other people doubted. For the poorer sort her face and figure wanted showiness; whilst the young farmers and persons of that class complained that she was not, according to their notions, sufficiently genteel. Mrs. Villars's man-of-all-work, Joseph, combined both objections by declaring that Anne would be well enough if she were smarter. My readers must judge for themselves, as well at least as a pen-and-ink drawing will enable them.

Her figure was round and short, and piquant and youthful. Her face round also, with delicate features and a most delicate complexion, as white and smooth as ivory, and just coloured enough for health. She had finely cut grey eyes, with dark eye-brows and eye-lashes, a profusion of dark hair, and a countenance so beaming with gaiety and sweetness, that the expression was always like that of other faces when they smile. Then her voice and accent were enchanting. She sang little snatches of old airs in gushes like a nightingale—freely, spontaneously, as if she could no more help singing as she went about than that "angel of the air:" and her spoken words were as musical and graceful as her songs; what she said being always sweet, gentle and intelligent; sometimes lively and sometimes a little sad. Her dress was neat and quiet,—plain dark gowns, fitting with great exactness, such as were equally becoming to her station and her figure; delicately white caps and habit-shirts, and the simplest of all simple straw bonnets. The only touch of finery about her was in her chaussure; the silk stockings and kid slippers in which her beautiful little feet were always clad, and in her scrupulously clean and new-looking French gloves, of the prettiest pale colours;—a piece of quaker-like and elegant extravagance, which, as well as the purity of her accent and diction, somewhat astonished Mrs. Villars, until she found from Mrs. Ashton, that Anne also had been a lady's maid, admitted early into the family, and treated almost as a companion by her young mistress.

"Where had she lived?" was the next question.

"In General Egerton's family," was the reply; and a new source of interest and curiosity was opened to the good lady, who had never seen her niece, that was to have been, and was delighted with the opportunity of making a variety of enquiries respecting herself and her connexions. Anne's answers to these questions were given with great brevity and some reluctance; she looked down and blushed, and fidgetted with a sprig of myrtle which she held in her hand, in a manner widely different from her usual lady-like composure.

"Was Miss Egerton so very handsome."

"Oh, no!"

"So very accomplished?"

"No."

"Did Harry love her very much?"

"Yes."

"Did she love him?"

"O, yes!"

"Was she worthy of him?"

"No."

"Ah! said Mr. Villars," I thought she was too fine a lady, too full of airs and graces! I have had my doubts of her ever since a note that she sent me, written on blue embossed paper, and smelling most atrociously of otto of roses. I dare say Harry has had a narrow escape. Sir Arthur, even before the quarrel, said she was quite a petit maitresse. Then you think, Anne, that my nephew is better without her?"

This query caused a good deal of blushing hesitation, and nearly demolished the sprig of myrtle. On its being repeated, she said, "She did not know! she could not tell! She did not wish to speak ill of Miss Egerton; but few ladies appeared to her to be worthy of Mr. Villars—he was so amiable."

"Was Miss Egerton kind to her?"

"Pretty well," answered Anne, quietly.

"And the General!"

"Oh, very! very!" rejoined Anne, sighing deeply.

"Why did she leave the family?"

At this question poor Anne burst into tears, and the conversation ended. Mrs. Villars, unwilling to distress her favourite, did not resume it. She was already prepossessed against the Egertons by the disappointment and the vexation which they had occasioned to her nephew, and had little doubt but that either the General or his daughter had behaved unjustly or unkindly to Anne.

Winter had now worn away; even those remains of winter which linger so long amidst the buds and blossoms of spring; spring itself had passed into summer, the country was every day assuming fresh charms, the roads were becoming passable, and distant neighbours were beginning to discover and to value the lady of the Lodge, who became more reconciled to her residence, varied as it now was by occasional visits to the county families, and frequent excursions with Anne upon the Lake.

On these occasions they were constantly attended by the boatman, a handy, good-humoured, shock-pated fellow, of extraordinary ugliness, commonly called Bob Green, but also known by the name of "Hopping Bob;" not on account of his proficiency in that one-legged accomplishment, as the cognomen would seem to imply, but because an incurable lameness in the hip had produced a jerking sort of motion in walking, much resembling that mode of progress; and had also given a peculiar one-sided look to his short muscular figure. The hop, it must be confessed, stood much in his way on land, although he was excellent in the management of a boat, in rowing, or steering, or fishing, or any thing that had relation to the water.

A clever fellow was Bob, and a civil, and paid much attention to his lady and her young companion; and as the summer advanced, they passed more and more time on the beautiful lake, of which they continued the sole visitors; the great house being still deserted, and little known either of Sir Arthur or his son.

One afternoon, Mrs. Villars, returning unexpectedly from a distant visit, drove down to the farm, intending to spend the evening with Anne in the pleasure-boat. It was a bright sunny day towards the middle of July. The blue sky, dappled with fleecy clouds, was reflected on the calm clear water, and mingled with the shadows of the trees upon the banks, to which the sun, shining through the tall oaks, gave occasionally a transparent glitter, as of emeralds or beryls; swallows skimmed over the lake, flitting around and about, after the myriads of insects that buzzed in the summer air; the white water-lily lay in its pure beauty in the midst of its deep green leaves; the fox-glove and the wild veitch were glowing in the woods; the meadow-sweet, the willow-herb, and the golden flag fringed the banks; cows stood cooling their limbs in the shallow indented bays, and a flock of sheep was lying at rest in the distant meadows.

Altogether it was a scene of sweet and soothing beauty; and Mrs. Villars was looking for Anne to partake in her enjoyment, (for Anne, Mrs. Ashton had told her, was gone down to the mere,) when in a small cove at the other side of the lake, she beheld in a fine effect of sunny light, the boat, their own identical green boat, resting quietly on the water, with two persons sitting in it, seemingly in earnest conversation. One of the figures was undoubtedly Anne. Her astonished friend recognised at a glance her lead-coloured gown, her straw bonnet, and that peculiar air and attitude which gave grace and beauty to her simple dress. The other was a man, tall as it seemed, and elegant—most certainly a gentleman. Mrs. Villars even fancied that the height and bearing had a strong resemblance to her own dear nephew, Harry; and immediately a painful suspicion of the possible cause of Anne's leaving Miss Egerton forced itself upon her mind. Harry had perhaps found the lady's maid no less charming than her mistress!

A thousand trifling circumstances, in favour of this opinion, rushed on her recollection: Anne's blushes when Harry was accidentally named: her constant avoidance of all mention of the family in which she had resided: the great inequality of her spirits; her shrinking from the very sight of chance visitors; the emotion, amounting to pain, which any remarkable instance of kindness or confidence never failed to occasion her; and, above all, the many times in which, after seeming on the point of making some avowal to her kind patroness, she had drawn suddenly back: all these corroborating circumstances pressed at once, with startling distinctness, on Mrs. Villars's memory; and, full of care, she returned to the farm to cross-question Mrs. Ashton.

Never was examination more thoroughly unsatisfactory. Mrs. Ashton was that provoking and refractory thing, a reluctant witness. First, she disputed the facts of the case: "had Mrs. Villars seen the boat? Was she sure that she had seen it? Was it actually their own green boat? Did it really contain two persons? And was the female certainly Anne?"

All these questions being answered in the affirmative, Mrs. Ashton shifted her ground, and asserted that "If the female in question were certainly Anne, her companion must, with equal certainty, have been the boatman, Bob Green, 'Hopping Bob,' as he was called!" and the farmer coming in at the moment, she called on him to support her assertion, which, without hearing a word of the story, he did most positively, as a dutiful and obedient husband ought to do—"Yes, for certain it must be Hopping Bob! It could be no other."

"Hopping Bob!" ejaculated Mrs. Villars, whose patience was by this time well nigh exhausted: "Hopping Bob! when I have told you that the

person in the boat was a young man, a tall man, a slim man, a gentleman! Hopping Bob, indeed!" and before the words were fairly uttered, in hopped Bob himself.

To Mrs. Villars this apparition gave unqualified satisfaction, by affording, as she declared, the most triumphant evidence of an alibi ever produced in or out of a court of justice. Her opponent, however, was by no means disposed to yield the point. She had perfect confidence in Bob's quickness of apprehension, and no very strong fear of his abstract love of truth, and determined to try the effect of a leading question. She immediately, therefore, asked him, with much significance of manner, "whether he had not just landed from the lake, and reached the farm by the short cut across the coppice?" adding "that her niece had probably walked towards the boat-house to meet Mrs. Villars, and that Bob had better go and fetch her."

This question produced no other answer than a long whistle from the sagacious boatman. Whether Mrs. Ashton over-rated his ability, or under-rated his veracity, or whether his shrewdness foresaw that detection was inevitable, and that it would "hurt his conscience to be found out,"—whichever were the state of the case, he positively declined giving any evidence on the question; and after standing for a few moments eyeing his hostess with a look of peculiar knowingness, vented another long whistle, and hopped off again.

Mrs. Villars, all her fears confirmed, much disgusted with the farmer, and still more so with the farmer's wife, was also departing, when, just as she reached the porch, she saw two persons advancing from the lake to the house—her nephew, Harry Villars, and Anne leaning on his arm!

With a countenance full of grieved displeasure, she walked slowly towards them. Harry sprang forward to meet her: "Hear me but for one moment, my dearest aunt! Listen but to four words, and then say what you will. This is my wife."

"Your wife! why I thought you loved Miss Egerton?"

"Well and this *is*, or rather happily for me this *was* Miss Egerton;" replied Henry smiling.

"Miss Egerton!" exclaimed the amazed and half-incredulous Mrs. Villars, "Miss Egerton! Anne, that was not smart enough for Joseph,—the fine lady that sent me the rose-scented note! Anne at the farm, the great heiress! My own good little Anne!"

"Aye, my dear Aunt, your own Anne and my own Anne—blessings on the word! When we were parted on a foolish political quarrel between our fathers, she was sent, under the care of her cousin, Lady Lemingham, to Florence. Lady Lemingham was much my friend. She not only persuaded Anne into marrying me privately, but managed to make the General believe that his daughter continued her inmate abroad; whilst Mrs. Ashton, another good friend of mine, contrived to receive her at home. We have been sad deceivers," continued Harry, "and at last Anne, fettered by a promise of secrecy, which your kindness tempted her every moment to break, could bear the deceit no longer. She wrote to her father, and I spoke to mine; and they are reconciled, and all is forgiven. I see that you forgive us," added he, as his sweet wife lay sobbing on Mrs. Villars's bosom,—"I see that you forgive *her;* and you must forgive me too, for her dear sake. Your pardon is essential to our happiness; for we are really to live at the park, and one of our first wishes must always be, that you may continue at the Great House the kindness that you have shewn to Anne at the Farm."—[FROM "OUR VILLAGE," BY MISS MITFORD.]

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face,—aye, lovely even now:
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek?—She sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form has ta'en away but little of its grace;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face;
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years;
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But *she* hath been a happy wife; the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth;
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep;
Her life hath been a cloudless one; then, wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks;—what thoughts did they recal?
Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball;
They brought back thoughts of early youth, ere she had learnt to check
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass slightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feigned to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And *now* she sees her first gray hair! oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep, when she beholds the first foot-mark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

[T. H. BAYLEY.]

THE STRANGER.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

" In nobil sangue vita umile e queta,
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;
Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore,
E in aspetto pensoso anima lieta."—PETRARCH.

HODNETT is a village in Shropshire. Like all other villages in Shropshire, or anywhere else, it consists principally of one long street, with a good number of detached houses scattered here and there in its vicinity. The street is on a slight declivity, on the sunny side of what, in England, they call a hill. It contains the shops of three butchers, five grocers, two bakers, and one apothecary. On the right hand, as you go south, is that very excellent inn, the Blue Boar; and on the left, nearly opposite, is the public hall, in which all sorts of meetings are held, and which is alternately converted into a dancing school, a theatre, a Methodist chapel, a ball-room, an auction room, an exhibition room, or any other kind of room that may be wanted. The church is a little farther off, and the parsonage is, as usual, a white house surrounded with trees, at one end of the village. Hodnet is, moreover, the market town of the shire, and stands in rather a populous district; so that, though of small dimensions itself, it is the rallying place, on any extraordinary occasion, of a pretty numerous population.

One evening in February, the mail, from London, stopped at the Blue Boar, and a gentleman, wrapped in a travelling cloak, came out. The guard handed him a small portmanteau, and the mail drove on. The stranger entered the inn, was shown into a parlour, and desired that the landlord and a bottle of wine should be sent to him. The order was speedily obeyed; the wine was set on the table, and Gilbert Cherryripe himself was the person who set it there. Gilbert next proceeded to rouse the slumbering fire, remarking, with a sort of comfortable look and tone, that it was a cold, raw night. His guest assented with a nod.

" You call this village Hodnet, do you not?" said he, enquiringly.

" Yes, sir, this is the *town* of Hodnet." (Mr. Cherryripe did not like the term " village.") " And a prettier little place is not to be found in England."

" So I have heard; and as you are not upon any of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unsophisticated race."

" Privitive and sophisticated, did you say, sir? Why, as to that, I cannot exactly speak; but if there is no harm in it, I dare say we are. But you see, sir, I am a vintner, and don't trouble my head much about these matters."

" So much the better," said the stranger, smiling. " You and I shall become better friends; I may stay with you some weeks, perhaps months. In the meantime get me something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to look after my bed-room."

Mr. Cherryripe made one of his profoundest bows, and descended to the kitchen, inspired with the deepest respect for his unexpected guest.

Next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished

ringing, when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered, as if at random, a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him; for a new face was too important an object, in Hodnet, to be left unnoticed. "Who is he?" "When did he come?" "With whom does he stay?" "How long will he be here?" "How old may he be?" "Do you think he is handsome?" These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from tongue to tongue, whilst the unconscious object of all this interest cast his eyes calmly, and yet penetratingly, over the congregation. Nor was it altogether to be wondered that his appearance had caused a sensation among the good people of Hodnet, for he was not the kind of person whom one meets with every day. There was something both in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd. You could not look upon him once, and then turn away with indifference. His features arrested your attention, and commanded your admiration. His high Roman nose, his noble brow, his almost feminine lips, and beautifully regular teeth,—his pale but not delicate cheek, his profusion of dark and curling hair, his black bright eyes, whose glance, without being keen, was intense,—all, taken together, produced an effect which might have excited attention on a wider stage than that of Hodnet. In stature he was considerably above the middle height; and there was something in his air which they, who were not accustomed to it, did not understand, and which some called grace, others dignity, and others *hauteur*. When the service was over, our hero walked out alone, and shut himself up for the rest of the day in his parlour at the Blue Boar. But speculation was busily at work, and at more than one tea-table that evening in Hodnet, conjectures were poured out with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hodnet, which engrossed entirely the minds of men. It was one of the most important events that had happened for at least a century. Such doings had never been known before. There was never such a demand for milliners since the days of Ariadne, the first milliner of whom history speaks. Needles worked unremittingly from morning to night, and from night to morning. Fiddles were scraped on in private, and steps danced before looking-glasses. All the preparations which Captain Parry made for going to the North Pole, were a mere joke to the preparations made by those who intended to go to the Hodnet assembly. At length the great, the important night arrived, "big with the fate" of many a rustic belle. The three professional fiddlers of the village were elevated on the table at one end of the hall, and every body pronounced it the very model of an orchestra. The candles (neither the oil nor the coal gas company had, as yet, penetrated so far as Hodnet) were tastefully arranged, and regularly snuffed. The floor was admirably chalked by a travelling sign-painter, engaged for the purpose; and the refreshments in an adjoining room, consisting of negus, apples, oranges, cold roast beef, porter, and biscuits, were under the immediate superintendence of our very excellent friend, Mr. Gilbert Cherryripe. At nine o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (quadrilles had not as yet poisoned the peace, and stirred up all the bad passions, of Hodnet) was commenced by the eldest son and presumptive heir of old Squire Thoroughbred, who conducted gracefully through its mazes the chosen divinity of his heart, Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer, only daughter of Tobias Bouncer, Esq., justice of peace in the county of Shropshire.

Enjoyment was at its height, and the three professional fiddlers had put

a spirit of life into all things, when suddenly one might perceive that the merriment was for a moment checked, whilst a more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manner from those of any of the other male creatures, that every body surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first slightly tinctured with awe. "Who *can* he be?" was the question that instantaneously started up like a crocus in many a throbbing bosom. "He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he will never think of asking any body to dance."—"Dance!" said Miss Coffin, the apothecary's daughter, "I wonder who would dance with him?—a being whom we know no more about than we do of the man in the moon. Papa says he looks for all the world like a quack doctor."—"I rather suspect," said Miss Bluebite, a starch spinster of fifty, who was considered the Madame de Stael of the village—"I rather suspect that he is an Irish fortune-hunter, come for the express purpose of running away with some of us. We ought to be upon our guard, I assure you." Miss Bluebite was said to have property to the amount of 70*l.* per annum, and, no doubt, concluded that she was herself the leading object of the adventurer's machinations. Had it been so, he must have been a bold adventurer indeed.

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers, in a corner by himself, and people were almost beginning to forget his presence. But he was not idle: he was observing attentively every group, and every individual, that passed before him. Judging by the various expression that came over his countenance, one would have thought that he could read character at a single glance—that his perceptions were similar to intuitions. Truth obliges me to confess, that it was not with a very favourable eye he regarded the greater majority of the inhabitants of Hodnet and its neighbourhood. Probably they did not exactly come up to his expectations; but what these expectations were, it is difficult to conceive.

At length, however, something like a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Sommers, and appeared to rest where it fell with no small degree of pleasure. No wonder; Emily was not what is generally styled beautiful; but there was a sweetness, a modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father had died many a year ago in battle; and the pension of an officer's widow was all the fortune he had left them. But nature had bestowed riches of a more valuable kind than those which fortune had denied. I wish I could describe Emily Sommers; but I shall not attempt it. She was one of those whose virtues are hid from the blaze of the world, only to be the more appreciated by those who can understand them. She was one of those who are seldom missed in the hour of festive gaiety, who pass unobserved in the midst of glare and bustle, and whose names are but rarely heard beyond the limits of their own immediate circle. But mingle with that circle; leave the busy world behind you, and enter within its circumscribed and domestic sphere, and then you will discover the value of a being like to her of whom I speak. Without her, the winter fireside, or the summer-evening walk, is destitute of pleasure. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper, her affectionate gentleness, must throw their hallowed influence over the scenes where her spirit presides, unconscious of its power, else they become uninteresting and desolate. I have said that she is not missed in the hour of festive gaiety; but when she is at length removed from among us, when the place that knew her knows her no more, she leaves

"A void and silent place in some sweet home."

and a "long-remembered grief" throws its shadowy gloom over a few fond hearts.

It was to Emily Sommers that the stranger first spoke. He walked right across the room, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before; but concluding that he had come there with some of her friends, and little acquainted with the rules of etiquette, she immediately, with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request. Just at that moment young Squire Thoroughbred came bustling towards her; but observing her hand already in that of the stranger, he looked somewhat wrathfully at the unknown, and said, with much dignity, "*I*, sir, intended to have been Miss Sommers's partner." The stranger fixed his dark eye upon the Squire, a slight smile curled on his lip, and without answering, he passed on with his partner, and took his place in the dance. The Squire stood stock still for a moment, feeling as if he had just experienced a slight shock of electricity. When he recovered, he walked quietly away in search of Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer.

It was the custom in Hodnet for the gentlemen to employ the morning of the succeeding day in paying their respects to the ladies, with whom they had danced on the previous evening. At these visits all the remarkable events of the ball were, of course, talked over. Criticisms were made upon the different dresses; commentaries were offered on the various modes of dancing; doubts were suggested regarding the beauty of Miss A——; suspicions were hinted as to the *gentility* of Miss B——; Mr. C—— was severely blamed for dancing thrice with Miss D——; mutual inquiries were made concerning the odd-looking man, who introduced himself so boldly to Mrs. and Miss Somers, and who was reported even to have seen them home, or at least to have left the assembly along with them. We make no doubt that all this chit-chat was very interesting to the parties engaged in it; but as we have not the talents either of a Richardson or a Boswell, we shall not attempt to enter into its details, especially as our attention is more particnlarly devoted to the "odd-looking man" already spoken of.

It is most true that he *did* leave the public hall of Hodnet with Mrs. and Miss Sommers, and true that he escorted them home. Nay, it is also true that he won so much upon their favour, that, on his requesting permission to wait upon them the next day, it was without much difficulty obtained. This was surely very imprudent in Mrs. Sommers, and every body said it was very imprudent. "What! admit, as a visitor in her family, a person whom she had never seen in her life before, and who, for any thing she knew, might be a swindler or a Jew! There was never any thing so preposterous;—a woman, too, of Mrs. Sommers's judgment and propriety! It was very—very strange." But whether it was very strange or not, the fact is, that the stranger soon spent most of his time at Violet Cottage; and what is, perhaps, no less wonderful, notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, he remained nearly as much a stranger to its inmates as ever. His name, they had ascertained, was Burleigh—Frederick Burleigh; that he was probably upwards of eight-and-twenty; and that, if he had ever belonged to any profession, it must have been that of arms. But farther they knew not. Mrs. Sommers, however, who, to a well-cultivated mind, added a considerable experience of the world, did not take long to discover that their new friend was, in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of a gentleman; and she thought, too, she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those nobler qualities which raise the individual to a high and well-merited rank among his

species. As for Emily, she loved his society, she scarcely knew why; yet when she endeavoured to discover the cause, she found it no difficult matter to convince herself, that there was something about him so infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen, that she was only obeying the dictates of *reason* in admiring and esteeming him.

Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him, and the sentiments seemed to be mutual. He now spent his time almost continually in her society, and it never hung heavy on their hands. The stranger was fond of music, and Emily, besides being mistress of her instrument, possessed naturally a fine voice. Neither did she sing and play unrewarded; Burleigh taught her that most enchanting of all modern languages—the language of Petrarch and Tasso; and being well versed in the use of the pencil, showed her how to give to her landscapes a richer finish, and a bolder effect. Then they read together; and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. It was a picture for Rubens to have painted, that little domestic circle beside the parlour fire;—Mrs. Sommers, with her work-table beside her, and a benevolent smile and matron grace upon her still pleasing countenance,—her guest, with the glow of animation lighting up his noble features, reading aloud the impassioned effusion of genius,—and Emily, in all the breathlessness of fixed attention, smiling and weeping by turns, as the powerful master touched the different chords of sensibility. These were evenings of calm, but deep happiness—long, long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on. March, with her winds and her clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and her sunshine, lingered no longer; and May came smiling up the blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation. The stranger entered one evening, before sunset, the little garden that surrounded Violet Cottage. Emily saw him from the window, and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter, "It is from my cousin Henry?" said she. "His regiment has returned from France, and he is to be with us to-morrow or next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry?—he and I were playmates when we were children, and though it is a long while since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred."—"Indeed!" said the stranger, almost starting; "you must have loved him very much, and very *constantly* too."—"O yes! I loved him as a brother." Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added. "Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Sommers. But your cousin I shall not at present see. I must leave Hodnet to-morrow."—"To-morrow! leave Hodnet to-morrow:" Emily grew very pale, and leant for support upon a sun-dial, near which they were standing. "Good heavens! that emotion—can it be possible? —Miss Sommers—Emily—is it for me you are thus grieved?"—"It is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected;—are you never to return again,—are we never to see you more?"—"Do you wish me to return, do you wish to see me again?"—"Oh! how can you ask it?"—"Emily, I have been known to you only under a cloud of mystery,—a solitary being, without a friend or acquaintance in the world,—an outcast apparently from society,—either sinned against, or sinning,—without fortune, without pretensions;—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness which you have shown to me?"—"Pity! pity *you!* O Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know

you are, I should not pity, I should——" She stopped confused, a deep blush spread over her face, she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms. "Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy."—"Oh! I will think of thee thus for ever!" They had reached the door of the cottage. "God bless you! Emily," said the stranger;—"I dare not see Mrs. Sommers; tell her of my departure, but tell her, that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall again be here. Farewell! dearest! farewell!" She felt upon her cheek a hot and hurried kiss, and, when she ventured to look round, he was gone.

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs. Sommers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honour of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware, and she trembled to think of the probability that, in the busy world, he might soon forget the very existence of such a place as Hodnet, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes; but they were the result probably of the sanguine and unsuspicious temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leapt into the very middle of many a lady's heart,—red coat, sword, epaulette, belt, cocked hat, feathers, and all. But he was not destined to leap into Emily's. She had enclosed it within too strong a line of circumvallation. After a three months' siege, it was pronounced impregnable. So Henry, who really loved his cousin next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace and waste his time any longer, called for his horse one morning, shook Emily warmly by the hand, then mounted, "and rode away."

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, yellow and purple; then dropped from the high branches, and lay rustling in heaps upon the path below. The last roses withered. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm, and chill; the nights were full of stars and dew, and the dew, ere morning, was changed into silver hoar-frost. The robin hopped across the garden walks; and candles were set upon the table before the tea-urn. But the stranger came not. Darker days and longer nights succeeded. Winter burst upon the earth. Storms went careering through the firmament; the forests were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. But still the stranger came not. Then the lustre of Emily's eyes grew dim; but yet she smiled, and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope.

And so there was; for the mail once more stopped at the Blue Boar; a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak once more came out of it; and Mr. Gilbert Cherryripe once more poked the fire for him in his best parlour.—Burleigh *did* come back.

I shall not describe their meeting, nor enquire whether Emily's eye was long without its lustre. But there was still another trial to be made. Would she marry him? "My family," said he, "is respectable, and as it is not wealth we seek, I have an independence, at least equal, I should hope to, our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about it, I cannot unravel until you are indissolubly mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty; Emily entrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother saw that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose, and she saw also that her child's happiness was inextricably linked with him. What could

she do? It would have been better, perhaps, had they never known him; but knowing him, and thinking of him as they did, there was but one alternative,—the risk must be run.

It *was* run. They were married in Hodnet, and immediately after the ceremony they stepped into a carriage, and drove away, nobody knew whither. We must not infringe upon the sacred happiness of such a ride, upon such an occasion, by allowing our profane thoughts to dwell upon it. It is enough for us to mention, that towards twilight they came within sight of a magnificent Gothic mansion, situated in the midst of extensive and noble parks. Emily expressed her admiration of its appearance, and her young husband, gazing on her with impassioned delight, exclaimed,—"Emily! it is thine! My mind was embued with erroneous impressions of women: I had been courted and deceived by them. I believed that their affections were to be won only by flattering their vanity, or dazzling their ambition. I was resolved, that unless I were loved for myself, I should never be loved at all. I travelled through the country *incognito;* I came to Hodnet, and saw you. I have tried you in every way, and found you true. It was I, and not my fortune, that you married; but both are thine. We are now stopping at Burleigh House; your husband is Frederick Augustus Burleigh, Earl of Exeter, and you, my Emily, are his Countess!"

It was a moment of ecstasy, for the securing of which it was worth while creating the world, and all its other inhabitants.

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

I DARE thee to forget me! go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the sabre's hilt,
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea go rush to danger's brink!
But oh! thou can'st not fly from thought! thy *curse* will be—*to think!*

Remember me! remember all—my long enduring love,
That linked itself to perfidy; the vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need, I never awe did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse shall be—*to think.*

Then go! *that* thought will render thee a dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest tost, will fill thee with affright:
In some vile dungeon may'st thou be, and, counting each cold link,
That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be—*to think.*

Go! seek the merry banquet-hall, where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of *me* shall make *thee there* endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy curse will be—*to think.*

[BY T. H. BAYLEY.]

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time
Whenne the worlde was in its prime;
And everie day was holidaye,
And everie monthe was lovelie May.
Cupidde then hadde but to goe
With his purple winges and bowe;
And in blossomede vale and grove,
Everie shepherde knelte to Love.

Thenne a rosie, dimplede cheeke,
And a blue eye fonde and meeke;
And a ringlette-wreathenne browe,
Like hyacinthes on a bed of snowe;
And a lowe voice silverre-sweete
From a lippe without deceite;
Onlie those the heartes coulde move
Of the simple swaines to Love.

But thatte time is gone and paste;
Canne the summer always laste?
And the swaines are wiser growne,
And the hearte is turned to stone,
And the maidenne's rose may witherre,—
Cupide's fled, no man knows whitherre!

But another Cupide's come,
With a browe of care and gloome;
Fixede upon the earthlie moulde,
Thinkinge of the sullenne golde:
In his hande the bowe no more,
At his backe the householde store,
That the bridalle golde must buye;
Uselesse nowe, the smile and sighe;
But he weares the pinion stille,
Flyinge at the sighte of ille.
Oh, for the olde true love time,
Whenne the worlde was in its prime!—[CROLY.]

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THERE was more of shrewd observation, than generally belongs to witty sayings, in the reply of the French lady, who being asked what she had found most *remarkable* in the many eminent men whom she had met; answered laconically, "*leur médiocrité.*" We are all apt to form exaggerated notions respecting those who occupy a large space in the public attention, and will hardly believe, until experience forces the truth upon us, that they are, in many respects, upon a level with ordinary mortals. The countryman who went a hundred miles to see the king, and came back bewailing his disappointment, because he had only seen a man with limbs like his own, whereas he had always supposed that the king's arms were a lion and an unicorn, was more simple in telling the nature of his anticipations, than singular in having formed an expectation so extravagant. Every one at a distance, forms to himself, almost unconsciously, an opinion that when he sees a very great man, he shall see something that will strike him as being very great; and since those important actions, in which alone the great man differs from the ordinary man, occur but rarely,—like those lofty points on a coast which mark it in the memory of the mariner, while the level land between is undistinguished or forgotten,—the feeling that *generally* predominates in the mind of a stranger, upon coming in contact with a man of eminent character, is that of disappointment. These reflections naturally occur to me in attempting a personal sketch of the most eminent man in Europe, of the present day; for since I do not, at present, aim at so ambitious a task as the delineation of his political character, or the history of his military achievements, I shall have to speak of him in situations wherein he would appear but as an ordinary man, were these the only situations in which he had been known to the world.

Portraits generally tell lies—they are likenesses, but not like: they commonly represent people *en beau*, and give a grandeur and dignity to features of which their owner and his friends were probably unconscious, until the skill of the painter called them forth. Those who judge of the Duke of Wellington's countenance by the highly finished prints sold in the shops, judge erroneously; the caricatures give much more accurate resemblances, and some of them possess an exactness of similitude to the original, which is exceedingly ludicrous; for so far as *his* figure is concerned, one forgets that it is a caricature, and feels as if one were actually looking at the Duke, in whatever droll situation the caricaturist has placed him. The Duke has a remarkable countenance, such as, having been once seen, will not easily be forgotten—it is very spare, the features are large and prominent, and the face unusually long, and out of proportion to his figure, which is of the middle height, and as lean as if the diet of La Trappe were the ordinary commons of Downing Street and Apsley House. It has been remarked that most very great men are little, and lean; there is not a particle of "portliness," or grandeur of carriage, in the outward man of the Prince of Waterloo, and Prime Minister of England; no worse personification was ever seen of the abstract idea of a John Bull; nothing to remind a foreigner of the roast beef of Old England, in those thin and bony features, and small body tightly dressed, in clothes which seem as if they were made for

some one even smaller than the man who wears them. Yet his outward appearance is not unexpressive of his habitual character.—The Duke is extremely active, but never bustling;—always getting rapidly through business, but never in a hurry—cool, quick, decided, perhaps despotic; but beyond all belief, cool and firm, in circumstances where almost any other living man would be disturbed and undecided.

The two points in his general character, which most distinguish it from that of other men, are undoubtedly his decision, and his noiseless activity. To both these, but more particularly the former, his military and political greatness are chiefly owing; the latter is the quality which appears most remarkable in the ordinary routine of his lofty station. The Duke is to be seen every where, he appears to have time for every thing; at home, or in war, amusement is not relinquished for business, nor is business ever neglected for amusement. I remember one day last spring, which I devoted to exhibiting the London lions to a college chum, who had come from Dublin to qualify himself for the Irish bar, by devouring the contents of sheep skins, in the substantial form of roast mutton, at the Inner Temple; we had the fortune, at several stages of our day's peregrination, to cross the march of the Prime Minister; and an account of our several meetings, may give some idea of how he spends a small part of his day.

Any man who expects to make any thing of his day in London, must get up early. He "who deliberates," (in bed,) "is lost." We started therefore from the Salopian, at seven in the morning, to take a round of St. James's Park before breakfast, and had got but half way from the entrance opposite the Horse Guards to Story's Gate, when we met the Duke, snuffing the morning air, and looking sharply about him, as if he intended to keep a strict eye on the park gardens, and see that the walks and borders were kept in due order. Presently he disappeared in the direction of Downing Street, and probably attended to business at home until eleven, when he went to the House of Lords, which was his regular custom at that—the busiest period of the session; there to spend three or four hours with the Committee on the London Bridge Bill, where Lords Londonderry and Durham kept up a continual wrangle about coals and other rubbish, which would have completely overwhelmed the London Bridge people, but for the continued personal assistance of the Duke.

But I wander from our day's lion-hunt: a little before three, we found ourselves admiring the beautiful entrance to Hyde Park, lately erected; which it is impossible not to gaze at with admiration of its light and airy elegance, though there are so many objects in its immediate vicinity, which may well claim to divide the attention: the nearest, and unquestionably the most beautiful, of which, is that in days of yore yclept Apsley House, but which has recently come from under the improving hands of Sir Jeffiey, with the more imposing family name of the illustrious Duke, its owner, who, perhaps, would have called it "Waterloo House," but that certain dealers in Pall Mall East, have already monopolized that title, for their emporium of silks and ribbons.

A shower disturbing our dream of architectural delight, we took refuge in that ever-ready asylum, a hackney coach; and, as the cad let down the steps, a horseman rode briskly out from the scaffolded mansion of the Duke, and, with umbrella aloft, dashed into the Park down Constitution Hill. "Have I not seen that man somewhere before?" said my companion.

"Yes—you saw him this morning; it is the Duke of Wellington; he has been surveying the works going on at his house; a cabinet council has been summoned for three o'clock to-day; it now wants five minutes of that hour,

and he will trot into Downing Street just as the Horse Guards begin to chime the four quarters.

At half-past seven we were in the pit of the Opera; Malibran was to sing, and the pit was filling fast, but the boxes were all empty, save one.—"Who is that early comer?" said the Templar, "who sits more than half hidden by the curtain, in that box to the left, almost over the orchestra." "We shall see presently; there—he turns his head; it is the Duke of Wellington."

The opera had not proceeded more than half an hour, when my companion, who had attended, I believe, much more to the Duke's box than to the stage, informed me that he had disappeared. "No doubt he has—Lord Winchelsea has given notice of a motion for to-night in the House of Lords, and the Duke has gone to be present at it,—perhaps we had better follow his example, as you have seen the opera before, and may not again have so good an opportunity of witnessing a debate in the Lords." The proposal was readily assented to, and, in a few minutes, our carriage-wheels were rattling over Palace Yard. The space below the bar in the House of Lords, was unusually crowded; however we speedily took up the most convenient position we could obtain, and listened to old Lord Eldon, who had a huge bundle of petitions to present, and something to say about every one of them; the Prime Minister had not yet come, and Lord Ellenborough sat alone on the treasury bench, but my companion soon called my attention from the grave and emphatic speech of the "old Lord Chancellor," to which I was listening, to a man who had just come in by the stranger's door, and was now with his back towards us, shoving the people aside and making his way towards the bar.

"Who the deuce can that be," said my friend, "who forgets to take off his hat, and comes here with a thing over his shoulders, which I suppose he intends for a cloak, but I think it is his wife's old blue petticoat, cut short.—See how he pushes on as if he intended to take the body of the house by storm.—By Jupiter he is lifting up the bar, sure enough, and going into the house."—"As well he may; I know his walk now, it is the Duke of Wellington, and why he thought proper to come in that way he knows best himself—there now, you see him sitting down on the treasury bench, without speaking to, or looking at any body."

The Duke's natural manner of speaking is abrupt and rapid, and his utterance is thick and indistinct; of these defects he seems to be aware, for he labours to overcome them when addressing the House of Lords. His utterance is still thick, as if his mouth were too full of teeth, but he speaks deliberately, and expresses his ideas with clearness, brevity, and force. Yet were he nothing more than he appears in the House of Lords, the trumpet of fame would not proclaim the name of Wellington to the four corners of the world, nor would the goddess write it on her roll, for posterity to read and wonder; but when we see him, on the treasury bench, listening to the tedious wrangling of a spiritless debate, we feel that we behold the man whose cool and searching eye, ere now, surveyed those dreadful battle fields, planned by his own victorious genius, and won by the gallant troops who rushed into the jaws of death at his brief bidding; and when we hear his voice dwelling, with somewhat painful deliberation, on matters relating to corn, or currency, we think of the "*up guards and at them,*" which let loose the fury of ten thousand armed men, and swept, as with the besom of destruction, the vaunted invincibles of France. We wonder, as we look at his present employment, that one who has moved, the guiding spirit of events, full of such vast import, and immediate peril, can bring himself to the dull

details of parliamentary warfare. It is, perhaps, matter of regret, for many reasons that I shall not now trust myself with detailing, that his services in such a way, should be found necessary; but I seek not to deprive him of even one leaf of his nobly-earned laurels.

——— "Neque ego illi detrahere ausim
Hærentem capiti, multa cum laude coronam."

Sometimes, but very rarely, he seems to grow impatient of his civilian occupation, and when he marches from his seat to the fire, in the House of Lords, turns his back to the grate, and gathering the skirts of his short frock coat under his arms, calls aloud to some noble peer, who is on his legs, to "speak up," we perceive that the soul is still the soul of the Field Marshal, though the voice is the voice of the first Lord of the Treasury.

The Duke's conversational manner is more indicative of the man, than the manner of his speeches. Instead of "filling up" the conversation, as the phrase is, with questions or replies, in which the fruit of the sense lies but scantily scattered beneath the leaves of the words, he suffers pauses, or gaps of absolute silence in the colloquy, and then bursts forth with his thought, in the abrupt and rapid manner we have before mentioned. Apart from military affairs, in which it will be readily conceded that no man sees farther or more clearly than the Duke, I should be inclined to say, that his mind is deficient in extent and profoundness of observation. No man grasps with more firmness, clearness, and certainty, that which his mind reaches at all; but habituated, as he has been from his profession, to act promptly and decidedly upon the knowledge he had received, he does not (it would seem) trouble himself to ponder upon remote consequences in his political deliberations.

Educated at a military school in France, and advanced to rank in his profession at an early age, he very soon distinguished himself for his skill in stratagy, and for the fearless boldness of his tactics. He had studied the various duties of an officer with unwearied assiduity, nor was he less remarkable for caution in difficulty, and strict attention to the discipline and organization of the troops under his command, than for the quickness and the energy with which he availed himself of every possible advantage. The French, and other enemies, at home and abroad, have ventured to insinuate that his successes were only a series of fortunate accidents; perhaps there never was a man against whom such a charge would be more obviously groundless. Cicero enumerates good fortune among the indispensable requisites of a great General,* yet we know not the instance in which the Duke's success can be, on any reasonable terms, ascribed to accident. He inspired in others the confidence he felt himself, because that confidence was known to result from a rational consideration of his own and the enemy's resources, and not from heady rashness or presumption.

Yet withal, I own my doubts whether the very highest order of intellect is necessary, or even useful, in military transactions. Judging from Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington, I should certainly say not. One man may see a *certain length*, as it were intuitively, and decide and act upon the instant, while others, whose powers are of even a higher order, would require time and deliberation to arrive at a conclusion at all, and characters of the latter class are, undoubtedly, less fitted for conducting

* Ego enim sic existimo, in summo imperatore quatuor has res inesse oportere, scientiam rei militaris, virtutem, auctoritatem, *felicitatem*.—*Cic. pro leg. Manil.*

military operations. I own I should not have thought, however, of ascribing to the Duke of Wellington the quality of

"Calm heroic *magnitude* of mind,"

upon which he has been so prettily complimented.

It is, perhaps, impossible that a mind should be so constituted as to possess the useful qualities, which distinguish that of the Duke, in conjunction with very deep deliberative faculties—for such faculties lead to doubt, and to slowness of execution, and are incompatible with that decision and rapidity, which may accompany acute and vigorous, but less profound views.

I have a reason to believe that the Duke's mode of judging on general subjects is sometimes chargeable with that fault which frequently belongs to those who are more remarkable for cleverly using the knowledge they have, than for knowing very much. He is apt to draw general conclusions, from particular instances, that have happened to come within his own observation, and is too easily satisfied of the good or evil of a system, by his knowledge of the good or evil of its effects in a few isolated cases.

To men of warm feeling generally, and therefore to his own countrymen, the Irish, in particular, the Duke's character will appear such an one as may be respected and perhaps admired, but cannot be loved. His cold and stern *propriety*, seems never to be warmed by a flow of feeling, or kindled by the access of enthusiasm—he dismisses a minister, with the same apparent indifference as he unbuttons his coat; and goes to fight a duel, or to eat a dinner, with apparently the same absence of emotion. He appears to do every thing, because he has previously made up his mind that it shall be done; and this motive from his reason, being sufficient, none of the other ordinary impulses of humanity, seem to be called into action.

The Duke's peculiar habit of applying himself exactly to the matter before him, without the least reference to other things in connection with it, which most men would think it necessary to touch upon, for the sake of avoiding bareness and abruptness of style, is strikingly apparent in his epistolary correspondence. His letters, without being absolutely laconic, contain the whole matter which it is *necessary they should contain*, in a wonderfully small compass, and are as clear and decisive, as they are compact. His letter to Doctor Curtis indeed, is one of the inexplicable things, which even he himself, can only account for, by giving it the name, which he would not suffer poor Mr. Huskisson to bestow on his unfortunate epistle, videlicet, a "mistake"—but even this letter was candid and concise enough in style; whatever might be its merits, or demerits, in another way; and generally, it must be allowed, that the Duke's letters are almost perfect models for business correspondence; the great improvement in the style of modern diplomatic communications, is mainly attributable to him.

I wish I could have followed the example which I have frequently admired in his letters, in this too meagre sketch, in which I fear the matter may be thought to bear but small proportion to the length; but have I not Pascal's celebrated excuse—Had I more time I should have made it shorter? I have only sought to give, as far as I was able, that kind of acquaintance with the remarkable man of whom I have ventured to write, which strangers to the scenes with which I happen to be familiar, cannot be supposed to possess; and if I have succeeded in making the readers of this paper, *personally* acquainted with the Duke of Wellington, or more so than they were before, the object which I had in view has been accomplished.

*** Every one will remember the disastrous and disheartening state of affairs in the Peninsula, when Sir Arthur Wellesley resigned the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, to take the command there in the Spring of 1809, and effected the liberation of Portugal in a brilliant and glorious campaign of scarcely ten days' duration. We have heard, but we cannot positively vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote, that on the evening of the day on which he forced the passage of the Douro, in the face of the supposed invincible enemy, (an operation which Napoleon always spoke of as the most difficult achievement in war), Sir Arthur, after he had completed his despatches and before he slept, proceeded to draw up the heads of the Dublin police bill, a subject to which his attention had been directed immediately before he left that city.

That buoyancy of spirits, which is rather stimulated than depressed by perplexity and disappointment, was of signal service to the Duke.

In circumstances under which the mind of the illustrious but unfortunate Sir John Moore, was puzzled and disqualified for action, Lord Wellington was watchful, decided, and alert, and would avail himself of the first hour of leisure to order out his pack of beagles, and refresh his own and his officers' spirits with a hunt.

We may add that during the debates on the Catholic question, in the Lords, last session, when every one supposed the Duke's mind was so engaged that he could not give a thought to any other subject, Colonel Napier, who was then writing his celebrated account of the Peninsular campaigns, sent him a note, in which, with many apologies for trespassing a single moment on his precious time, he begged his Grace's answer, aye or no, upon a particular point which he could not ascertain from any other authority. The Duke without an instant's hesitation, sat down and wrote him back a full and detailed explanation of the point at issue, containing as the author of "Tom Jones" would say, "five pages of paper."

During the same busy and anxious period, he found time to be a regular attendant at the brilliant levees of the fashionable and fascinating Lady J——. But with the reasons assigned for this in certain private coteries of the court circle, we shall not trouble our readers.

The Duke of Wellington was born at Dangan, in the county of Meath, on the first of May, 1769, three months and a half before Napoleon Buonaparte; he is consequently now in the sixtieth year of his age.

[DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE.]

HALBERT THE GRIM.

THERE is blood on that brow;
  There is blood on that hand;
There is blood on that hauberk,
  And blood on that brand.

Oh! bloody all over
  Is his war-cloak, I weet,
And he's wrapped in the cover
  Of murder's red sheet.

There is pity in many,
  Is there any in him?
No! Ruth is a strange guest
  To Halbert the Grim.

The hardest may soften,
  The fiercest repent;
But the heart of grim Halbert
  May never relent.

Death doing on earth
  Is ever his cry;
And pillage and plunder
  His hope in the sky.

'Tis midnight, deep midnight,
  And dark is the heaven;
Halbert in mockery
  Wends to be shriven.

He kneels not to stone,
  And he bends not to wood;
But he swung round his brown blade,
  And hewed down the rood.

He stuck his long sword
  With its point in the earth,
And he prayed to its cross hilt,
  In mockery and mirth.

Thus lowly he louteth,
  And mumbles his beads,
Then lightly he riseth,
  And homeward he speeds.

His steed hurries on,
  Darkling and dim;
All fearful it prances
  With Halbert the Grim.

Fiercer it tramples,
  The spur gored its side;
Now downward and downward
  Grim Halbert doth ride.

The brown wood is threaded,
  The grey flood is passed;
And hoarser and wilder
  Is the moan of the blast.

No star lends its taper,
  No moon sheds her glow;
For dark is the dull path
  That Baron must go.

Though dark is the sky,
  And no moon shines abroad,
Yet, flashing with fire,
  How gleams the lone road!

And his black steed, I trow,
  As it galloped on,
With a hot sulphur halo,
  And flame-flash all shone.

From nostril and eye,
  Out gushed the pale flame;
And from its chafed mouth
  The churn'd fire-froth came.

They are two! they are two!
  They are coal black as night,
That now staunchly follow
  That grim Baron's flight.

In each lull of the wild blast
  Out breaks their deep yell,
'Tis the slot of the Doomed One,
  Those hounds track so well.

Oh downward! still downward
  Slopeth his way;
No let hath his progress,—
  No gate bids him stay.

No noise hath his horn hoof,
  As onward it sped;
But silent it falls,
  As the foot of the dead.

But redder and redder
  Flares far its bright eye,—
And harsher those dark hounds
  Yell out their fierce cry.

Sheer downward and downward
  Thus dashed life and limb,
As careering to hell
  Went Halbert the Grim.

[MOTHERWELL'S OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.]

THE TWO SISTERS.

The pretty square Farm-house, standing at the corner where Kibes Lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes Lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish), and where the aforesaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartley Common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Pinge Wood—that pretty square Farm-house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn-yards and outbuildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream,—that pretty Farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh, the large and thriving family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or good fortune, or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both, every thing goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the Parish: his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear: money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, every body loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so generous,—so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoilt* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean-Gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off:—aye, and his wife is the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans, so noted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing: as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain-dressing a Mrs. Evans at forty-five, as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good looking.

Their children—six "boys," as Farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight to eight and twenty—and three girls, two grown up, and one not yet seven, the youngest of the family, are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent, and well conducted; the boys, docile and promising; and the little girl as pretty a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked poppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters that we have to do.

Jane and Fanny Evans were as much alike as hath often befallen any two sisters not born at one time;—for in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of the Dromios. Nearly of an age, (I believe that at this moment both are turned of nineteen, and neither have reached twenty), exactly of a stature, (so high that Frederick would have coveted them for wives for his tall regiment)—with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear healthy complexions, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez retroussé* that some persons prefer to them all; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well-shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps as common and as well looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and being constantly attired in garments of the same colour and fashion, looked at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as "the Evans's," than as the separate individuals, Jane and Fanny. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters, Fanny especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance, were apt to favour by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder, and a merry laugh.

Old Tabitha Goodwin for instance, who being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbours, and had defied even the Evans's to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Fanny's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage.

Young George Bailey too, the greatest beau in the Parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Fanny had overheard) by that saucy damsel's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Fanny and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice, which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Fanny was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of womankind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Golconda.

In short, from their school-days, when Jane was chidden for Fanny's bad work, and Fanny slapped for Jane's bad spelling, down to this their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon even her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy, and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave; Fanny was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Fanny: she who smiled, for certain was Fanny: she who jumped the style, when her sister opened the gate, was Fanny: she who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she were running a race, so that the very pigs did not mind her, was Fanny.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own ravelled threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkies; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare plants,—the pale stars of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resembled her own character,—was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert, that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an

engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotchman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border, and, if Mr. Archibald Maclane did sometimes come to look after them, I do not see that it was any business of anybody's.

In the mean time, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans's had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen-draper in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind, and character might have done honour to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentlemen; and in nothing did he more thoroughly shew his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality, and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness and genuine abundance of the great English farm-house. The young women especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with any thing that he had met with before. No finery! no coquetry! no French! no piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical Misses, ascertained that the whole dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the bassoon, on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at Church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but Fanny's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits, and animated conversation. He had known them apart from the first; and indeed denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters, and secretly thought Fanny as much prettier than her sister, as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house, all its inmates had given Charles Foster, as a lover, to his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject, cried fie! and pish! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense, and liked to have such nonsense talked to her, better than any thing in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far, sadder. She sighed deeply; and Fanny, for the two sisters shared the same little room, enquired tenderly, "What ailed her?" The enquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, whilst Fanny hung over her, and soothed her. At length, she roused herself by a strong effort; and turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone: "I have had a great vexation to-night, Fanny; Charles Foster has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Foster! Did you say Charles Foster!" asked poor Fanny, trembling, unwilling even to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; "Charles Foster?"

"Yes, our cousin, Charles Foster."

"And you have accepted him?" enquired Fanny, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh no! no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides *I* am not the person whom he ought to have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is. I would not be his wife; cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he could make me queen of England!"

"You refused him then?"

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the sur-

prise and indignation, that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly;—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"My dear father! He will be disappointed. So will my mother."

"They will both be disappointed, and both angry—but not at my refusal! Oh, how they will despise him, added Jane; and poor Fanny, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed in that agony of passion and grief, which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After a while she resumed the conversation. "We must not blame him too severely, Jane. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him so unkindly; he has done nothing but what is natural. You are so much wiser, and better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me: but he felt your goodness,—and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Fanny, sobbing; "if you would accept"—but unable to finish her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms, and were comforted.

That night Fanny cried herself to sleep: but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless irritability, the dewy grass-walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light elastic step (she knew the sound well!) came rapidly behind her; a hand, (oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand!) tried to draw hers under his own; whilst a well-known voice addressed her in the softest and tenderest accents: "Fanny, my own sweet Fanny! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To *me?*" replied Fanny with bitterness.

"Aye, to be sure, to your own dear self! Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father, for the first time unwelcome, joined us so suddenly that you had no time to say, Yes? And will you not say *Yes* now?"

"Mr. Foster!" replied Fanny, with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here. It was to Jane that you made a proposal yesterday evening; and you are taking me for her at this moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredible! Impossible! You are jesting."

"Then he mistook Jane for me, last night; and he is no deceiver!" thought Fanny to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears, she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure. "He mistook her for me! He, that defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was: an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station behind little Betsy, who had scampered away after a glow-worm, added to the deepening twilight, and the lover's natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Fanny a night's misery, to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one: Charles is gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride; Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

[FROM "OUR VILLAGE," BY MISS MITFORD.]

JOHANNA BAPTISTE VERÜE.

Johanna Baptiste Verüe was the daughter of the Duke de Luynes, and the much-loved wife of the Count de Verüe; she was a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect, and accomplishment, but an unfaithful wife; to this defect in duty, her husband undesignedly contributed.

Not content with possessing such excellence, joined to a love of retirement and domestic life, the thoughtless and imprudent Count was perpetually speaking of her charms to his royal master, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy, a sovereign, who, with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious infatuation, and unavailing repentance.

Hearing so much of the Countess de Verüe, and her husband frequently boasting how much she excelled all the ladies he saw, the King asked why he did not bring her to Turin. As if impatient of the happiness he enjoyed, and in an unlucky moment, he introduced her at court; she became a favourite with the queen, who little suspected that she was encouraging a rival in the affections of her husband.

Amadeus soon became passionately fond of her; princes and kings, it has been said, make rapid strides in love; the Countess, fascinated by royal attentions, irritated by some real or imaginary neglect on the part of her husband, forgot her duty, and forfeited her reputation. A separate establishment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, soon proclaimed to the indignant public, her splendid infamy.

The injured queen was for a long time unacquainted with their amours, till, with a design of shewing the height of his regard for the fair favourite, and in that peculiar fatality, which often accompanies guilt, Victor actually invited his royal consort to a public entertainment, given in honour of the birth of a child he had by the Countess. It was not till the company sat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her husband. The guilty Countess was adorned with some of the most valuable of the jewels, which had been presented to the Queen on her marriage. Naturally provoked at such indecorous and unfeeling treatment,—after reproaching them for thus adding insult to injury, the Queen immediately quitted the room.

For the honour of the Count it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the consequences of his folly approaching, he could not reconcile it to himself to remain a silent and contented spectator of domestic dishonour; he repented a thousand times, as we all do, of our indiscretions, *when it is too late*. Having demanded an audience of the King, which, as guilt is always a coward, was denied; in a short interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baseness of her conduct; spoke of the frail texture of royal attachments and unlawful love; professed himself ready to forgive what had passed, if she would directly separate from her seducer, and with her husband, that husband whom she once professed to love, quit Turin for ever.

Their conversation was interrupted by a message from the King, who probably dreaded the result of so trying a struggle; but the lady shewing no symptom of returning duty, the Count left her in agonies, and after indignantly rejecting a pension of two hundred thousand livres, settled on him by the King, the Count quitted Turin and repaired to Paris.

In the blandishments of unhallowed pleasure, and forgetful of her nup-

tial vows, three years passed quickly away. At length, perceiving a diminution of royal favour, stimulated by compunction, and a return of suppressed affection for her absent husband, and probably disgusted, as every delicate and sensible woman must be, at her degraded condition, which, excepting the thin veil of spendour, differed in no one essential from the odious and obscene situation of a prostitute, with the additional character of a foul and ungrateful adultress; the Countess determined to leave the King. Taking advantage of his absence on a journey to Chambery, and assisted by her brother, who resided at Paris, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, relays of post-horses were provided at short distances,—she departed from Turin, and was half-way to Paris, before Amadeus was apprized of her departure. The Queen's jewels, with a letter for the King, were found on her toilette; she apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguish of repentance for her sinful life; she expressed the warmest sense of his kindness and attentions, and concluded with earnestly intreating his Majesty to be reconciled to the Queen, as it would add considerably to her peace of mind to hear that she was no longer the occasion of separating him from so good and worthy a woman.

Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderness, bitterly cursed the whole sex, in a transport of rage, but impelled rather by necessity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The Countess, unhappy, although considerably enriched, and still feeling the impressions of her first love,—that love, which however faithless or unworthy the object of it, or we ourselves may prove, we never recollect without regret: the Countess, in the hope of being able to compensate for her failure, by future good conduct, and probably wishing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her husband. This purpose she wished to accomplish without subjecting herself to the mortification of a notorious refusal; an opportunity soon offered of putting her scheme into execution, and in her own way.

A public entertainment, with a grand masquerade, being announced to be given by a prince of the blood; a few louis d'ors to his valet, enabled the lady to find out that the Count de Perüe was to be present, and the dress he was to wear. While the unfaithful wife was making these inquiries, she could not help detaining the servant, an old and faithful domestic of the family, to ask him a few questions concerning his master; the life he led, and the company he kept. The feelings of the Countess may be guessed at, when the valet informed her that his master neither enjoyed health nor spirits since he left Turin; that his sister, alarmed at the state of her brother's health, had insisted on his consulting a physician, who described his disease as an affection of the mind, entirely out of the reach of medicine, and recommended company and dissipation.—On this principle, the unhappy man had been prevailed on to promise his sister that he would accompany her to the masquerade. The valet added, that the Count saw little company, but spent the greatest part of his time alone in his room; that his chief attention seemed occupied by a picture, on which he fixed his melancholy eyes for hours together. "A picture," replied the Countess, with augmented emotion, "a picture, and of whom?" "Of yourself, ma'am," said the valet, in an emphatic, expressive manner, and immediately quitted the apartment. The adultress, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, instantly sunk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

Whilst she had been passing her unhallowed hours in chambering and wantonness, her deserted husband, the object of her earliest love, and for

whom, even in the moments of infidelity, she was not able wholly to suppress her affection, her deserted husband had been solitary, disconsolate, comfortless, and unhappy; still doating on the unfaithful blaster of all his joys. Such reflections stimulated the Countess to pursue her purpose with augmented eagerness; she prepared for the masquerade, and resolved to appear in the assumed character of Diana.

The day which was to decide her fate at length arrived; and as midnight approached, being conveyed to the festive spot, she was literally what she appeared to be—the goddess of the night. Her splendid and expensive dress, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her superior air and deportment, attracting general attention. It was some time before the Count appeared; when, at last, he entered the room, supported by his sister, his debilitated appearance, and slow pace, soon caught her eye; HE WAS THE GHOST OF DEPARTED JOY.

Having seated himself near where she sat, the Countess soon contrived to enter into conversation with him, in that kind of audible whisper, which, on such occasions, is the general vehicle of folly or of crime. From the state of her feelings, she was unable to exhibit external gaiety, while discontent sat heavy on her heart. Affecting, or actually experiencing indisposition, and hinting a wish to retire, she mentioned, with regret, that her carriage was sent home, with orders not to return till a late hour. The Count, feeling interested in the fate of the fair stranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait, designing to make a short stay; with apparent reluctance, but inward satisfaction, she accepted his offer, and they were driven to a house, in magnificence nearly approaching to a palace, in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine.

The Count, although ill able, insisted on handing the lady from his coach; as she descended, the mask, by accident or design, dropped from her face, and discovered that countenance he had so often looked on with tenderness and rapture, drowned in tears.

He paused for a moment, distracted by love, which was still ardent, and resentments proportionately keen; the latter predominated, and, in the anguish of a husband, irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored without uttering a word. The miserable Countess, sinking under the horrors of her situation, was conveyed by the attendants to her apartment; and de Verüe, notwithstanding the state of his health, soon after joined a regiment on actual service, and met with that death he had long and ardently desired.

This is *another* of the numerous instances daily occurring, in which a little prudence, and a little common sense, would have prevented irretrievable calamity.

The Count de Verüe had too high an opinion of his wife's chastity, and thought she would, like gold, be more pure for passing through the fire; I repeat, on this occasion, what I have so often said,—poor human nature is not made of materials for such trials; LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, is a safe axiom, laid down by one who well knew, because he made us what we are.—[LOUNGER'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.]

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

They told her, that he to whose sweet voice she listen'd,
Through night's fleeting hours, was a spirit unblest;
Unholy the eyes that beside her had glisten'd,
And evil the lip she in darkness had prest.

When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
Bring near him thy lamp when in slumber he lies;
And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,
Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs.

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper, she stole with her light,
And saw—such a vision! no image appearing
To bards in their day-dream was ever so bright.

A youth but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
Whose innocent bloom had not yet fled away;
While gleams from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning
Of summer noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace, more than mortal around it,
While glossy as gold from a fairy land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing—
What late was but love, is idolatry now;
But, ah,—in her tremor that fatal lamp raising—
A sparkle flew from it, and dropp'd on his brow.

All's lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire;
Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

"Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!
Thus ever affection's fond vision is crost;
Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost!"

[T. Moore, Esq.]

THE KELP-GATHERER.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic, on the western coasts of Ireland, feels a melancholy interest excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeurs of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time rejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fisherman with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain enquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and in silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass these deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants; without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet, the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence, without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused-up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes, at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fire-side, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labour of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue, and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden, that was confined by a quickset hedge, at their cottage side. They were fondly attached, and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favour. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of

her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual privation, and habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigour of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune, induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land, pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement, which the colonization of the new world held out for their advantage. Among those who emigrated, was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was, that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that open-mouthed folly, which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking, young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow, he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand-children, and her son, would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her sally fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew, were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven, and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering, from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went, morn after morn, to the cliff-head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start, and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful, on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with an unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morn would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognised the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat!—what?—where?"

"Below there ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark—" the widow replied, endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The Sun! O my almighty Father, save me!"—

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes and shrieking aloud in her agony—"Oh! I shall never see him more! —I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed herself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come back to you! Look! I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—"you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind."

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother!" he repeated—"Oh, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark for ever! Is it for this I have prayed and laboured? Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! O mother, mother!"

"Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands.—Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven.—Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.—"Well,—well,—my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and shew no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—bitter stroke." Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her

arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. "Is that my father's voice?" she asked—"place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. "Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. "I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these?—Tears? My good child, you should dry our tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me *feel* them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh! if I could only open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing."

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow-creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighbourhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

"It is not over with me yet, sir," she concluded, "for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again!"

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science, render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence."

"Then," replied her visitor, "I may inform you, that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you

with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found it necessary to inflict, had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow—

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed, was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness—and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too, mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy colour of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced, had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright, when I said, that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

A STORY OF THE FORTY-SIX.

On the 17th of July, 1746, there was a tall raw-boned Highlander came into the house of Inch-Croy, the property of Stewart Shaw, Esq., in which there was apparently no person at the time but Mrs. Shaw and her three daughters, for the Laird was in hiding, having joined the Mackintoshes, and lost two sons at Culloden. This Highlander told the lady of the house that his name was Sergeant Campbell, and that he had been commissioned to search the house for her husband, as well as for Cluny, Loch-Garry, and other proscribed rebels. Mrs. Shaw said, that she would rather the rudest of Cumberland's English officers had entered her house to search for the Prince's friends, than one of the Argyle Campbells—those unnatural ruffians, who had risen against their lawful Prince, to cut their brethren's throats.

The Highlander, without being in the least ruffled, requested her to be patient, and added, that at all events the ladies were safer from insult in a countryman's hands, than in the hands of an English soldier. The lady denied it, and in the haughtiest manner flung him the keys, saying, that she hoped some of hers would yet see the day when the rest of the clans would get their feet on the necks of the Campbells. He lifted the keys, and instantly commenced a regular and strict scrutiny; and just as he was in the act of turning out the whole contents of a wardrobe, the lady, in the meanwhile, saying the most cutting things to him that she could invent, he stood straight up, looked her steadily in the face, and pointed to a bed, shaking his hand at the same time. Simple as that motion was, it struck the lady dumb. She grew as pale as death in a moment, and both she and her eldest daughter uttered loud shrieks at the same instant. At that moment there entered an English officer and five dragoons, who hasted to the apartment, and enquired what was the matter.

"O, sir," said Mrs. Shaw, "here is a ruffian of a sergeant, who has been sent to search the house, and who, out of mere wantonness and despite, is breaking every thing, and turning the whole house topsy-turvy."

"Oho! is that all?" said the cornet: "I thought he had been more laudably employed with your ladyship or some of the handsome young rebels there. Desist, you vagabond, and go about your business;—if any of the proscribed rebels are in the house, I'll be accountable for them."

"Nay, nay," said the Highlander, "I am first in commission, and I'll hold my privilege. The right of search is mine, and whoever are found in the house, I claim the reward. And moreover, in accordance with the orders issued at head-quarters, I order you hence."

"Show me your commission then, you Scotch dog; your search-warrant, if you so please?"

"Show me your authority for demanding it first."

"My designation is Cornet Letham of Cobham's dragoons, who is ready to answer every charge against him. Now, pray tell me, sir, under whom you hold your commission?"

"Under a better gentleman than you, or any who ever commanded you."

"A better gentleman than me, or any who ever commanded me?—The first expression is an insult not to be borne. The other is high treason; and on this spot I seize you for a Scotch rebel, and a traitor-knave."

With that he seized the tall red-haired loon by the throat, who, grinning, heaved his long arm at him as threatening a blow, but the English officer only smiled contemptuously, knowing that no single man of that humiliated country durst lift his hand against him, especially backed as he was by five sturdy dragoons. He was mistaken in this instance, for the Highlander lent him such a blow as felled him in a moment, so that, with a heavy groan, he fell dead on the floor. Five horse-pistols were instantly pointed at the Highlander by the dragoons, but he took shelter behind the press, or wardrobe, and with his cocked pistol in one hand, and drawn broadsword, kept them at bay, for the entrance to the house was so narrow, that two could not enter at a time; and certain death awaiting the first to enter, none of them chose to run the risk. At length two of them went out to shoot him in at a small window behind, which hampered him terribly, as he could not get far enough forward to guard his entry, without exposing himself to the fire of the two at the window. An expedient of the moment struck him; he held his bonnet by the corner of the wardrobe, as if peeping to take aim, when crack went two of the pistols at his bonnet, his antagonists having made sure of shooting him through the head. Without waiting farther, either to fire or receive theirs, he broke at them with his drawn sword; and the fury with which he came smashing and swearing up the house on them appalled them so horribly, that they all three took to their heels, intending probably to fight him in the open fields. But a heavy dragoon of Cobham's was no match for a kilted clansman six feet high; before they reached the outer door, two of them were cut down, and the third, after a run of about thirty or forty yards. By this time, the two at the west window had betaken them to their horses, and were galloping off. The Highlander, springing on the officer's horse, galloped after them, determined that they should not escape, still waving his bloody sword, and calling on them to stop. But stop they would not; and a grander pursuit never was seen. Peter Grant and Alexander M'Eachen, both in hiding at the time, saw it from Craig-Neart, at a short distance, and described it as unequalled. There went the two dragoons, spurring on for bare life, the one always considerably before the other, and, behind all, came the tall Highlander, riding rather awkwardly, with his bare thighs upon the saddle, his philabeg flying about his waist, and he thrashing the hind quarters of his horse with his bloody sword, for lack of spurs and whip. He did not appear to be coming up with them, but nevertheless cherishing hopes that he would, till his horse floundered with him in a bog, and threw him; he then reluctantly gave up the chase, and returned, leading his horse by the bridle, having got enough of riding for that day.

The two Highlanders, M'Eachen and Grant, then ran from the rock and saluted him, for this inveterate Highlander was no other than their own brave and admired Colonel, John Roy Stewart. They accompanied him back to Inch-Croy, where they found the ladies in the greatest dismay, and the poor dragoons all dead. Mrs. Stewart Shaw and her daughters had taken shelter in an out-house on the breaking out of the quarrel; and that which distressed her most of all was, the signal which the tremendous Highlander made to her; for, beyond that bed, there was a concealed door to a small apartment, in which her husband, and Captain Finlayson, and Loch-Garry, were all concealed at the time, and she perceived that that door was no secret to Sergeant Campbell, as he called himself. When the pursuit commenced, the ladies hasted to apprise the inmates of their little prison of the peril that awaited them; but they refused to fly till matters were cleared up, for they said, that one who was mangling the red coats

at such a rate, could scarcely be an enemy to them. We may conceive how delighted they were on finding that this hero was their brave and beloved Colonel Stewart. He knew that they were concealed in that house, and in that apartment; and perceiving, from the height where he kept watch, the party of dragoons come in at the strait of Corry-Bealach, he knew to what place they were bound, and hasted before them, either to divert the search, or assist his friends in repelling the aggressors.

There was now no time to lose. Mr. Shaw, Captain Finlayson, Alexander M'Eachen, and another gentleman, whose name I have lost, mounted as King George's dragoons, effected their way to Glasgow through a hundred dangers, mostly arising from their own friends. In particular, the very first night of their flight, in one of the woods of Athol, at the dead of the night, they were surrounded by a party of the Clan-Donnach, and would have been sacrificed, had not Stewart Shaw called out "*Jolach! Càrdeil! Cearlach!*" or some words to that effect, which awakened as great an overflow of kindness. Colonel Roy Stewart and Loch-Garry escaped on foot, and fled towards the wild banks of Loch-Erriched, where they remained in safety till they went abroad with Prince Charles.

It is amazing how well this incident was kept secret, as well as several others that tended to the disgrace of the Royalists, owing to the control they exercised over the press of the country; but neither Duke William, nor one of his officers, ever knew who the tall red-haired Serjeant Campbell was, who overthrew their six dragoons. The ladies of Inch-Croy did not escape so well, for Cumberland, in requital for a disgrace in which they were nowise influential, sent out another party, who plundered the house and burnt it, taking the ladies into custody, and every thing else that was left on the lands of Inch-Croy and Bally-Beg—an instance of that mean and ungentlemanly revenge for which he was so notorious.

[BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.]

EPITAPH.

A LITTLE spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was truly dear,
But cold winds came,—the pale flower faded,
And died,—the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy, thou should'st have wept for me,
Not left me here to mourn for thee,
But not long shall this sorrowing be;
When spring gales next the roses wave,
They'll bloom upon thy mother's grave.

THE STRANGER.

Come, list while I tell of the heart broken stranger,
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground,
Where often at midnight the lonely wood-ranger
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the home of the heart-stricken lady,
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand;
But her feature so sunn'd and her eyelash so shady,
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears;
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us,
But soon as the day beams had gush'd from on high,
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
All lovely and lone as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes when she sung,—oh! but once to have seen them,
Lifts thoughts in the soul that can never depart;
While her looks and her voice made a language between them
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her;
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin was fast;
She died with the same spell of mystery on her,—
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor even in the grave is her sad heart reposing,—
Still hovers her spirit of grief round her tomb;
For oft when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.

[T. Moore.]

THE

DEATH OF ALICE BLAND.

AUSTIN, I am domiciled once more under your roof—I have my appointed chair at your hospitable board—and I walk at eventide in the shade of the ancestral trees that embower your mansion. Your Laura, matronized in her beauty, hails me every morning with her benignant smiles; and your two fair children daily disport in innocent gaiety around my knees. You ask me what has become of that sister of whom I used to speak so often, when we were sojourners in the American wilderness—her whom I was wont to regard as the only star that beckoned me back to my native country. The subject is a sad one; but to you, faithfullest of friends, I can refuse nothing. Pardon me, if you find my pen dwell too long on a few simple incidents. Some allowance may surely be made for the prolixity of chastened grief.

Alice was my only sister—the sole survivor of all my kindred; and it was therefore no marvel that I felt deeply distressed when intelligence of her illness reached me in a distant land. Nearly ten years had elapsed since our separation. She was then a fair-haired, bright-eyed child, in her seventh year—I a heedless and, perhaps, somewhat headstrong youth, fifteen years her senior—and feverishly eager to exchange my quiet home for the tented field. I soon forgot, amid the turmoil of war, the solemn farewell of our widowed mother: but I never lost remembrance of the tearful eyes and last gentle embrace of the darling of our household hearth.

Five years afterwards, my brother followed me to the army. You may remember, Austin, that it was soon after we had driven the French beyond the Ebro, that he joined our banner—as brave and generous-hearted a youth as Britain ever sent forth to fight her battles. Before the expiration of a month you saw him stricken down lifeless at my side. Green, for ever green be the Navarrese valley in which his young bones moulder! A brother's hand wiped the last drops of agony from his blood-dewed brow—a brother's glance alone could now discover his stoneless grave.

The Spanish war terminated triumphantly for our country. Thin as reeds, and dusky as Moors, from five years' exposure to a burning sun—honoured, too, with some memorials of our services, we looked forward, Austin, with pride and joy to the day that should restore us to our kindred. In the very midst of these anticipations—at the very moment when we heard the shouts of thousands of our home-returning soldiers, sweeping over the blue-waved Garonne, the vision of peace departed. Our regiment was ordered to America; and at such a juncture we could not with honour forsake its standard.

We saw blood shed in the west—as the shores of the Potomac and Mississippi testified;—and there we buried many of the bravest of our band—men who had survived no less than five victorious campaigns against the chivalry of France, and who deserved a prouder fate than to be struck down in the wilderness by Yankee bullets. Dreams of home again took possession of us when that war ended; but for me they were as shortlived as before. While other corps sailed homewards, the vessels in which mine had embarked, but to which you, Austin, fortunately no longer belonged, stood away for the waters of St. Lawrence; and for three years I was con-

demned to vegetate in a remote fortress in the forests of Canada. There I received intelligence that I was motherless—that Alice, just rising into womanly beauty, and despoiled of her little patrimony by legal chicane, stood alone in the wide world—and, saddest of all, that merciless consumption—the disease that had bent down the parent stem—threatened also to lop away the tender scion that had flourished under its shade. I could bear expatriation no longer. In less than a month after the receipt of this information, I was on my way across the Atlantic to give her succour.

Alice had dated her last letter from the Isle of Wight, whither she had been carried, after her mother's death, by an amiable lady, who, commiserating her forlorn situation, and won upon by her many rare and endearing qualities, had generously resolved, that a creature so formed to be loved should not be left to die without an effort being made to save her. Need I say, therefore, that to my homeward-turned eyes the white headlands of that island were objects of intense interest, or that I availed myself of the first opportunity to disembark? I question much whether the certainty of irremediable woe is so harassing to the heart, as the apprehension of impending evil —that "hope that keeps alive despair." I entertained a presentiment that I should find Alice on her bier; and my trembling lips could scarcely give utterance to the inquiries necessary to acquaint me with the place of her residence. I found it vacant, and there was a temporary relief even in that vacancy. Unaware of my movements, and sanguine that a change of scene would contribute to her restoration to health, her protrectress had resolved on trying the effect of the air of France. They had been gone barely a fortnight, and I determined to follow them without delay. I had business of some consequence, regarding our small patrimony, to transact in England; but I was contented that it should remain undone till I had indulged the bent of fraternal affection, and tried whether a brother's presence could not re-invigorate my poor Alice's sinking frame.

Avranches, a small town in the south-western corner of Normandy, was the place where they intended to reside. The most expeditious way for me to reach it was to embark in one of the packets plying between Southampton and Jersey, and from that island run across in a French market-boat to Granville. In accordance with this plan, I boarded the first vessel that passed through the Solent for St. Helier; and ere the sun went down beyond the waves we were ploughing, the English shore was barely visible on the northern horizon.

Our voyage was tedious, and it was the morning of the third day before we came in sight of Jersey, and doubled the perilous Corbiere. The wind blew stiffly from the south-east, and we made the bay of St. Aubin with some difficulty. On landing at St. Helier, I made immediate inquiry for a vessel to carry me to Granville; but though several barks belonging to that port lay moored in the harbour, and groups of Norman market-girls, with their plaited petticoats and picturesque coifs were lingering on the quay anxious to depart, none of the skippers would undertake to put to sea, until the wind should chop about into a favourable quarter. Convinced, by their representations, that delay was absolutely requisite, I tried to curb my impatience; and, to beguile the interval, set off on a ramble to the eastern side of the island.

It was the middle of September. The harvest had been some time reaped, and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the jocund laugh of the young villagers, employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mont Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in gazing on the French coast, which is visible al-

most from Cape de la Hogue to Mont St. Michel. The rock-strewn channel that intervenes, was covered with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had sound reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather. I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mont Orgueil—half buried among leaves and blossoms—is a humble village church—the church of Granville. Groves of richly-foliaged trees embower it, and in summer the smiling parsonage is literally covered with the fragrant parasitical plants that climb its walls, and wreath round even its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burying-ground, and gazed listlessly at the head-stones that crowd it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here, after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the suavity of a barrack-room, and the turmoil of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saving you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle by my side—some the yellow plague had smitten in our canvass-homes—some had pined and died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of their paternal hearths. I had gained some distinction in my profession, but who was left to take pride in my honours? No one, save Alice,—and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad even unto death.

I was roused from my moralizing mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave benevolent-looking matron—the other, one of those sylphid visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away for ever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth but to heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished forehead; and there was a gentle fire in her dark-blue eyes, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, that might have become a seraph.

The car was attended by a coarse-looking hind, and politeness required me to assist the ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services; and when I learned that their object was to visit a grave in the cemetery, I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the elder lady knelt down upon the green tumulus in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter who had been torn from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its best blessings round her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her own approaching fate. "If I die in the strange country we are going to," I heard her murmur, as I led them back to their vehicle, "let me buried in this quiet spot; and my brother—when he returns—" Her voice grew tremulous and indistinct. I reseated them in their car, and they drove away.

For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognised in every gentle sound the melody of her plaintive voice. Even in the watches of the night, she flitted like a beatified vision around my couch. I was glad when the morning came—doubly glad, for it relieved me from uneasy dreams, and brought the master of a Granville boat, who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put to sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the

two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unseasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in a fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance in embarking.

Le Curieux was a decked shallop of about twenty tons, miserably found in sails and cordage, and manned by a crew of four—all Frenchmen—but only two of them able seamen. Vidal, the master, was a fine-looking young fellow, with black eyes and florid checks, and a bright crimson-coloured handkerchief tied round his sinewy neck. We got on board under the lee of Elizabeth Castle, and in a short time the anchor was weighed, and we stood out to sea. The breeze was northerly, consequently we easily weathered the labyrinth of submarine rocks that fence the south-eastern shore of the island. The broken clouds that covered the firmament, and a long line of breakers about ten miles to the leeward, occasioned by the surf beating on the perilous Minquais, presaged a boisterous voyage. I looked with some alarm at my female charges, especially the younger, who could not be prevailed upon to take shelter in the horrid hole called a cabin, —but Vidal reassured me, by asserting that if the wind held for six hours in a favourable quarter, he would, at the end of that time, land us at Granville, of which a bluff promontory, visible on the eastern horizon, indicated the site. The old lady soon became sadly affected with the malady incidental to novices at sea, but her companion, as is not unusual with invalids, was not tormented with it. She sat down under the shelter of the weather bulwark, and I exerted myself to make her forget the discomfort of her situation by cheerful converse. I experienced an undefinable happiness in this employment. There was a sympathetic tie that drew me insensibly towards the stranger, at once indescribable and delicious. I had seen thousands of beautiful eyes in my wanderings, and you, Austin, can bear testimony that they shot not their glances at me always in vain; but hers were eyes that spoke a language that no others had ever spoken. She was eloquent, too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence. "If I am doomed never to see Alice more," thought I, "here I have found her image."

At noon, notwithstanding the prediction of Vidal, we had only accomplished something more than half our voyage, for the wind had been hourly falling off, point after point. Chausey—a cluster of bare rocky islets in the mouth of the great bay of Mont St. Michel—was behind us, and slowly but steadily we gained upon the precipitous headland on which Granville is perched. An additional hour of favourable weather would have brought us safe into port, when suddenly the wind chopped round due east, and blew directly adverse, with all the fury of an autumnal gale. The sea became a sheet of foam, furrowed by dark valleys, and our vessel, barely sea-worthy, rode heavily through the waves. Still, with our destined port so near, we did not like to yield to the elements, and though only one of his crew stood by our gallant captain, he kept her prow to the weather in at least ten successive tacks. The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stern. I saw her strength was waning rapidly, and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend. She shook her head in token of dissent. "I

shall suffocate there," was her answer: "and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of heaven."

At length our steersman saw that it was useless to contend with the head-wind that annoyed us. The helm was put about, and we stood away direct for Chausey, among whose rocks Vidal expected to find shelter for the night—an adventure rarely attempted, but still our only hope, seeing that we could not, with the smallest prospect of safety, approach Jersey after sunset. I now tried to encourage my charge, by holding out a prospect of a speedy termination to our disaster. "Before darkness sets in," said I, "we shall be snugly moored among yonder rocks; and Vidal assures me that there is a hut on them inhabited by a kelp-burner, where you can safely pass the night."

"I am grateful for your anxiety to quiet my apprehensions," said she; "but, in reality, I am not afraid of the sea, whatever may be the construction you put on my deportment. What does it signify, since God wills that I am speedily to die, whether I perish in the waves, or by the sure progress of disease? It is here"—she laid her hand on her heart—"that I feel the monitor of death. What a strange fate is mine—an orphan girl—indebted to strangers for the kind offices that are so grateful to the sickly and the dying—and destined, perhaps, to close my eyes on a rock amid these turbulent waves!"

"An orphan," said I, and I took her hand, and looked steadily on her face—"how deeply—how very deeply these words affect me! I too am an orphan, but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world, though I have no paternal hearth. But I have a sister—young, fair, and desolate as yourself—one who at this very moment is perhaps gasping her last in the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wandering brother is almost at her side."

"Happy girl," she rejoined, "how amply will she be blessed if she only lives to lie down in death on your breast! *My* brother is far far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rushing waters of Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be, long, long after that of his poor Alice is stilled for ever."

"Alice!" I ejaculated—emotion stifling my words—"Powers of Mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one, or I shall die—tell me that brother's name."

"Talbot Bland!"

I clasped her to my breast, and wept, as I exclaimed "Alice, dear Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart."

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes, and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak, her words died away in sighs. I saw, when it was too late to rectify my error, that my abrupt communication had had a fatal influence on her strength. How dear—how unutterably dear did I hold her at that moment! How gladly would I have bartered the rank and honours that years of perilous service had won, to have insured her life—nay, to have merely placed her on a comfortable couch, where her spirit might calmly pass away!

At twilight we ran under the lee of Chausey, and anchored in a little inlet. Alice was numbed in every joint by the spray that had drenched her, and her articulation continued to be confined to indistinct murmurs; but her looks expressed the depth of her sisterly affection. I carried her ashore, through the surf, to the hovel in which we had been taught to look for

shelter; but my heart sank in despair when I saw the miserable accommodation it afforded. It was a rude hut, formed of planks, and almost destitute of furniture; for the family that inhabited it only made it their abode during the summer half of the year, and were contented with the simplest conveniences. They were hospitable, however—as all French peasants are—and readily gave us the shelter we solicited. Situated as we had lately been, I felt thankful to see my dying Alice laid upon a pallet—no matter how humble.

Until this was done, I made no disclosure of our consanguinity to her kind protectress, who had been brought ashore by Vidal and his sailors. Her congratulations I pass over. She subsequently found that I was not ungrateful. It is of Alice alone that I would speak.

We had some sea-stores on board the vessel, and part of them, together with dry clothes for Alice, were landed. I dipped a rusk in wine, and put it to my sister's lips. It partially revived her, and I had at length the satisfaction of seeing her drop into a quiet sleep. Her friend lay down beside her; and the crew of Le Curieux, and the kelp-burner's family, gathered round the fire of dried *fuci* which had been kindled at my request, and endeavoured to beguile the hours with legends of the dangerous gulf in which we were isolated. I caught, occasionally, a few sentences of these wild tales; but what mattered it to me that the *Livre Noir* of Coutances told of a Seigneur de Hambye having slain a huge serpent in Jersey—or that the annals of the state prison of Mont St. Michel recorded a thousand and one tales of crime and death? I sat by my sister's couch, listening to her gentle breathings, and watching the flight of the imperishable spirit that already hovered on her lips.

An hour before day-break Alice became restless, and her respiration irregular and obstructed. The fire had died away, and a dim lamp, brought from the shallop, alone alighted the *cabane*. All my fellow-voyagers were asleep, stretched on the bare earth; and though I saw that the finger of death was already pointed at my sister, I felt it useless to disturb them. They could give no relief. She was passing placidly into eternity, and I cared not that they should see my tears. Nevertheless, I longed earnestly for the light of the morning, and, for a moment, went to the threshold to look for its first beam. The storm had passed away, and the sun was just lifting his broad disc above the Norman hills. I heard a deep sigh proceed from the *cabane*, and hastened back to my sister's side. Her hand returned not my pressure—the lids of her eyes were half unclosed; but the spirit of life lighted no longer the orbs they shaded. I pressed my lips to hers, but they were cold and breathless. Alice was dead.

Austin, her story is told. From the shelterless rock on which she died I carried her remains to St. Helier's; and, in compliance with the wish I had heard her express when I knew not the deep interest I had in her existence, she was buried at Granville. Soft lie the turf on her virgin breast!

[EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

A RECKONING WITH TIME,

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Come on, old Time! nay that is stuff;
Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough,
  Winged foe to feathered Cupid—
But tell me, Sandman! ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains
  So thick to make me stupid:

Tell me Death's Journeyman! but no;
Hear thou my speech, I will not grow
  Irrev'rent while I try it;
For though I mock thy flight, 'tis said
Thy forelock fills me with such dread
  I never take thee by it.

List then, old is, was, and to be,
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me:
  Thou gav'st me first the measles,
With teething would'st have ta'en me off,
Then mad'st me with the hooping cough,
  Thinner than fifty weazles.

Thou gav'st me small-pox (the Dragon now
That Jenner combats on a Cow),
  And then some seeds of knowledge;
Grains of the Grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thrash upon our tails,
  To fit us for a College.

And when at Christ Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains with sloe-juice port,
  And lectures out of number;
There freshman folly quaffs and sings
While graduate dullness clogs thy wings
  With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions next—(which while they wave
Fan all our birthdays to the grave)—
  I think ere it was prudent,
Ballooned me from the schools to town,
Where I was parachuted down
  A dapper Temple Student.

Then much in Dramas I did look,
Much slighted thee and Great Lord Coke,
  Congreve beat Blackstone hollow,
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in my crown, no pleas had Hale
  To supersede Apollo.

Ah Time! those raging heats I find
Were the mere Dog star of my mind;
  How cool is retrospection!
Youth's gaudy summer solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store,
  An autumn of reflection!

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law to join his throng,—
  Gulled by some slight applauses?
What's verse to A, when versus B?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
  To pleading John Bull's causes?

But though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
  Some ragged muse has netted,—
Still honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To thee,—(and faith, to others too,)
  I'm very much indebted:

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inured me to each day that's rough,
  In hopes of calm to-morrow:—
And when, old mower of us all,
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
  Some few dear friends will sorrow.

Then, tho' my idle prose or rhyme,
Should half an hour outlive me, Time,
  Pray bid the stone engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb.
  "Thank Time for all his Favours."

TIME'S ANSWER.

Dear George, thy retrospective glance
Has checked me in my mad advance,
  This old truth to arrive at;
Of all who hunt for fame or gain,
Or plough the meadow or the main,
  Not one "contentus vivat."

Think'st thou thy pow'rs that charm the town,
Had gain'd like honor to the gown?
  Ah, no! the field's too narrow:
Else in old Rufus' hall thy lungs,
Self-buoyant in the war of tongues,
  Had e'en out garrowed Garrow.

Till safe within the bar, quite snug,
Humour is contraband—a drug—
For know my honest fellow,
Young amorous barristers to bilk,
Wit, ere she sins in robes of silk,
Does penance in prunella.

Leave common law to common men,
Believe me, George, thy nervous pen,
A brighter cause espouses;
Yoked to the rumbling dray of law,
Let others empty pleadings draw,
'Tis thine to draw—full houses.

How many votaries of the Muse,
My sand as blotting-paper use;
With politics some fill me!
While at a sing-song house I'm told,
Where foreign notes are changed for gold,
Some beat and others kill me.

Thou know'st my little winning ways,
I live by eating modern plays;
(A milk and water diet:)
But thou would'st starve me, selfish man,
Go gnaw thy pen—I never can—
'Twould break my teeth to try it.

When wilt thou write like other men,
Observe your brethren of the pen,
How scornfully I treat 'em;
Like oysters (sorrowful to tell)
Their plays no sooner quit the shell
Than—presto—pass—I eat 'em.

Whilst others in oblivion waste
Time, the Ithuriel spear of taste,
Shall still thy dramas treasure;
They're one and all so truly good,
That though they never give me food
They always give me pleasure.

Thus sailing down life's eddying pool,
My wings shall fan thy passions cool,
Psha! cease this idle pother!
My eyes draw dim—give me thy hand,
One half my glass is choak'd with sand,
Let's fill with wine the other!

Long may'st thou flourish wisely gay,
Till my own forelock turns to grey,
And when old Pluto's raven
Shall croak thee to thy narrow room,
The passenger upon thy tomb,
Shall read these lines engraven:

" Within this monumental bed,
Apollo's favorite rests his head,
Ye mourners cease your grieving :
A son the father's loss supplies,
Be comforted, though Colman dies,
His Heir at Law is living."

SKETCH OF MR. BROUGHAM.

I ALMOST marvel at my own temerity, in essaying that which seems to myself so bold an attempt, as the delineation of the celebrated man whose name I have placed at the head of this paper. To those, however, at a distance from the scene of his labours, and his glories, even that which I am able to tell, may not be without interest and instruction; and those who more intimately know him, will, I trust, pardon the defects of a description, which shall be, according to the best of the writer's knowledge, faithfully and fairly drawn.

It is one of the misfortunes which attend upon the career of men in public life, that all their actions are viewed through the eyes of prejudice, and while they are unreasonably censured by opponents, and undeservedly lauded by partizans, a just description, or even a just estimation of their characters, is generally postponed to that time, when the impenetrable barrier of the tomb lies between them, and all censure, or all praise :

Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes,
Infra se positas.

Well, if we can add,

Extinctus amabitur idem—

and fortunate is their memory, if even after death, intemperate enthusiasm does not mar the fame it meant to guard, or lingering malignity seek to cast a stone upon their grave. Of all living men, Mr. Brougham is, perhaps, the one most obnoxious to that false estimation, which arises from causes extrinsical to himself. The brilliant light, that sweeps along the darkened heaven of the political world, is not regarded, or disregarded for itself alone, but cursed as a baleful meteor, or hailed as a propitious star, according to the party glasses through which it is viewed. The writer of the present sketch, does not pretend to be wholly uninfluenced by party sentiments; for if he were placed in a situation in which it would be natural for him to be so, he would not have the opportunities of observation, which alone can justify him for undertaking his present task; but he believes it to be possible to join with feelings of strong opposition to Mr. Brougham's political character, a sincere admiration of his genius, and a sincere desire to do him perfect justice; and in this spirit he will endeavour to proceed.

Will the reader pardon this somewhat too elaborate preface to the light matter which is to follow, and bear with me, if I now address him rather in the style of a familiar letter, than that of a grave essay, respecting the eminent subject of my sketch? If you walk down to Westminster Hall, any morning when the Courts there are sitting, and go into the King's Bench,

you will probably see, sitting near the right hand end of the king's counsel's seat, a man whom, if you judge with me, you will conclude, without further question, to be no common man: his head is perhaps leaning on his hand, which is covered with an old shabby black glove; or if perchance a new glove is there, you will see him stare at it occasionally, with a look of half abstraction and half wonderment, like that of Dominie Sampson, when his integuments of many years' use and wont, were secretly replaced by a novel suit. His face you will immediately decide to be ugly and intellectual; he has a certain grimy paleness of complexion; his nose is long, and its arch, if arch it may be called, is concave; his eyes appear small, and but little worthy of observation in repose; but rouse him for an instant, and they flash forth the fervor of that soul, which seems to know no *medium* of excitement. His eye does not shew that small dark perpetual glitter, which seems common among lawyers, and expresses cunning in the morning, and lasciviousness at night: on the contrary, its light seems to hang back for some occasion of bitter sarcasm, and then forth it darts—

"And pours at once its venom and its strength."

The nervous twitchings of his face—by which the point of his nose and his upper lip are every now and then jerked up from their natural position—are at first very disagreeable to look upon, because they convey to the spectator, the idea of pain; but this feeling soon wears away, and you come to regard them, (if this be not a whimsical fancy peculiar to myself,) as the consequence of the violent action of his mind, and something analogous to the quivering motion, which at every strain of some engine of vast force, is exhibited in the building which covers it. You see him occasionally look at his brief, "but not intentively;" just as if he were refreshing his memory with some *circumstance* on which he meant to dwell; another lawyer would be thinking of "cases," and calling out to the tipstaff for "Barnwell and Alderson's Reports, volume second;" but Mr. Brougham does not do this *much*, and though he may be the worse lawyer, I confess I like him all the better. It is humiliating to see such a man, running in the same yoke with some mouse minded nibbler of cases, or spending the attention of his comprehensive mind upon some mystified jargon, headed, "Doe on the demise of Jackson," or the like.

Meantime, the tipstaff shoves over towards Mr. Brougham, and whispers in his ear, that Doctor Dionysius Lardner is without, and wants to speak to him: whereupon, away goes the lawyer, and for an hour, Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy, and the affairs of the London University, and the Society for the Dissemination of Useful Knowledge, take place of law, and Mr. Brougham's motion for a new trial of a cause tried at the last Assizes in Lancaster. He comes in again, just as it is his "turn to move," and makes a speech full of energy and vigorous reasoning, which leaves no doubt upon your mind, that a new trial must be granted, until Mr. Frederick Pollock (if you happen to be fortunate,) gets up, and in a close, serious, and logical harangue, in which the lore of the lawyer is tastefully blended with the art of the scholar, and the manner of the gentleman, completely oversets Mr. Brougham's case. This, I say, happens if you are fortunate; but it is just as likely, that some other person, with a mincing yet husky voice, will get up with a pile of books before him, from which he quotes nineteen cases, every one of which Mr. Justice Bailey takes down in his wonderful little book, calling out with painful exactness, for the number of the volume, and the page, which are repeated five times

over, the lawyer all the while holding up the book with a look of smirking sagacity, and assuring "my Luds," that these cases clearly defeat Mr. Brougham's case, which "my Luds" probably find out to be true; and beaten with this rod of twisted cases, the subject of our sketch walks away.

It is, however, in detailing and commenting upon facts to Juries, more than in arguing legal points before the Judges, that the great and peculiar powers of Mr. Brougham's mind are displayed. It is astonishing with what interest, the energy, and force, and idiomatic earnestness of his language, invest even the driest subjects of detail; and when the facts themselves are of interest and importance, the speaker rises with them, and launches forth into general observations, and pithy remarks, upon the affairs of mankind, as foreign and unknown to the professional harangues of those around him, as the philosophy of the pendulum is, to the most ordinary clock-maker that ever took his hire for notching and filing bits of brass and copper. It is not, however, to be understood, that he is, on this account, more "successful," as the phrase is, with Juries, than other men who are immeasurably inferior to him, in every thing which constitutes greatness of mind: it is only upon great occasions, and where the Jury is likely to be composed of men rather above the average range of intelligence, that he whose mind is set upon gaining a verdict, would be fortunate in having Mr. Brougham for his leading counsel. If it be true, as Mr. Brougham says, that "the schoolmaster is abroad," it is no less true, that the manner of the schoolmaster is too frequently "at home," with him, for great success with common Juries. He does not practice, and I hope and believe he utterly scorns, the despicable cunning upon which some lawyers, even of great name, plume themselves. He does not flatter fat short-necked retailers of Cheshire cheese, or tallow candles, or bloom raisins, upon their probity, and respectability, and sagacity, and so-forth, and thus wheedle them out of a verdict by sleight of tongue; but he falls into error on the other side, and will hardly forbear even launching a sarcasm, when some special oaf blurts forth his stupidity upon the Court. He stands before a Jury, as one placed there to *teach*, and not to solicit; he is not slow to reprimand, and even his courtesy has not unfrequently something in it, which gives the alarm, that irony or sarcasm is intended. It is a vexatious thing to behold a man, evidently bringing himself down to the level of the subject, or the persons to whom he addresses himself; and this is manifestly Mr. Brougham's situation in his ordinary business in the Courts; it is, therefore, in the House of Lords, as an Advocate, or in the House of Commons, as a Senator, that he is to be seen to most advantage. Let us follow him to the latter place, and look at him, sitting, perhaps, beside one or two of his companions from the Law Courts. How different *now*, are their relative situations! There, they are superior to him in extent of business, in adroitness, and in knowledge of those minute details of legal erudition, which constitute the efficient weapons of the lawyer; here, they appear like creatures of an inferior order of being. While the desperate energy of Brougham is heard, pouring itself forth for mischief or for good, upon the largest questions of general policy, these people may be found, magnifying with common-place solemnity, some wretched matter which is to add new complication to some new act of parliament, already a heap of disgusting verbosity, alike revolting to common sense, which seeks to understand its meaning, and to common taste, which, in a public document, looks for some decency of style. Mr. Brougham generally takes his seat

in the centre, or near the upper end of the principal opposition bench, on the other side of the table from the Ministers; he generally wears shabby black clothes, and being without his wig and gown, looks many years older than he does when they are on; he appears to me to have a peculiarly dark, serious, and even sullen look, as he sits with his arms folded, and his hat pulled down over his face, as if to keep his eyes in the shade, listening to what is said, but never (in all the many times that I have observed him) taking down any note of it.

It is difficult to describe by written words, the effect upon the House, when he gets upon his legs—there is a *black* determined earnestness in his manner, which seems to say, I have got a work to do, and with the blessing of God I *will* do it, before I sit down. When uncovered, his iron-grey hair appears, lying in the flattest and least ornamented style upon his forehead—his arms are extremely long, and his first motion is to stretch out one of them to its utmost length across the table, and there to deposit his hat, in a fixed position, as if he would say, there you shall lie for some time to come. He then commences, in a manner in which ease is curiously combined with great earnestness, and frequently in a tone, that for absolute loudness, does not much exceed a whisper; he goes on, enunciating his words with a clearness of utterance, which he possesses in a very remarkable degree, insomuch, that in every part of the House, he is quite distinctly heard. His accent is, as far as I know, quite peculiar to himself; it is neither English, nor Scotch: and whether it be that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, I cannot pretend to say. I have heard many Englishmen ridicule it as Scotch; but they knew nothing about the matter—some call it disagreeable; those who think with me do not. As he proceeds, he becomes more warm and loud, but his words are still clear, and dispose themselves into sentences with admirable precision, even when uttered with the most tempestuous fury. Now it is that his eyes flash; he strikes the table with his hand, and pours out his soul in a torrent of bitter words, which exceedingly affect the gallery: but the "gentlemen of England," are rather an imperturbable race, and do not, like the Irish, catch the contagion of excitement.

The first time I was ever in the House of Commons, was a few months before the awful end of the late Lord Londonderry. It was a beautiful evening in summer; there were few persons in the house, and I was amusing myself through the windows at the gay boats with their white awnings, gliding swiftly along the Thames, when my attention was called to two persons walking in the House almost together, yet keeping as far apart as the breadth of the passage up to the table would permit—they were Lord Londonderry and Mr. Brougham—two men, who, except that they measured about the same number of inches from head to heel, were in all respects as opposed to one another in mien, mind and manners, as they were in politics. Lord L. was eminently handsome, and possessed in his noble bearing and appearance, that happy combination of mildness, elegance, and dignity, which may, perhaps, be expressed at once, by the word gracefulness. Mr. Brougham has scarcely the least pretensions to any of the three. They took their seats on either side of the table, exactly opposite each other, and the member for Winchelsea, happening to be in one of his furious moods, was not long of breaking forth. Some alehouse man had sent him a complaint of his license having been discontinued, in consequence of his taking in a particular newspaper, which the angry Senator, holding up in one hand, clenched the other, and shaking it at the minister

opposite, thundered out an invective, which in the old Irish House of Commons, would have set a whole host of orators in a blaze during the night, and some charges of gunpowder a flashing in the morning. But the mildness of Lord Londonderry's countenance was not, for a moment, disturbed —it was his manner to affect a contempt for Mr. Brougham, when he was furious, and he sat, now smelling to a bouquet of flowers which he carried in his button-hole, and now regaling his nose with the touch of his cambric pocket handkerchief, while the storm of anger raged at the other side of the table. I was surprised to see that Mr. Brougham's fiery eloquence did not produce the least reply—it fell like a thunderbolt upon an ice-berg, glanced along, hissed, and was extinguished.

Mr. Canning's warm, and (until he became prime minister) joyous temperament, did not admit of his treating this formidable antagonist with the composure of affected scorn. I shall not allude to the remarkable personal altercation between these eminent statesmen, because it is a painful subject, and sufficiently known already, but, in general, Mr. Canning used his wit with the happiest effect against Mr. Brougham's fierce invective. Who has not heard of "Mr. Brougham's thunder," at which the House laughed for a night, and the public for a week, or of the minister's courteous expressions of regret, that Mr. Brougham should have thrown away so much "excellent indignation," upon a matter where it was altogether superfluous? They say that the fierce Member for Winchelsea became at last absolutely afraid of the witty Minister, and, even when he was bursting with a redundant storm of rage, used to wait for the departure of Mr. Canning from the House, ere he ventured to open the safety valve and let it blow off.

As the House of Commons is at present filled, I have little hesitation in saying that Mr. Brougham stands completely without a rival. It is impossible to imagine any such thing as a struggle for the superiority, between him and any of the present ministers, who, whatever may be thought of their ability in other respects, certainly do not hold any very lofty place as public speakers. Mr. Peel is no more than a fluent debater, who never utters a striking sentence, or even by accident, hits upon an original expression—for such a man as Brougham to exert his oratorical powers against Mr. Peel, would be like hurling his arrows against a wool pack: they would neither rebound nor pass through, but would fall ineffectual, by reason of the softness of the body against which they were directed. Yet it is to be remarked, that Mr. Brougham is by no means perfect as an orator. In the power and even fierceness of energy, he is scarcely to be surpassed; in sarcasm he strikes with harsh, but irresistible violence, and he uniformly grasps the most sonorous and expressive terms, with the facility of a perfect master of his language; but there is scarcely a touch of tender feeling, of simple pathos, or of perception of *goodness*, in all that he has ever spoken. The lofty excellence of knowledge, the stern nobleness of virtue, the majesty of freedom, and the glory of resistance to oppression, have all been set forth by him with matchless eloquence and force; but for all that he has ever said, there might be no such thing as the power of affection, the solicitude of love, the sympathies of charity, or the tenderness of feeling which subdues the heart by softening it. To those who have studied the best models of eloquence, who know that there is a something in almost the worst of human breasts, which responds to well directed appeals to the feelings, and that these appeals may be delicately wrought up with the most energetic expositions of wrong, or demonstrations of right,

it will not be necessary to say, that the orator who relies upon force and energy alone, uses but a part of the armoury which his art affords. Mr. Plunket, whose oratorical powers were similar in many respects, and equal in all, to those of Mr. Brougham, possessed also a feeling in his eloquence, of which the latter gentleman seems utterly destitute. It is with no slight sentiment of national pride, that I name the name of my Lord Plunket, in speaking of the eloquence of the House of Commons, of which he was so long the brightest ornament, even when it boasted the presence of men, of whom, alas! we are doomed to see no adequate successors. While he felt and used the gentler, but not less effective instruments of oratory, he governed his energy with more prudence and discretion than belonged to Mr. Brougham; but those who have heard or read his speeches in the Irish House of Commons, and recollect how he lashed, as with a scourge of fire, the manager of the Government business in that House, will scarcely doubt that the will, and not the power, was wanting, to put forth speeches of even more appalling force than those with which Mr. Brougham almost terrified the members of the English Legislature.

There was a calm consciousness of strength about Mr. Plunket, on important occasions, where some courageous step seemed necessary, that was very admirable. Upon one of the occasions just referred to, he undertook what perhaps no other man in the House (except under the influence of personal feeling, which overleaps all thought of consequences) would have ventured to attempt. He coolly, but peremptorily, interrupted the fiery orator, and in the very tempest and whirlwind of his passion, stopped him by an appeal to order. Mr. Brougham glared at him with a blaze of fury and astonishment streaming from his eyes, as a tiger may be supposed to do upon a lion, when the forest monarch becomes between him and the prey upon which he is about to spring. There was a taunting bitterness of expression, which loudness could not reach, in the low conversational tone in which he said, that the Right Honourable Gentleman seemed to have forgotten where he was—that perhaps he might have been accustomed to such interference in the *Irish* House of Commons, but in *that* House he should recollect that gentlemen were not to be interrupted. Who is there that cannot imagine how this bitterness of speech, and the sneering allusion to the scene of his youthful prowess, coming together, roused the indignation of Mr. Plunket, and stirred, as with a sword, all the slumbering fire of his youth?

> "—— Utque leo, specula cum vidit ab alta
> Stare procul campis meditantem prœlia taurum"—

He started up to battle with his adversary, but the Speaker, fearing as he well might fear, the consequences that were likely to ensue, interposed, and the belligerents were pacified.

I find this sketch has already grown to such a length, that should I attempt within its limits to touch upon all the various matters in which the subject of it is concerned, I would but add the defects of hasty and partial notice, to those which the nature of my undertaking, and the inadequacy of my own powers, have rendered me unable to avoid. At another opportunity, I may, perhaps, return to the task, should I be led to suppose, that in what I have already done, I have succeeded in imparting any "useful or entertaining knowledge" respecting so celebrated a man as Mr. Brougham.

[DUBLIN GAZETTE.]

LOCKSWELL SPRING.*

PURE fount, that welling from this airy hill
Dost wander forth into the nether vale,
Thou, to the passenger dost tell no tale
Of other years, but thus, continuing still
Thy secret way, a lone, unnotic'd rill,
And almost silent as the clouds that sail
Above thee, calm, and reckless of the noise
The changing world may keep, dost onward glide;
But could'st thou speak to the grey clouds that ride
High o'er thy lowly track, or had'st a voice
Like Him, the Preacher in the wilderness,
Yes, thou should'st say to all, "That mortal pride
"Fleets like the passing rack, but not the less,
"Virtue and wisdom shall, like thee, abide."

Say more—"Time was, when from this wild'ring wood,
"Towers, pinnacles, and battlements arose
"Clustering, and the due bell at evening's close
"Sounded afar; for here secluded stood
"MATILDA's earliest Abbey†—mark the spot!—
"Here where no turmoils of mankind intrude,
"It rose—it vanish'd—and deep solitude
"Possess'd the woods again;—old TIME forgot—
"Hast'ning to further spoil—its place and name;
"Since then, e'en as the clouds of yesterday,
"SEVEN HUNDRED years have well nigh pass'd away,
"But my pure fount, thro' changing years the same,
"Tho' the tall towers that grac'd its hallowed side
"Left not a wreck, and mortal music died,
"Still lifts its 'small still voice' like penitence,
"Or humble praise.
"Thou, pass, admonish'd, hence,
"Happy, thrice happy, if, thro' 'good or ill,'
"CHRISTIAN, thy heart responds to my forsaken rill."

[WM. L. BOWLES.]

* The Abbey at Lockswell, founded by the Empress Matilda and her son (afterwards King Henry II.), before it was removed to Stanley, in the parish of Bremhill, was here situated.---An examination of the original grants has now, for the first time after so many centuries, established beyond a doubt, the name and place of the first Abbey, where this remarkable spring, anciently called Drogonis fons from Drogo, the Chamberlain (Cameranio) of Matilda, has its rise, in the wildest part of the forest of Chippenham.

† Founded by the Empress Matilda before the Abbey at Stanley.

ANECDOTE.

A LAUGHABLE story was circulated, during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman with many good points, and described by a popular cotemporary poet as almost eaten up by his zeal for the house of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word; this sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments, but it was his tendency to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object, the duke, *by well-applied arguments*, and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman *he* recommended, gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, an honest fellow, *as things go*, and who would have thought himself sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke *for his kindness*, and told him "The supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking the moment it is vacant." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedom of a contested election, "the moment he dies, set out post-haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he was visiting, without a wish or a desire to see his new acquaintance 'till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more retentive; the supervisor died a few months after, and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post-haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, at the corner of Great Queen-street.

The reader should be informed, that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the King of Spain was

expected hourly to depart; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid: wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shewn up stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep; for with a thousand singularities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed, but has left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly." "God for ever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise; "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe verily they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them;" repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of ****** was ushered into the duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking *a power of doctor's stuff*; and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk or mad? Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bed side, the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law, at the last election at ******."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances; yielding to the irritation, he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electric fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes with observing, "Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relation of his old acquaintance on the throne of his catholic majesty, he advanced him to a post, *not less honourable*, he made him an exciseman."—[*Lounger's Common Place Book.*]†.

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.

The Rev. Mr. L——, minister of C——, in Lanarkshire, (who died within the present century,) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well-known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion:—Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners—a poor, lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish—Mr. L—— became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot. It was a perfect conceit of a thing. It was a gem. No pot on earth could match it in symmetry. It was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; "if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra [*superfluous*] pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use oftener, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule."—"Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow, on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off, then, he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he had got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in inverted fashion upon his head; where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or, at least, *into*, the dark, as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood: the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with its rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new-

born child was enclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt on the part of its proprietor to make it slip back again; the contracted part or neck of the *patera* being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever a minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretems* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did every any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help. Or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverbation the ear of the utterer; but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be DEATH IN THE POT.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister of C——. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eye-sight, he could act only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled, with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

> " Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted;
> Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted;
> And a' the town-neighbours were gathered about it;
> And there was he, I trow!"

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards like the horns of the great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of his release; and having

laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chafts than dying for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a hard blow; which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer, but assuredly the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.

[EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

VULGAR INHUMANITY.

Most decent frequenters of London theatres have, at different times, had their ears assaulted by loud exclamations of "Play up Nosey," thundered from the gallery; and at a period when the cause, which first produced it, had long ceased to exist, and by many, at this time, is not understood.

This outrage on public feeling was first occasioned by Cervetto, a performer on the violin, whose nose was unfortunately the most prominent feature in his face.

In consequence of this unlucky malformation, a man of inoffensive life and decent manners, was regularly persecuted by the galleries for many years, and at last actually compelled to abandon the only means by which he was able to procure a livelihood.

This preposterous, but not uncommon species of cruelty, was attacked by a satirical poet, (I believe Mr. Murphy,) who lashed the popular follies of that day, in a sensible and spirited performance.

> "Have ye not roar'd, from pit to upper rows,
> And all the jest was what—a fiddler's nose.
> Pursue your mirth each night, the joke is stronger,
> For as you fret the man, his nose grows longer."

Of Cervetto, Mr. Garrick used to relate the following circumstance:—In one of the most interesting scenes of a favourite part, when the attention of the whole house was rivetted on this excellent actor, the long-nosed musician gave vent to a long yawn, and so loud, as to be heard by every one.

The manager was considerably vexed, and, sending for the offender immediately after the play, demanded an explanation. "I ask ten thousand pardons," said the fiddler, in broken English, "but I always yawn extremely loud when any thing interests me very much." With this artful apology he left the room, after being told that, in future, he must suppress so singular a symptom of approbation.

[FROM THE LOUNGER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.]

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART I.

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt every where;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noon tide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmer'd by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapp'd and fill'd by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drown'd
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only over head the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mix'd with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise:

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight conceal'd him from her.

Her step seem'd to pity the grass it prest;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and ozier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an ante-natal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf look'd brown—she died!

PART III.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awaken'd, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul;
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flow'd,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode.
Though the noon-day sun look'd clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson now,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were mass'd into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry winds past;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds,
Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks,
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers
Mass'd into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathiest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splash'd with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Fill'd the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starr'd with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Their mass rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake;
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Damn'd it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noon-day
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venemous blight was burn'd and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clank'd at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want.
The birds dropp'd stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steam'd up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapp'd them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toad stools, and docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scatter'd love, as stars do light,
Found madness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never pass'd away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.—[SHELLEY.]

FRAGMENT.

A FEW years before I left India, a young man had brought to me some very strong letters of recommendation from some of my connexions in England, whom I was most happy and desirous to oblige. He had, in consequence, remained some time under my roof; during which period, his fine disposition and talents, his amiable heart, and his winning fascination of manner, had created between us a friendship very unlike any thing which usually exists between men of such different ages as we were. He was above twenty years my junior,—and yet our *liaison* was more like that of cotemporaries than of two men of separate generations. This may be considered the more strange on account of the habits and temperament which I have described as being mine, from so very early a period of my life—and I at first thought it so myself. But I found that the buoyant animation and liveliness of my young friend were of the greatest benefit to me; and, while they gave relief to the usual gloomy condition of my spirits and demeanour, they concurrently diminished its unpleasantness to himself. On the other hand, I had made a point of exerting myself to render my house agreeable to him at first,—and, afterwards, he equally strove to prevent my relapsing into my usual state. To effect this, he so modified his youthful feelings and manner, as to enliven without shocking the mind of a melancholy man. If he had been less delicate, considerate, and (intuitively) skilful,—he probably would have produced diametrically the contrary effect from that which it was his endeavour to work. But, as it was, during the time he was with me, I certainly was better at ease than I

had been for years;—and when we parted, it was, as I have mentioned, with sentiments of friendship very unusual to arise between two men in every point so dissimilar. The very difference, however, of our ages was, I suspect, rather of advantage than detriment to the feelings with which L—— regarded me. I had more and better influence over him than a man of his own standing could ever have acquired—while there was none of the constraint and awkwardness which young people usually experience in any very constant intercourse with companions more advanced in life.

It certainly would not be imagined, from what I have said, that this young man could have any connexion with the disappointments and pain which attended my return to England—but so it was. About a year and a half before I finally quitted India, he was about to be married to a young and charming person, to whom he was attached with all the characteristic ardour of his disposition,—and who, from the little I saw of her, appeared equally to deserve and repay his affection. I was to have been present at their marriage;—but, alas! a few days before that on which it was to take place, the poor girl was carried off by one of those violent and rapid diseases which are, in that country, so common. In tropical climates, too, decomposition follows death so speedily, that interment is necessarily almost immediate. She was accordingly to be buried the morning after her decease; and I went to assist and support L—— during the ceremony, at which, in despite of all I could urge, he insisted on being present.

I found him in the room with the corpse. He was sitting beside it when I entered; but the moment he beheld me, he ran towards me, fell upon my neck, and wept—for the first time since the catastrophe had happened. He wept very long; but at last he seemed, in some degree, relieved;—and, raising himself, he took me by the hand, and led me to the coffin.

The freshness of life had passed away—but even now she was surpassingly beautiful. Cold, marble-pale, and rigid, she looked like one of the beautiful sculptures which are placed upon old tombs, in effigy of those who sleep below. The face alone was uncovered—long grave clothes closely enveloped the whole frame to the neck—and a napkin was over her brow. So smooth and softly white was the flesh, that it could scarcely be distinguished where the one ended, and the other began. From beneath this, however, one long tress of hair escaped, which, passing across the cheek, rested upon the shroud. This struck me more than all,—for this gave the contrast of life with the perfect deadliness of all else. So still in the stillness of peace,—so calm in the calmness of purity,—was this corpse of loveliness and virtue, that one scarce could think that the King of Terrors had claimed it for his own. It looked, as I have said, more like the figure on a pale sarcophagus—or, perhaps, more like one in a deep, a very deep sleep—than the soulless wreck of passed humanity. But this one tress of bright hair, shining on the white skin—like a fling of golden sun-light upon snow—recalled the terrible truth at once. The hair is the latest portion of the human frame to betray the consequence of death. While the eyes become glazed, and the nerves fixed, and the flesh grows colourless and icy cold,—the hair is the same that it was when it added so much beauty to beautiful life—when it waved in the wind, or gleamed in the sun, as the quick motion of youth might influence.

Yes, she was, indeed, lovely!—and what was this loveliness now?—almost already touched by that decay, from which, though we know it to be invariable, our nature causes us to shrink so sickeningly! Sad, indeed, is it to gaze upon a face we love, beaming in all the brightness of beautiful

youth. and to reflect that that flesh will moulder, and finally become dust, —that those eyes will cease to be, and nothing remain but an hideous and revolting *bone* undistinguishable from that which formed the head of the coarsest or most brutal. What, then, must it be to look upon a countenance thus beautiful and thus loved, when this terrible and disgusting process has nearly begun?—but this is a part of the subject too horrid to be dwelled upon.

There is, however, another idea, which has always arisen within me, with a revolted feeling, when I have gazed on one thus about to be placed in the grave. I mean all the preparation (I might almost say decoration) which the senseless clay has undergone, to be laid to its fellow-earth. Why that livery of death—that uniform of the grave, in which all are equally wrapped? The ruling passion even of Narcissa is not strong *after* death;—we then, surely, need no adornment. The dress in which we chanced to be habited when the spirit passed, might, one would think, suffice to decorate the physical body which is left behind. But this coffin, into which I looked, was, besides all this, quilted throughout with satin; and a pillow of the same material supported the head, as if the fair cheek could now taste its softness! Alas! alas! how paltry do these mockeries appear to us at such a moment!

I had ample time to gaze my fill, and to think of all these things, and many more;—for L—— placed himself at the head of the coffin, and remained there, with his head bowed in his hands upon its edge. Low deep groans struggled from him at intervals—and the cold sweat was clammy on his brow. At length they came to fasten down the coffin. I wanted him to go with me from the room,—but the paroxysms of his despair were so terrible, when I strove to draw him towards the door, that I thought it better to desist.—He flung himself upon the body, and fastened his lips upon hers—now so damp and rigid.—There he lay, as if he would have lain for ever;—at last I gently raised him up, and signed to the men to replace the lid.—They did so at once. L—— gazed at them as if he had been changed to stone;—but when he heard the grinding sound of the first screw, as it was driven down into the wood, he uttered a loud and terrible shriek, and fell senseless into my arms. * * * * * *

[FROM GILBERT EARLE.]

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight in his grave,
The drummer he did wake,
And with a loud tattoo,
His lonely round 'gan make.

Stirred into tune by fleshless arms,
The drumsticks patly fall;
First sounds retreat, reveillé next,
And then the muster call.

Strange was the music of that drum,
And loud it echoed round!
The old slain warriors from their graves
Upstarted at the sound.

Upstarted they from North and South,
From where all stiff they lay
In frozen graves, or warmer lodged
Beneath Italian clay.

From 'neath the mud of ancient Nile,
The sands of Araby;
Upstarted they from their deep rest,
Each man arm'd cap-a-pie.

And at midnight from his grave
The trumpeter arose,
And jumping on his battle steed,
A thundering blast he blows.

On shadowy coursers, at the sound,
The cavalry appear;
Renowned in many a field, and scar'd
With wounds of many a year.

Their bare and yellow skulls beneath
The casque, grin grim and bold;
And in their long and bony hand
A trenchant sword they hold.

And at midnight from his grave
The chief himself uprose,—
And followed by a gallant staff,
With slow grave pace he goes.

A little hat he wears, a coat
As plain as plain can be,
And by his side—his only arms—
A little sword hangs free.

O'er the wide field the moon doth fling
A pale and silvery hue;
The man who wears the little hat
There holds a grand review.

The troops present their arms, and then
(Deep rolls the drum the while)
Recover, and before their chief,
In long array defile.

Around the leader circling now
The officers appear;
And to the nearest one, a word
He whispers in his ear.

The word is passed along the line,
And echoes down the Seine;
The word they utter then is—France!
The answer—Saint Helène!

This was the grand review
That on the moonlight field,
At midnight hour dead Cæsar on
The Champs Elyseés held.—[LEITCH RITCHIE.]

THE THREE TASKS;

OR

THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

EVERY person in the parish knows the purty knoll that rises above the Routing Burn, some few miles from the renowned town of Knockimdowny, which, as all the world must allow, wants only houses and inhabitants to be as big a place as the great town of Dublin itself. At the foot of this little hill, just undher the shelter of a dacent pebble of a rock, something about the bulk of half a dozen churches, one would be apt to see—if they knew how to look sharp, otherwise they mightn't be able to make it out from the grey rock above it, except from the smoke that *ris* from the chimbley—Nancy Magennis's little cabin, snug and cosey, with its corrag, or *ould man* of branches, standing on the windy side of the door, to keep away the blast. Upon my word, it was a dacent little residence in its own way, and so was Nancy herself, for that matther; for though a poor *widdy*, she was very *punctwell* in paying for Jack's schooling, as I often heard ould Terry M'Phaudeen say, who tould me the story. Jack indeed, grew up a fine slip; and, for hurling, foot-ball playing, and lepping, hadn't his likes in the five quarthers of the parish. It's he that knew how to handle a spade and a raping-hook, and what was betther nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he'd go to his day's work in the morning, he'd be sure to bring home from the clear spring-well that ran out of the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day; nor would he forget to bring in a good creel of turf from the snug little peat-stack that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner, beside the fire; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off of her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it. Nancy, on her part, kept Jack very clane and comfortable; his linen, though coarse, was always a good colour, his working clothes tidily mended at all times; and when he'd have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time, Nancy would sew on the fore-part of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade; so that when she'd rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh, as if he hadn't been working in them, at all, at all. Then, when Jack came home in the winter nights, it would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing "*Stachan Maragah*," or "*Peggy Na Laveen*," beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of *Murphys* boiling on it for their supper, or in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a clane praskeen, on the well-swept hearth-stone; whilst the quiet dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes, that stood over against the side wall of the house. Just before the fire, you might see Jack's stool waiting for him to come home; and, on the opposite side, the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and contented, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Nancy, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, "Catch a happier pair nor we are, Nancy, if ye can." Sitting quietly on the roost above the door, were Dicky the cock, and half a dozen of hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and *egg-milk* for the best part of the year—besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three

clutches of March-birds every sason, to help to buy wool for Jack's big coat, and her own grey-beard gown and striped red and blue petticoat.

To make a long story short—no two could be more comfortable, considering every thing. But, indeed, Jack was always obsarved to have a dacent, ginteel turn with him; for he'd scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday-coat on himself; and instead of dhrinking his little earning in a sheebeen-house, and then eating his praties dry, he'd take care to have something to *kitchen* them; so that he was not only snug and dacent of a Sunday, regarding wareables, but so well-fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek. Then he was the comeliest and best-looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make ye split your sides with downright laughing; and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighbourhood, may be there wouldn't be many a sly look-out from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis.

In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and contínted as two lords; except now and thin, that Jack would feel a little consarn for not being able to lay past any thing for the sore foot, or that might enable him to think of marrying—for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent for all that, and didn't wish to bring a wife and a small family into poverty and hardship.

It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night—the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all blinking that it would delight any body's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin. He was just crooning the "*Humours of Glynn*" into himself, and thinking that it was a very hard case that he couldn't save any thing at all, at all, to help him to the wife—when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a dark-looking man, leaning against a clamp of turf, and a black dog sitting at his ase beside him, with a pipe of tobacky in his mouth, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however, had a stout heart, bekase his conscience was clear, and, barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afeard. "Who is this coming down toardst us?" said the black-favoured man, as he saw Jack approaching them. "It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand betune us and harm) would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade—"It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, "honest Widow Magennis's dacent son." "The very man," says the other, back to him, "that I'd wish to sarve, out of a thousand. Arrah! Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?" says the ould fellow, putting the *furrawn* on him—"and how is every bone in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll hould a thousand guineas," says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, "and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck, this very night."

"And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma bouchal," says the dog, putting in *his* tongue, then wagging his tail, and *houlding* out his paw to shake hands with Jack.

"Gintlemen," says Jack, never minding to give the dog his hand, bekase he heard it wasn't safe to touch the likes of him—"Gintlemen," says he, "ye're sitting far from the fire this frosty night."

"Why, that's true, Jack," answers the ould fellow, "but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makins of it." So, with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know by the jingle of the shiners what was in it.

"Jack," says dark-face, "there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clamp with me, and take a hand at the *five and ten*," pulling out, as he spoke, a *deck* of cards, "you may be a made man for the remainder of your life."

"Sir," says Jack, "with submission, both yourself and this cur——I mane," says he, not wishing to give the dog offince—"both yourself and this dacent gintleman with the tail and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for, if I don't mistake," says he, putting his hand to his hat, "I never had the pleasure of seeing either of ye before."

"Never mind that," says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; "we're both your well-wishers, any how, and its now your own fault if you're not a rich man."

Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be after wishing to throw loock in his way; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end to their wealth.

"Jack," says the black man, "you had better be sed by us for this bout—upon the honour of a gentleman we wish you well; howsoever, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar, after."

"Upon my reputation what he says is true, Jack," says the dog, in his turn, "the lucky minnit of your life is come; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll die in a ditch."

"And what am I to do," says Jack, "that's to make me so rich all of a sudden?" "Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself," says black-brow, "that's all, and I'm sure it's not much."

"And what is it to be for?" Jack enquires, "for I have no money—tare-nation to the rap itself's in my company."

"Well, you have yourself," says the dog, putting up his fore claw along his nose, and winking at Jack, "you have yourself, man—don't be faint-hearted,—he'll bet the contents of this bag;" and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the ginneys jingle again—"It's ten-thousand ginneys in hard gould; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day; and if he loses, you're to have the bag."

"And the money that's in it;" says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain, any how.

"Ev'ry penny," answered the ould chap, "if you win it; and there's fifty to one in your favour."

By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing at Jack's sharpness about the money. "The money that's in it, Jack," says he, and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing; "O, by this and by that," says he, "but that bates Bannagher! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you thief of the world, if you win it;" but for all that, he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack wasn't up to.

At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sot down and consinted. "Well," says he scratching his head, "why, worse nor lose I can't, so here goes for one trial at the shiners, any how!"

"Now," says the obscure jintleman, just whin the first card was in his hand, ready to be laid down, "you're to sarve me for a year and a day, if I win; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag."

"Exactly," says Jack, and just as he said the word, he saw the dog putting the pipe in his pocket, and turning his head away for fraid Jack would

see him breaking his sides laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, "surely, Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag; and upon my reputation you may build castles in the air with it, you'll be so rich."

This pluck'd up Jack's courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise, than Jack to lose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be? For what do you think, but as Jack was beginning the game, the dog tips him a wink, laying his fore claw along his nose, as before, as much as to say, "watch me, and you'll win,"—turning round, at the same time, and showing Jack a nate little looking-glass, that was set in his oxther, in which Jack saw, dark as it was, the spots of all the other fellow's cards, as he thought, so that he was cock sure of bating him. But they were a pair of downright knaves, any how; for Jack, by playing to the cards he saw in the looking-glass, instead of to them the other held in his hand, lost the game and the money. In short, he saw that he was blarnied and chated by them both; and when the game was up he plainly tould them as much.

"What, you scoundrel!" says the black fellow, starting up and catching him by the collar, "dare you go for to impache my honour?" "Leather him if he says a word," says the dog, running over on his hind legs, and laying his shut paw upon Jack's nose, "say another word, you rascal," says he, "and I'll *down* you;" with this the ould fellow gives him another shake.

"I don't blame you so much," says Jack to him, "it was the looking-glass that desaved me."

"What looking-glass, you knave?" says dark face, giving him a fresh haul.

"Why, the one I saw under the dog's oxther," replied Jack.

"Under my oxther! you swindling rascal," replies the dog, giving him a pull by the other side of the collar; "did ever any honest pair of jintlemen hear the like?—but he only wants to break through the agreement; so let us turn him at once into an ass, and then he'll brake no more bargains, not strive to take in honest men and win their money." So saying, the dark fellow drew his hands over Jack's jaws, an' in a twinklin' there was a pair of asses ears growing up out of his ears. When Jack found this, he knew that he wasn't in good hands; so he thought it best to get himself as well out of the scrape as possible.

"Jintlemen be aisy," says he, "and let us understand one another: I'm very willing to sarve you for a year and a day, but I've one requist to ax, and it's this; I've a helpless ould mother at home, and if I go with you now she'll brake her heart with grief first, and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour will give me a year to work hard, and lay in provision to support her while I'm away, I'll sarve you with all the veins of my heart—for a bargain's a bargain." With this the dog gave his companion a pluck by the skirt, and, after some chat together, that Jack didn't hear, they came back and said that they would comply with his wishes that far; "so, on to-morrow twelve-month, Jack," says the dark fellow, "the dog here will come to your mother's, and, if you follow him, he'll bring you safe to my castle."

"Very well, your honour," says Jack; "but as dogs resemble one another so much, how will I know him wen he comes?"

"Why," answers the other, "he'll have a green ribbon about his neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his hind legs."

"That's enough, sir," says Jack, "I can't mistake him in that dress, so I'll be ready."

During that year Jack wrought night and day, that he might be able to lave as much provision with his poor mother as would support her in his absence; and when the morning came that he was to bid her farewell, he went down on his two knees and got her blessing. He then left her with tears in his eyes, and promised to come back the very minnit his time would be up. "Mother," says he, "be kind to your little family here, and feed them well, as they're all you'll have to keep you company till you see me again."

His mother then stuffed his pockets with bread, till they stuck out behind him, and gave him a crooked six-pence for luck; after which, he got his staff, and was just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he spies his ould friend the dog, with the green ribbon about his neck, and the Wellington boots upon his hind legs. He didn't go in, but waited on the outside till Jack came out. They then set off, but no one knows how far they travelled, till they reached the dark jintleman's castle, who appeared very glad to see Jack, and gave him a hearty welcome.

The next day, in consequence of his long journey, he was ax'd to do nothing; but in the coorse of the evening, the dark chap brought him into a long, frightful room, where there were three hundred and sixty-five hooks sticking out of the wall, and on every hook but one, a man's head. When Jack saw this agreeable sight, his dinner began to quake within him; but he felt himself still worse, when his master pointed to the empty hook, saying, "Now, Jack, your business to-morrow is to clane out a stable that wasn't claned for the last seven years, and if you don't have it finished before dusk—do you see that hook?"

"Ye—yes;" replied Jack, hardly able to spake. "Well, if you don't have it finished before dusk, your head will be hanging on that hook as soon as the sun sets."

"Very well, your honour," replied Jack; scarcely knowing what he said, or he would'nt have said "very well" to such a bloody-minded intention, any how—"Very well," says he, "I'll do my best, and all the world knows that the best can do no more."

Whilst this discoorse was passing betune them, Jack happened to look to the upper end of the room, and there he saw one of the beautifullest faces that ever was seen on a woman, looking at him through a little pannel that was in the wall. She had a white, snowy forehead—such eyes, and cheeks, and teeth, that there's no coming up to them; and the clusters of dark hair that hung about her beautiful temples—by the laws, I'm afeard of falling in love with her myself, so I'll say no more about her, only that she would charm the heart of a miser. At any rate, in spite of all the ould fellow could say—heads, and hooks, and all, Jack couldn't help throwing an eye, now and then, to the pannel; and to tell the truth, if he had been born to riches and honour, it would be hard to fellow him, for a good face and a good figure.

"Now, Jack," says his master, "go, and get your supper, and I hope you'll be able to perform your task—if not, off goes your head."

"Very well, your honour," says Jack; again scratching it in the hoith of perplexity, "I must only do what I can."

The next morning Jack was up with the sun, if not before him, and hard at his task; but before breakfast time he lost all heart, and little wonder he should, poor fellow, bekase for every one shovel-full that he'd throw out, there would come three more in: so that instead of making his task less, according as he got on, it became greater. He was now in the greatest dilemmy, and didn't know how to manage, so he was driven at last to such

an amplush, that he had no other shift for employment, only to sing *Paddeen O'Rafferty*, out of meer vexation, and dance the hornpipe trebling step to it, cracking his fingers, half mad, through the stable. Just in the middle of his tantrum, who comes to the door to call him to his breakfast, but the beautiful crathur he saw the evening before, peeping at him through the pannel. At this minnit, Jack had so hated himself by the dancing, that his handsome face was in a fine glow, entirely.

"I think," said she, to Jack, with one of her own sweet smiles, "that this is an odd way of performing your task."

"Och, thin, 'tis you that may say that," replies Jack; "but it's myself that's willing to have my head hung up any day, just for one sight of you, you darling."

"Where did you come from?" asked the lady, with another smile that bate the first all to nothing.

"Where did I come from, is it?" answered Jack; "why, death alive! did you never hear of ould Ireland, my jewel?—hem—I mane, plase your ladyship's honour."

"No," she answered; "where is that country?"

"Och, by the honour of an Irishman," says Jack, "that takes the shine!—not heard of green Erin—the Imerald Isle—the Jim of the ocean, where all the men are brave and honourable, and all the women—hem—I mane the ladies—chaste and beautiful?"

"No," said she; "not a word: but if I stay longer I may get you blame—come into your breakfast, and I'm sorry to find that you have done so little at your task. Your master's a man that always acts up to what he threatens; and, if you have not this stable cleared out before dusk, your head will be taken off your shoulders this night."

"Why, then," says Jack, "my beautiful darl—plase your honour's ladyship—if he hangs it up, will you do me the favour, *a-cushla machree*, to turn my head *toardst* that same pannel where I saw a sartin fair face that I won't mintion; and if you do, may I never——"

"What means *cushla machree?*" enquired the lady, as she turned to go away.

"It manes that you're the pulse of my heart, avourneen, plase your ladyship's reverence," says Jack.

"Well," said the lovely crathur, "any time you can speak to me in future, I would rather you would omit terms of honour, and just call me after the manner of your own country; instead, for instance, of calling me your ladyship, I would be better pleased if you called me *cushla*—something—" "*Cushla ma chree, ma vourneen*—the pulse of my heart—my darling," said Jack, constherin it (the thief) for her, for fraid she wouldn't know it well enough.

"Yes," she replied, "*cushla ma chree*; well, as I can pronounce it, *acushla ma chree*, will you come in to your breakfast?" said the darling, giving Jack a smile, that would be enough, any day, to do up the heart of an Irishman. Jack, accordingly, went after her, thinking of nothing except herself; but on going in he could see no sign of her, so he sat down to his breakfast, though a single ounce the poor fellow couldn't ate, at that bout, for thinking of her.

Well, he went again to his work, and thought he'd have better luck; but it was still the ould game—three shovel-fulls would come in for every one he'd throw out; and now he began, in earnest, to feel something about his heart that he didn't like, bekase he couldn't, for the life of him, help thinking of the three hundred and sixty-four heads and the empty hook. At last

he gave up the work entirely, and took it into his head to *make himself scarce* from about the ould fellow's castle, altogether; and, without more to do, he sets off, never saying as much as "good bye" to his master: but he hadn't got as far as the lower end of the yard, when his ould friend, the dog, steps out of a kennel, and meets him full butt in the teeth.

"So Jack," says he, "you're going to give us leg bail, I see; but walk back with yourself, you spalpeen, this minnit, and join yoor work, or if you donn't," says he, "it'ill be worse for your health. I'm not so much your enemy now as I was, bekase you have a friend in court that you know nothing about; so just do whatever you're bid, and keep never minding."

Jack went back with a heavy heart, as you may be sure, knowing that, whenever the black cur began to blarney him, there was no good to come in his way. He, accordingly, went into the stable, but consuming to the hand's turn he did, knowing it would be only useless; for, instead of clearing it out, he'd be only filling it.

It was now near dinner time, and Jack was very sad and sorrowful, as how could he be otherwise, poor fellow, with such a bloody-minded ould chap to dale with? when up comes the darling of the world again, to call him to his dinner.

"Well, Jack," says she, with her white arms so beautiful, and her dark clusters tossed about by the motion of the walk—"how are you coming on at your task?" "How am I coming on, is it? Och, thin," says Jack, giving a good humoured smile through the frown that was on his face, "plase your lady—*a cushla ma chree*—it's all over with me; for I've still the same story to tell, and off goes my head, as sure as it's on my shoulders, this blessed night."

"That would be a pity, Jack," says she, "for there are worse heads on worse shoulders; but will you give *me* the shovel?" "Will I give *you* the shovel, is it?—Och, thin, wouldn't I be a right big baste to do the likes of that, any how?" says Jack; "what! *avourneen dheelish!* to stand up with myself, and let this hard shovel into them beautiful, soft, white hands of your own! Faith, my jewel, if you knew but all, my mother's son's not the man to do such a disgraceful turn, as to let a lady like you take the shovel out of his hand, and he standing with his mouth under his nose, looking at you—not myself, *avourneen!* we have no such unginteel manners as that in our country." "Take my advice, Jack," says she, pleased in her heart at what Jack said, for all she didn't purtend it—"give me the shovel, and depend upon it, I'll do more in a short time to clear the stable, than you would for years." "Why, then, *avourneen*, it goes to my heart to refuse you; but, for all that, may I never see yesterday, if a taste of it will go into your purty, white fingers," says the thief, praising her to her face all the time—"my head may go off, any day, and welcome, but death before dishonour. Say no more, darling; but tell your father I'll be in to my dinner immediently." Notwithstanding all this, by jingo the lady would not be put off; like a ra-al woman, she'd have her way, so on telling Jack that she didn't intend to work with the shovel, at all at all, but only to take it for a minute in her hand, at long last he gave it to her; when she struck it three times on the threshel of the door, and, giving it back into his hand, tould him to try what he could do. Well, sure enough, now there was a change; for, instead of three shovelfuls coming in, as before, when he threw one out, there went nine more along with it. Jack, in coorse, couldn't do less than thank the lovely crathur for her assistance; but, when he raised his head to speak to her, she was gone. I needn't say, howsomever, that he went into his dinner, with a light heart, and when the ould fellow axed

him how he was coming on, Jack tould him that he was doing gloriously. "Remember the empty hook, Jack," said he. "Never fear, your honour," answered Jack, "if I don't finish my task, you may bob my head off any time."

Jack now went out, and was a short time getting through his job, for, before the sun set it was finished, and he came into the kitchen, ate his supper, and, sitting down before the fire, sung "Love among the roses," and the "Black Joke," to vex the ould fellow.

This was one task over, and his head was safe for this bout; but that night, before he went to bed, his master called him up stairs, brought him into the bloody room, and gave him his orders for the next day. "Jack," says he, "I have a wild filley that has never been caught, and you must go to my demesne to-morrow, and catch her, or if you don't—look there," says the big blackguard, "on that hook it hangs, before to-morrow, if you havn't her before sunset in the stable that you claned yesterday." "Very well, your honour," says Jack, "I'll do every thing in my power, and if I fail, I can't help it."

The next morning Jack was out with a bridle in his hand, going to catch the filley. As soon as he got into the demesne, sure enough there she was in the middle of a green field, grazing quite at her ase. When Jack saw this, he went over toardst her, houlding out his hat, as if it was full of oats; but he kept the hand that had the bridle in it behind his back, for fraid she'd see it and make off. Well, my dear, on he went till he was almost within grip of her, cock sure that he had nothing more to do than to slip the bridle over her neck and secure her; but he made a bit of a mistake in his reckoning, for though she smelt and snoaked about him just as if she didn't care a feed of oats whether he caught her or not, yet when he boulted over to hould her fast, she was off like a shot, with her tail cocked, to the far end of the demesne, and Jack had to set off hot foot after her. All, however, was to no purpose; he couldn't come next or near her for the rest of the day, and there she kept coorsing him about, from one field to another, till he hadn't a blast of breath in his body.

In this state was Jack, when the beautiful crathur came out to call him home to his breakfast, walking with the pretty small feet and light steps of her own, upon the green fields, so bright and beautiful, scarcely bending the grass and flowers as she went along, the darling. "Jack," says she, I fear you have as difficult a task to-day as you had yesterday." "Why, and it's you that may say that with your own purty mouth," says Jack, says he; for out of breath and all as he was, he couldn't help giving her a bit of blarney, the rogue. "Well, Jack," says she, "take my advice, and don't tire yourself any longer by attempting to catch her; truth's best—I tell you, you could never do it: come home to your breakfast, and when you return again, just amuse yourself as well as you can until dinner time." "Och, Och," says Jack, striving to look, the sly thief, as if she had promised to help him—"I only wish I was a king, and, by the powers, I know who would be my queen, any how; for it's your own sweet lady—*savourneen dheelish*—I say, amn't I bound to you for a year and a day longer, for promising to give me a lift as well as for what you done yesterday." "Take care, Jack," says she, smiling, however, at his ingenuity in striving to trap her into a promise, "I don't think I made any promise of assistance." "You didn't?" says Jack, wiping his face with the skirt of his coat, 'cause why?—you see pocket handkerchiefs weren't invinted in them times; "why, then, may I never live to see yesterday, if there's not as much ra-al beauty in that smile that's divarting itself about them sweet-breathing lips of yours,

and in them two eyes of light that's breaking both their hearts laughing at me, this minnit, as would encourage any poor fellow to expect a good turn from you—that is, when you could do it, without hurting or harming yourself; for it's he would be the right rascal that could take it, if it would injure a silken hair of your head." "Well," said the lady, with another roguish smile, "I shall call you home to your dinner, at all events."

When Jack went back from his breakfast, he didn't slave himself after the filley any more, but walked about to view the demesne, and the avenues, and the green walks, and nice temples, and fishponds, and rookeries, and every thing, in short, that was worth seeing. Towards dinner time, however, he began to have an eye to the way the sweet crathur was to come, and sure enough its she that wasn't one minnit late. "Well Jack," says she, "I'll keep you no longer in doubt," for the tender-hearted crathur saw that Jack, although he didn't wish to let an to her, was fretting every now and then about the odd hook and the bloody room—"Jack," says she, "although I didn't promise, yet I'll perform;" and with that she pulled a small ivory whistle out of her pocket, and gave three blasts on it that brought the wild filley up to her very hand, as quick as the wind. She then took the bridle, and threw it over the baste's neck, giving her up, at the same time, to Jack. "You needn't fear now, Jack," says she, "You will find her as quiet as a lamb, and as tame as you wish; as a proof of it, just walk before her, and you will see she'll follow you to any part of the field."

Jack, you may be sure, paid her as many and as sweet compliments as he could, and never heed one from his country for being able to say something toothsome to the ladies. At any rate, if he laid it on thick the day before, he gave her two or three additional coats this time, and the innocent soul went away, smiling as usual.

When Jack brought the filley home, the dark fellow, his master, if dark before, was a perfect tunder-cloud this night: bedad, he was nothing less than near bursting with vexation, bekase the thieving ould sinner intended to have Jack's head upon the hook, but he fell short in his reckoning now as well as before. Jack sung "Love among the Roses," and the "Black Joke," to help him into better temper. "Jack," says he, striving to make himself speak pleasant to him, "you've got two difficult tasks over you; but you know the third time's the charm—take care of the next." "No matter about that," says Jack, speaking up to him stiff and stout, bekase, as the dog tould him, he knew he had a friend in coort—"let us hear what it is, any how." "To-morrow, then," says the other, "you are to rob a crane's nest, on the top of a beech tree which grows in the middle of the lake that you saw, yesterday, in my demesne; you're to have neither boat nor oar, nor any kind of conveyance, but just as you stand; and if you fail to bring me the eggs, or if you break one of them—look there!" says he, again pointing to the odd hook, for all this discourse took place in the bloody room. "Good again," says Jack; "if I fail, I know my doom." "No you don't you spalpeen," says the other, getting vexed with him, entirely, "for I'll roast you till you are half dead, and ate my dinner off you, after; and, what is more than that, you blackguard, you must sing the 'Black Joke' all the time." "Divel fly away with you," thought Jack, "but you're fond of music, you vagabond."

The next morning Jack was going round and round the lake, trying about the edge of it, if he could find any place shallow enough to wade in; but he might as well go for to wade the say, and what was worst of all, if he attempted to swim, it would be like a taylor's goose,—straight to the bottom; so he kept himself safe on dry land, still expecting a visit from the "lovely

crathur," but, bedad, his good luck failed him for wanst; for, instead of seeing her coming over to him, so mild and sweet, who does he obsarve steering, at a dog's trot, but his ould friend, the smoking cur. "Confusion to that cur," says Jack to himself, "I know there's some bad fortune before me, or he wouldn't be coming acrass me."

"Come home to your breakfast, Jack," says the dog, walking up to him, "it's breakfast time." "Ay," says Jack, scratching his head, "it's no great matter whether I do or not, for I bleeve my head's hardly worth a flat-dutch cabbage at the present speaking." "Why, man, it was never worth so much;" says the baste, pulling out his pipe and putting it in his mouth, when it lit at once. "Take care of yourself," says Jack, quite desperate—for he thought he was near the end of his tether—"take care of yourself, you dirty cur, or may be I might take a jintleman's toe from the nape of your neck." "You had better keep a straight tongue in your head," says four legs, "while it's on your shoulders; or I'll break every bone in your skin.—Jack, you are a fool," says he, checking himself, and speaking kindly to him, "you are a fool; did not I tell you the other day to do what you were bid, and keep never minding?" "Well," thought Jack to himself, "there's no use in making him any more my enemy than he is—particularly as I'm in such a hobble." "You lie," says the dog, as if Jack had spoken *out* to him, wherein he only thought the words to himself, "you lie," says he, "I'm not, nor never was your enemy, if you knew but all." "I beg your honour's pardon," answers Jack, "for being so smart with your honour; but, bedad, if you were in my case,—if you expected your master to roast you alive—eat his dinner off of your body—make you sing the 'Black Joke' by way of music for him: and, to crown all, knew that your head was to be stuck upon a hook, after—may be you would be a little short in your temper as well as your neighbours." "Take heart, Jack," says the other, laying his foreclaw as knowingly as ever along his nose, and winking slyly at Jack, "didn't I tell you that you have a friend in coort? the day's not past yet; so cheer up, who knows but there is luck before you still?" "Why thin," says Jack, getting a little cheerful, and wishing to crack a joke with him, "but your honour's very fond of the pipe!" "Oh! don't you know, Jack," says he, "that that's the fashion at present among my tribe; sure all my brother puppies smoke now, and a man might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, you know." When they drew near home, they got quite thick entirely; "now," says Jack, in a good humoured way, "if you can give me a lift in robbing this crane's nest, do; at any rate, I'm sure your honour won't be my enemy. I know you have too much good nature in your face to be one that wouldn't help a lame dog over a stile—that is," says he, taking himself up for fear of offending the other—"I'm sure you'd be always inclined to help the weak side." "Thank you for the compliment," says the dog, "but didn't I tell you that you have a friend in coort?"

When Jack went back to the lake, he could only sit and look sorrowfully at the tree, or walk about the edge of it, without being able to do any thing else. He spent the whole day this-a way till dinner time, when what would you have of it, but he sees the 'darling' coming out to him, as fair and as blooming as an angel. His heart, you may be sure, got up to his mouth, for he knew she would be apt to take him out of all his difficulties. When she came up, "Now, Jack," says she, "there is not a minnit to be lost, for I am watched; and if it's discovered that I gave you any assistance, we will be both destroyed." "Oh murther Sheery!" says Jack, "fly back, avourneen machree,—for rather than any thing should happen *you* I'd lose fifty

lives." "No," says she, "I think I'll be able to get you over this, as well as the rest; so have a good heart and be faithful." "That's it," replied Jack, "that's it, a cushla—my own character to a shavin." She then pulled a small white wand out of her pocket, struck the lake, and there was the prettiest green ridge across it to the foot of the tree that ever eye beheld. "Now," says she, turning her back to Jack, and stooping down to do something that he couldn't see, "take these, put them against the tree, and you will have steps to carry you to the top, but be sure not, for your life and mine, to forget any of them; if you do, my life will be taken to-morrow morning, for your master puts on my slippers with his own hands." Jack was now going to swear that he would give up the whole thing, and surrender his head at once, but when he looked at her feet, and saw no appearance of blood, he went over without more to do, and robbed the nest, taking down the eggs, one by one, that he mighn't brake them. There was no end to his joy as he secured the last egg; he instantly took down the toes, one after another, save and except the little one of the left foot, which, in his joy and hurry, he forgot entirely. He then returned by the green ridge to the shore, and according as he went along, it melted away into the water behind him. "Jack," says the charmer, "I hope you forgot none of my toes." "Is it me!" says Jack, quite sure that he had them all—"arrah catch any one from my country making a blunder of that kind." "Well," says she, "let us see;" so, taking the toes, she placed them on again, just as if they had never been off. But, lo and behold! on coming to the last of the left foot, it wasn't forthcoming. "Oh! Jack, Jack," says she, "you have destroyed me; to-morrow morning your master will notice the want of this toe, and that instant I'll be put to death." "Lave that to me," says Jack; "by the powers you won't lose a drop of your darling blood for it. Have you got a pen-knife about you? and I'll soon show you how you won't." "What do you want with the knife?" she enquired. "What do I want with it?—why to give you the best toe on both my feet, for the one I lost on you; do you think I'd suffer you to want a toe, and I having ten thumping ones at your sarvice?—Faith, I'm not the man for such a shabby trick as that comes to." "But you forget, says the lady, who was a little cooler than Jack, "that none of yours would fit me." "And must you die to-morrow, *a cushla*?" asked Jack, in desperation. "As sure as the sun rises," answered the lady; "for your master would know at once that it was by *my* toes the nest was robbed." "By the powers," observed Jack, "he's one of the greatest ould vag—I mane, isn't he a terrible man, out and out, for a father?" "Father!" says the darling—"he's not my father, Jack; he only wishes to marry me, and if I'm not able to outdo him before three days more, it's decreed that he must have me." When Jack heard this, surely the Irishman must come out; there he stood, and began to wipe his eyes with the skirt of his coat, making as if he was crying, the thief of the world; "What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Ah!" says Jack, "you darling, I could'nt find in my heart to desave you; for I have no way at home to keep a lady like you, in proper stile, at all at all; I would only bring you into poverty, and since you wish to know what ails me—I'm vex'd that I'm not rich for your sake; and next, that that thieving ould villain's to have you; and by the powers I'm crying for both these misfortunes together." The lady couldn't help being touched and plased with Jack's tinderness and generosity: so, says she, "don't be cast down, Jack, come or go what will, I won't marry him—I'd die first. Do you go home, as usual; but take care and don't sleep at all this night. Saddle the wild filley, and meet me under the white thorn bush at the end of the lawn, and we'll both leave him

for ever. If you're willing to marry me, don't let poverty distress you, for I have more money than we'll know what to do with." Jack's voice now began to tremble in earnest, with downright love and tinderness, as good right it had; so he promised to do every thing just as she bid him, and then he went home to his supper.

You may be sure the ould fellow looked darker and grimmer than ever at Jack: but what could he do? Jack had done his duty; so he sat before the fire, sung "Love among the roses," and the "Black Joke," with a stouter and lighter heart than ever, whilst the black chap could have seen him skivered. When midnight came, Jack, who kept a hawk's eye to the night, was at the hawthorn with the wild filley, saddled and all—more betoken, she wasn't a bit wild then, but as tame as a dog. Off they set, like Erin-go-bragh, Jack and the lady, and never pulled bridle till it was one o'clock next day, when they stopped at an inn and took some refreshment. They then took to the road again, full speed; however, they hadn't gone far, when they heard a great noise behind them, and the tramp of horses galloping like mad. "Jack," says the darling, on hearing the hubbub, "look behind you, and see what's this." "Och! by the elevens," says Jack, "we're done at last? it's the dark fellow, and half the country, after us." "Put your hand," says she, "in the filley's right ear, and tell me what you find in it." "Nothing at all at all," says Jack, "but a weeshy bit of a dry stick." "Throw it over your left shoulder," says she, "and see what will happen." Jack, my dear, did so at once, and there was a great grove of thick trees growing so close to one another, that a dandy could scarcely get his arm betwixt them. "Now," said she, "we are safe for another day." "Well," said Jack, as he pushed on the filley, "you're the jewel of the world, sure enough; and maybe it's you that won't live happy when we get to Ireland."

As soon as dark-face saw what happened, he was obliged to scour the country for hatchets and handsaws, and all kinds of sharp instruments, to hew himself and his men a passage through the grove. As the saying goes, many hands make light work, and, sure enough, it wasn't long till they had cleared a way for themselves, thick as it was, and set off with double speed after Jack and the lady.

The next day, about one o'clock, he and she were after taking another refreshment, and pushing on, as before, when they heard the same tramping behind them, only it was ten times louder. "Here they are again," says Jack; "I'm afeard they'll come up with us at last." "If they do," says she, "they'll put us to death upon the spot; but we must try somehow to stop him another day, if we can: try the filley's right ear again, and let me know what you find in it." Jack pulled out a little three corned pebble, telling her that it was all he got; "well," says she, "throw it over your left shoulder like the stick." "No sooner said than done; and there was a great chain of high sharp rocks right in the way of divel-face and all his clan. "Now," says she, "we have gained another day." "Tunder and ouns!" says Jack, "what's this for, at all at all!—but wait till I get you in Ireland, for this, and if you don't enjoy happy days any how, why I'm not sitting before you on this horse, by the same token that it's not a horse at all, but a filley though; if you don't get the hoith of good aiting and drinking—leshings of the best wine and whiskey that the land can afford, my name's not Jack. We'll build a castle, and you'll have up stairs and down stairs—a coach and six to ride in—lots of sarvants to attind you, and full and plinty of every thing; not to mintion—hem!—not to mintion that you'll have a husband that the fairest lady in the land might be proud of,"

says he, stretching himself up in the saddle, and giving the filley a jay of the spurs, to show off a bit; although the coaxing rogue knew that the money which was to do all this was her own. At any rate, they spent the remainder of this day pleasantly enough, still moving on, though, as fast as they could; and Jack, every now and then, would throw an eye behind him, as if to watch their pursuers, wherein, if the truth was known, it was to get a peep at the beautiful glowing face and warm lips that were breathing all kinds of *fraagrancies* about him. I'll warrant he didn't envy the king upon his throne, when he felt the honey-suckle of her breath, like the smell of Father Ned's orchard there, of a May morning.

When *Fardoroughah** found the great chain of rocks before him, you may set it down that he was likely to blow up with vexation; but, for all that, the first thing that he blew up was the rocks—and that he might lose little or no time in doing it, he collected all the gun-powder, and crow-bars, spades, and pick-axes, that could be found for miles about him, and set to it, working as if it was with inch of candle. For half a day there was nothing but boring and splitting, and driving of iron wedges, and blowing up pieces of rock as big as little houses, until, by hard labour, they made a passage for themselves sufficient to carry them over. They then set off again, full speed; and great advantage they had over the poor filley that Jack and the lady rode on, for their horses were well rested, and hadn't to carry double, like Jack's The next day they spied Jack and his beautiful companion, just about a quarter of a mile before them. "Now," says dark-brow, "I'll make any man's fortune for ever that will bring me them two, either living or dead, but, if possible, alive; so, spur on, for whoever secures them is a made man—but, above all things, make no noise." It was now divil take the hindmost, among the bloody pack—every spur was red with blood, and every horse smoking. Jack and the lady were jogging on *acrass* a green field, not suspecting the rest were so near them, and talking over the pleasant days they would *spind* together in Ireland, when they *hears* the hue-and-cry once more at their very heels. "Quick as lightning, Jack," says she, "or we're lost—the right ear and the left shoulder, like thought—they're not three lengths of the filley from us!" But Jack knew his business; for just as a long, grim-looking villain, with a great rusty rapier in his hand, was within a single leap of them, and quite sure of either killing or making prisoners of them both, Jack flings a little drop of green water that he got in the filley's ear, over his left shoulder, and in an instant there was a deep, dark gulph, filled with black, pitchy-looking water, between them. The lady now desired Jack to pull up the filley a bit, till they would see what would become of the dark fellow; but just as they turned round, he set spurs to his horse, and, in a fit of desperation, plunged himself, horse and all, into the gulph, and was never seen or heard of more. The rest that were with him went home, and began to quarrel about his wealth, and kept murdering and killing one another, until a single vagabond of them wasn't left alive to enjoy it.

When Jack saw what happened, and that the blood-thirsty ould neger got what he desarved so richly, he was as happy as a prince, and ten times happier than most of them, and she was every bit as delighted. "We have nothing more to fear," said the darling that put them all down so cleverly, seeing she was but a woman; but, bedad, it's she that was the right sort of a woman;—our dangers are now over, at least, all yours are; regarding myself," says she, "there is a trial before me yet, and that trial, Jack

* The dark man.

depends upon your faithfulness and constancy." "On me, is it?"—Och, then, murder! isn't it a poor case entirely, that I have no way of showing you that you may depind your life upon me, only by telling you so?" "I do depend upon you," says she;—"and now, as you love me, do not, when the trial comes, forget her that saved you out of so many troubles, and made you such a great and wealthy man." The foregoing part of this Jack could well understand, but the last part of it, making *collusion* to the wealth, was a little dark, he thought, bekase he hadn't fingered any of it at the time: still, he knew she was truth to the back bone, and wouldn't *desave* him. They hadn't travelled much farther, when Jack snaps his fingers, with a "whoo! by the powers, there it is, my darling—there it is, at last!" "There is what, Jack?" said she, surprised, as well she might, at his mirth and happiness—"There is what?" says she. "Cheer up," says Jack, "there it is, my darling—the Shannon!—as soon as we get to the other side of it, we'll be in ould Ireland once more." There was now no end to Jack's good humour, when he crassed the Shannon; and she was not a bit displased to see him so happy. They had now no enemies to fear, were in a civilized country, and among green fields and well-bred people. In this way they travelled at their ase, till they came within a few miles of the town of Knockimdowny, near which Jack's mother lived. "Now Jack," says she, "I tould you that I would make you rich. You know the rock beside your mother's cabin; in the east side of that rock there is a loose stone, covered over with grey moss, just two feet below the cleft out of which the hanging rowan tree grows—pull that stone out, and you will find more goold than would make a duke. Neither speak to any person, nor let any living thing touch your lips till you come back to me, or you'll forget that you ever saw me, and I'll be left poor and friendless in a strange country." "Why, then, *manim asthee hu*,"* says Jack, "but the best way to guard against that, is to touch your own sweet lips at the present time," says he, giving her a smack that you'd hear, of a calm evening, acrass a couple of fields. Jack set off to touch the money, with such speed, that when he fell he scarcely waited to rise again; he was soon at the rock, any how, and without either doubt or disparagement, there was a cleft full of ra-al goolden guineas, as fresh as daisies. The first thing he did, after he had filled his pockets with them, was to look if his mother's cabin was to the fore; and there surely it was, as snug as ever, with the same dacent column of smoke rowling from the chimbley. "Well," thought Jack, "I'll just stale over to the door-cheek, and peep in to get one sight of my poor mother; then I'll throw her in a handful of these guineas, and take to my scrapers." Accordingly, he stole up at a half-bend to the door, and was just going to take a peep in, when out comes the little dog, Trig, and begins to leap and fawn upon him, as if it would eat him. The mother, too, came running out to see what was the matter, when the dog made another spring up about Jack's neck, and gave his lips the slightest lick in the world with its tongue, the crathur was so glad to see him: the next minute Jack forgot the lady, as *clane* as if he had never seen her; but, if he forgot her, catch him at forgetting the money—not he, *avick!*—that stuck to him like pitch. When the mother saw who it was, she flew to him, and, clasping her arms about his neck, hugged him till she wasn't worth three half-pence. After Jack *sot* awhile, he made trial to let her know what had happened to him, but he *disremembered* it all, except having the money in the rock, so he up and tould her that, and a glad woman she was to hear

* My soul's within you.

of his good fortune. Still he kept the place where the goold was to himself, having been often forbid by his mother ever to trust a woman with a secret when he could avoid it. Every body knows what changes the money makes, and Jack was no exception to this ould saying. In a few years he had built himself a fine castle, with three hundred and sixty-four *windys* in it, and he would have added another, to make one for every day in the year, only that that would be equal to the number in the King's palace, and the Lord of the Black Rod would be sent to take his head off, it being high *thrason* for a subject to have as many windys in his house as a King. However, Jack, at any rate, had enough of them; and he that couldn't be happy with three hundred and sixty-four, wouldn't deserve to have three hundred and sixty-five. Along with all this, he got coaches and carriages, and didn't get proud, like many another beggarly upstart, but took especial good care of his mother, whom he dressed in silks and satins, and gave her nice nourishing food, that was fit for an ould woman in her condition. He also got great tachers, men of deep larning, from Dublin, acquainted with all subjects; and, as his own abilities were very bright, he soon became a very great scholar, entirely, and was able, in the long run, to outdo all his tutherers. In this way he lived for some years—was now a man of great larning himself—could spake the seven *langidges*, and, it would delight your hears to hear how high-flown and Englified he could talk. All the world wondered where he got his wealth; but, as he was kind and charitable to every one that stood in need of assistance, the people said, that wherever he got it, it couldn't be in better hands. At last he begun to look about him for a wife, and the only one in that part of the country that was at all fit for him, was the Honourable Miss Bandbox, the daughter of a nobleman in the neighbourhood. She, indeed, flogged all the world for beauty; but it was said that she was proud and fond of wealth, though, God he knows, she had enough of that, any how. Jack, however, saw none of this; for she was cunning enough to smile, and simper, and look pleasant, whenever he'd come to her father's. Well, begad, from one word, and one thing, to another, Jack thought it was best to make up to her at *wanst*, and try if she'd accept of him for a husband; accordingly he put the word to her, like a man, and she, making as if she was blushing, put her fan before her face, and made no answer. Jack, however, wasn't to be daunted; for he knew two things worth knowing, when a man goes to look for a wife: the first is—that "faint heart never won fair lady," and the second—that "silence gives consint;" he, therefore, spoke up to her in fine English, for it's he that knew how to spake now, and, after a little more fanning and blushing, by jingo, she consinted. Jack then broke the matter to her father, who was as fond of money as the daughter, and only wanted to grab at him for the wealth. When the match was a-making, says ould Bandbox to Jack, "Mr. Magennis," says he, (for nobody called him Jack now but his mother)—"these two things you must comply with, if you marry my daughter, Miss Gripsy: You must send away your mother from about you, and pull down the cabin in which you and she used to live; Gripsy says that they would jog her memory consarning your low birth and former poverty; she's nervous and high-spirited, Mr. Magennis, and declares upon her honour that she couldn't bear the thoughts of having the delicacy of her feeling offinded by these things." "Good morning to you both," says Jack, like an honest fellow as he was, "if she doesn't marry me except on these conditions, give her my compliments, and tell her our courtship is at an end." But it wasn't long till they soon came out with another story, for before a week passed, they were very glad to get him on

his own conditions. Jack was now as happy as the day was long—all things appointed for the wedding, and nothing a wanting to make every thing to his heart's content but the wife, and her he was to have in less than no time. For a day or two before the wedding, there never was seen such grand preparations: bullocks, and hogs, and sheep were roasted whole—kegs of whiskey, both Roscrea and Innishowen, barrels of ale and beer, were there in dozens. All descriptions of niceties, and wild-fowl, and fish from the *say;* and the dearest wine that could be bought with money, was got for the gentry and grand folks. Fiddlers, and pipers, and harpers, in short, all kinds of music and musicianers played in shoals. Lords and ladies and squares of high degree—and, to crown the thing, there was open house for all comers.

At length the wedding-day arrived; there was nothing but roasting and boiling; servants dressed in rich liveries ran about with joy and delight in their countenances, and white gloves and wedding favours on their hats and hands. To make a long story short, they were all seated in Jack's castle at the wedding breakfast, ready for the priest to marry them when they'd be done; for in them times people were never married until they had laid in a good foundation to carry them through the ceremony. Well, they were all seated round the table, the men dressed in the best of broad-cloth, and the ladies rustling in their silks and satins—their heads, necks, and arms hung round with jewels both rich and rare: but of all that were there that day, there wasn't the likes of the bride and bridegroom. As for him, nobody could think, at all at all, that he was ever any thing else than a born jintleman; and what was more to his credit, he had his kind *ould* mother sitting beside the bride, to tache her that an honest person, though poorly born, is company for a king. As soon as the breakfast was served up, they all set to, and maybe the *vaarious* kinds of eatables did not pay for it; and amongst all this cutting and thrusting, no doubt but it was remarked, that the bride herself was behind hand *wid* none of them—that she took her *dalin-trick* without flinching, and made nothing else than a right fog meal of it; and small blame to her for that same, you persave.

When the breakfast was over, up gets Father Flanagan—out with his book, and on with his stole, to marry them. The bride and bridegroom went up to the end of the room, attended by their friends, and the rest of the company stood on each side of it, for you see they were too high bred, and knew their manners too well, to stand in a crowd like spalpeens. For all that, there was many a sly look from the ladies to their bachelors, and many a titter among them, grand as they were; for to tell the truth, the best of them, begad, likes to see fun in the way, particularly of that sort. The priest himself was in as great a glee as any of them, only he kept it under, and well he might, for sure enough this marriage was nothing less than a ra-al windfall to him, and the parson that was to marry them after him—bekase you persave a Protestant and a Catholic must be married by both, otherwise it doesn't hould good in law. The parson was as grave as a mustard-pot, and Father Flanagan called the bride and bridegroom his childher, which was a big bounce for him to say the likes of, more betoken that neither of them was a drop's blood to him. However, he pulled out the book, and was just beginning to buckle them, when in comes Jack's ould acquaintance, the smoking cur, as grave as ever. The priest had just got through two or three words of Latin, when the dog gives him a pluck by the sleeve; Father Flanagan of course turned round to see who it was that *nudged* him: "Behave yourself," says the dog to him, just as he peeped over his shoulder—"behave yourself," says he; and with that he

sot him down on his hunkers beside the priest, and pulling a cigar, instead of a pipe, out of his pocket, he put it in his mouth, and began to smoke for the bare life of him. And, by my own word, it's he that could smoke; at times he would shoot the smoke in a slender stream, like a knitting-needle, with a round curl at the one end of it, ever so far out of the *right* side of his mouth—then he would shoot it out of the *left*; and sometimes make it swirl out so beautiful from the middle of his lips!—why then, it's he that must have been the well bred puppy all out, as far as smoaking went. "In the name of St. Anthony, and of that holy nun, St. Teresa," said his Reverence to him, "who or what are you, at all, at all?" "Never mind that," says the dog, taking the cigar for a minute between his claws, "but if you wish particularly to know, I'm a thirty-second cousin of your own, by the mother's side." "I command you, in the name of all the saints," says Father Flanagan, "to disappear from among us, and never become visible to any one in this house again." "The divil a budge, at the present time, will I budge," says the dog to him, "until I see all sides rightified, and the rogues disappointed." Now one would be apt to think the appearance of a *spaking* dog might be after frightening the ladies; but doesn't all the world know that *spaking* puppies are their greatest favourites. Instead of that, you see, there was half a dozen of fierce-looking whiskered fellows, and three or four half-pay officers, that were nearer making off than the ladies. But, besides the cigar, the dog had, upon this occasion, a pair of green spectacles acrass his face, and through these, while he was *spaking* to Father Flanagan, he ogled all the ladies, one after another, and when his eye would light upon any that pleased him, he would kiss his paw to her, and wag his tail with the greatest politeness. "John," says Father Flanagan to one of the servants, "bring me salt and water till I consecrate them to banish the devil, for he has appeared to us all during broad day light, in the shape of a dog." "You had better behave yourself, I say again," said the dog, "or if you make me speak, by my honour as a jintleman, I'll expose you; I say, you won't marry these two neither this nor any other day, and I'll give you my rasons presently; but I *repate* it, Father Flanagan, if you compel me to speak, I'll make you look two ways at once." "I defy you, Satan," says the priest, "and if you don't take yourself away before the holy wather's made, I'll send you off in a flame of fire." "Yes, I'm trimbling," says the dog, "plenty of *spirits* you laid in your day, but it was in a place that's nearer us than the Red Sea, you did it; listen to me, though, for I don't wish to expose you, as I said;" so he gets on his hind legs—puts his nose to the priest's ear, and whispers something to him that none of the rest could hear—all before the priest had time to know where he was. At any rate, whatever he said seemed to make his Reverence look double, though faiks, that wasn't hard to do, for he was as big as two common men. When the dog was done speaking, and had put his cigar in his mouth, the priest seemed tunder-struck, crossed himself, and was, no doubt of it, in great perplexity. "I say, it's false," says Father Flanagan, striving to pluck up courage; "but you know you're a liar, and the father of liars." "As true as gospel, this bout, I tell you," says the dog, "and if it was all known how would you feel?" "Wait till I make the holy water," says the priest, "and if I don't cork you in a thumb bottle for this, I'm not here." "You're better at uncorking," says the dog—"better at *relasing* spirits than confining them." Just at this minnit, the whole company sees a gentleman galloping for the bare life of him, up to the hall door, and he dressed like an officer. In three jiffeys, he was down off his horse, and in among the company. The dog, as soon as he made his

appearance, laid his claw as usual on his nose, and gave the bridegroom a wink, as much as to say "watch what'll happen." Now it was very odd that Jack, during all this time, remembered the dog very well, but could never once think of the darling that did so much for him. As soon, however, as the officer made his appearance, the bride seemed as if she would sink outright, and when he walked up to her, to axe what was the meaning of what he saw, why, down she drops at once—fainted clane. The gentleman then went up to Jack, and says, "Sir, was this lady about to be married to you?" "Sartinly," says Jack, "we were going to be yoked in the blessed and holy tacle of mathrimony;" or some high-flown words of that kind. "Well, Sir," says the other back to him, "I can only say that she is most solemnly sworn never to marry another man but me; that oath she *tuck* when I was joining my regiment before it went abroad, and if the ceremony of your marriage be performed, you will sleep with a perjured bride." Begad he did, plump before all their faces. Jack, of coorse, was struck all of a hape at this, but as he'd the bride in his arms, giving her a little sup of whiskey to bring her to, *you persave*, he couldn't make him an answer. However, she soon came to herself, and on opening her eyes, "Oh hide, hide me," says she, "for I can't bear to look on him!" "He says you are his sworn bride, my darling," says Jack; "I am—I am," says she, covering her eyes and crying away at the rate of a wedding; "I cannot deny it, and by tare-an-ounty," says she, "I am unworthy to be either his wife or yours, for except I marry you both, I dunna how to settle this affair between you;—oh, murther sherry! but I'm the unfortunate crathur, entirely." "Well," says Jack to the officer, "nobody can do more than be sorry for a wrong turn; small blame to her for taking a fancy to your humble servant, Mr. Officer,"—and he stood as tall as possible, to show off a bit: "you see the fair lady is sorrowful for her folly, so, as it's not yet too late, and as you came in the nick of time, in the name of Providence take my place, and let the marriage go on." "No," says she, "never; I'm not worthy of him, at all at all; tundheran-ouns, but I'm the unlucky thief!" While this was going forward, the officer looked closely at Jack, and seeing him such a fine handsome fellow, and having heard before of his riches, he began to think that, all things considhered, she wasn't so much to be *blempt*. Then, when he saw how sorry she was for having forgot him, he steps *forrid*; "Well," says he, "I'm still willing to marry you, particularly as you feel *conthrition* for what you were going to do;" so with this they all *gother* about her, and as the officer was a fine fellow himself, prevailed upon her to let the marriage be performed, and they were accordingly spliced as fast as his Reverence could make them. "Now, Jack," says the dog, "I want to spake with you for a minnit; it's a word for your own ear:" so up he stands on his two hind legs, and purtinded to be whispering something to him; but what do you think?—he gives him the slightest touch on the lips with his paw, and that instant Jack remimbered the lady and every thing that happened betune them. "Och! tunther-an-ages," says Jack, "where is the darling at all at all?" Jack spoke finer than this, to be sure, but as I can't give his tall English, the sorrow one of me will bother myself striving to do it. "Behave yourself," says the dog, "just say nothing, only follow me." Accordingly, Jack went out with the dog, and in a few minnits comes in again, leading on the one side the loveliest lady that ever eye beheld along with him, and a beautiful, illegant jintleman on the other. "Now, Father Flanagan," says Jack, "you thought, a while ago you'd have no marriage; but, instead of that, you will have a brace of them;" up and telling the company, at the same time, all that happened him, and how

the beautiful crathur that he brought in with him had done so much for him. When the jintlemen heard this, as they were all Irishmen, you may be sure there was nothing but huzzaing and throwing up of hats from them, and waving of handkerchers from the ladies. Well, my dear, the wedding dinner was ate in great style: the nobleman proved himself no disgrace to his cloth at the trencher: and so, to make a long story short, such faisting and banqueteering was never seen since or before. At last night came; and among ourselves, not a doubt of it, but Jack thought himself a happy man: and maybe, if all was known, the bride was much of the same opinion; be that as it may, night came—the bride, all blushing, beautiful, and modest as your own sweetheart, was getting tired after the dancing; Jack, too, though much stouter, wished for a trifle of repose, and many thought it was near time to throw the stocking, as is proper, of coorse, on every occasion of the kind. Well, he was just on his way up stairs, and had reached the first landing, when he hears a voice at his ear, shouting, "Jack—Jack—Jack Magennis!" Jack could have *spitted* any body for coming to disturb him at such a criticality—"Jack Magennis," says the voice. Jack looked about to see who it was that called him, and there he found himself lying on the green rath, a little above his mother's cabin, of a fine calm summer's evening in the month of June. His mother was stooping over him with her mouth at his ear, striving to waken him, by shouting and shaking him out of his sleep. "Tundher-an-age, mother," says Jack, "what did you waken me for?" "Jack, a-vourneen," says the mother, "sure and you war lying grunting, and groaning, and snifthering there, for all the world as if you had the cholic, and I only nudged you for fraid you war in pain." "I wouldn't for a thousand guinneys," said Jack, "that ever you wakened me, at all at all: but whisht mother, go into the house, and I'll be afther ye in less than no time." The mother went in, and the first thing Jack did was to try the rock; and, sure enough, there he found as much money as made him the richest man that ever was in that country. And what was to his credit, when he did grow rich, he wouldn't let his cabin be thrown down, but built a fine house on a spot near it, when he could always have it under his eye. In the coorse of time, a harper, hearing the story, composed a tune upon it, which every body knows is called the "Little House under the Hill" to this day, beginning——

"Hi for it, ho for it, hi for it still;
Och, and whoo! your sowl—hi for the little house under the hill."

[TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.]

SPRING.

How beautiful the pastime of the Spring!
Lo! newly waking from his wintry dream,
She, like a smiling infant, timid plays
On the green margin of the sunny lake,
Fearing by starts, the little breaking waves,
(If riplings, rather known by sound than sight,
May haply so be named,) that in the grass
Soon fade in murmuring mirth. [WILSON.]

THE

GENIUS OF DEATH.

What is death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear:
To join the great equality;
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strewed
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore;
Storm shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wond'rous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years rolled on;
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

[CROLY.]

HISTORICAL

CHARACTER OF BUONAPARTE.

He is dead!—We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his awful originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive: a will, despotic, in its dictates; an energy that distances expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.—Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity;—with no friend but his sword and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves; competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition; and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins, both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the tower of his despotism; a professed catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of *Brutus* he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomine of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished; the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the operations of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendant; decision flashed upon his councils, and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared utterly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands, simplicity marked their developement, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount,—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and endowed with ubiquity! The whole Continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performances—romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and

crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes, he stood as immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room; with the mob or at the levee; wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza or espousing a Lorraine; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating a defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the camp, he was, to the last hour, the darling of the army. Of all his soldiers, not one forsook him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subdued every people—to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains, and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! The assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue—he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.*

Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character,—A royalist, a republican, and an Emperor; a Mahometan, Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and tyrant; a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, potent, inflexible original—the same mysterious incomprehensible *self;* the man *without a model, and without a shadow.*

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Buonaparte, the first, and it is to be hoped, the last, Emperor of the French. That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him, that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest. [BY MR. C. PHILLIPS.]

* Sir Humphry Davy had the first prize of the Academy of Sciences transmitted to him.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! but not for ever!
The chain of holy love,
Tho' doom'd on earth to sever,
Shall yet be link'd above:
Thy latest words were spoken,
To save me from despair;
Thy last departing token
Foretold a meeting *there*.

Few were thy days of gladness,
Sweet maid,—and quickly gone,
Too soon—in clouds of sadness,
Thy sun of hope went down.
Thy soul to Heav'n resigning,
Thou passed'st calm away;
In anguish,—unrepining,
And patient,—'mid decay.

As silver clouds reposing,
On eve's unruffled breast,
While night's dim shades are closing,
Still glimmer in the west:
So, long shall memory borrow
Faint lustre from the dead,
And o'er the waste of sorrow,
A mournful radiance shed.

Yet now no more thou hearest
The sigh of fond regret;
The living mourn—my dearest,
The happier dead forget.
But ne'er shall time divide thee
From this unchanging heart,
Till laid in death beside thee,
We meet, no more to part.

For though the path was cheerless,
And dark, that thou hast trod,—
Thy soul was firm and fearless,
It led thee to thy God.
And, oh! when death is near me,
And earthly ties must sever,
Then shall thy last prayer cheer me,
Farewell!—but not for ever!

[BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.]

THE WARNING.

It happened in the autumn of the year 1799, that I found myself obliged to make a journey of considerable length, for which I had completed the necessary arrangements, and packed my *sac de nuit*, when my wife, on account of an extraordinary dream, begged most earnestly that I would give up my intention and stay at home. Having important business on hand, and being now in great haste, I could not patiently bear with her obstinate resistance, but answered at last so harshly, that she burst into tears. At this, I was much distressed. I durst not leave her in that unhappy mood, but began to expostulate, and to explain the absolute necessity for my journey. We tried to compromise the matter, and, instead of setting out early in the morning, I agreed to stay till after dinner, though even that change in my plan was exceedingly awkward and inconvenient.

By this means, however, my wife gained time to narrate her dream at full length, and it was no doubt sufficiently alarming. She had imagined that I was attacked in a gloomy forest by robbers, who had dragged me from my horse, and brought me into a cave, there to be instantly murdered. The ground was covered with horribly mangled carcasses, that seemed to stretch out their skeleton arms to grasp at the new comer, and yet there was one hideous white figure in a shroud, that rather strove to protect me from the assassins. Whether or not he succeeded in these attempts she could not tell, for "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream;" and these phantoms made way for others which were less vivid and significant, but no less terrible.

As no one in the world despised dreams more than I did, I took this opportunity of telling my Sophia how truly absurd and ridiculous it was to dwell seriously on such fancies; adding, however, that if superstitious fears were entertained and preserved in, this conduct might actually bring on those evil consequences which we sought to avert. For if she had not vexed me so much by her inopportune anxiety, I might have that day, according to my intentions, have reached the country residence of an old friend, where I should have been comfortably quartered for the night, instead of which I must now either ride in the dark, or be forced to lodge in a wretched village alehouse.

Notwithstanding my arguments, Sophia's disquietude continued unabated; but this did not hinder me from setting out after dinner, for my business could not be delayed. Want of ready money obliged me, at that time, to visit several small towns, where I had accounts unpaid, and expected to obtain farther orders. I might certainly have availed myself of my wife's carriage for the journey, but my physician had of late enjoined me to ride as much as possible on horseback, and I took the opportunity to put his advice into practice, for which I could otherwise spare little or no time from my engagements in the counting-house.

On my route, I could not deny myself the pleasure of visiting my old friend Nicholas Waldheim, (knowing that I must, at all events, pass near his house,) for we had been schoolfellows and playmates; we had been brought up as merchants in the same town, and commenced business at the same time. His affairs, however, did not seem to prosper like mine; he retired early, and now lived on a small estate, which he had saved

enough to purchase.—As he never came to town we had not met for many years, and although I had often proposed to visit him, one melancholy occurrence after another had always come in the way, (for example, the death of my former wife, and of several beloved children,) so that I could never fulfil my intentions. By dint of time I had almost ceased to think of him; but now the impressions of old friendship were forcibly renewed, and I was resolved that I would, at all risks, find out his residence. This happened accordingly. Waldheim received me with kindness. I was entertained with the best fare which the house afforded, and he insisted that I should by no means think of travelling farther that day. However, I could not decide on remaining with him through the night, this being the second day of my journey, but, at his earnest entreaty, promised that I would certainly make a longer stay on my return homewards.

To say the truth, I had been much disappointed in this visit.—I had delighted myself with the thoughts of our meeting, had dreamed of old times, when, with glad hearts, in all the vivacity of youth, we had formed gigantic plans, and our future prospects appeared in the brightest, most dazzling colours. I wished to excite in my friend's mind the same visionary recollections which had taken possession of my own; but I soon found that this was with him quite out of the question. Whenever I touched on those subjects, Waldheim instantly broke off the conversation,—inquired particularly, however, as to my present employments and purposes, affecting the most cordial interest in my welfare, though it was but too easy to perceive that all the while his manners were constrained, and his kindness pretended. This could not arise from any special dislike to me; I gave him no farther trouble than that of a short visit; it only proved that he must have encountered misfortunes of which I was not aware, and that sorrow had brought on him this coldness of heart, which it was not possible for the presence, even of a very old and intimate friend to subdue. His brow was indeed furrowed by so many wrinkles; his eyes shone with such a dark mysterious fire, and their movements were so wayward and suspicious, that I could scarce bear to look at him. His wife, who might now be about fifty years of age, kept up a constant grin on her visage, which was intended for an expression of good humour, and yet, being evidently forced, gave her more the appearance of a malevolent sorceress than a kind hostess. She had two sons,—to the younger of whom I had stood godfather. One was now twenty-three, the other twenty-two years of age; but, notwithstanding their youth, and features decidedly handsome, both wanted altogether that cheerfulness—that expression of candour and confidence which should have belonged to their time of life.

On inquiring what was to be their future destination in the world, I was informed that they preferred agriculture to every other employment. I could not approve of this, as I saw plainly that retirement in the country had by no means contributed to Waldheim's welfare; his house was indeed tolerably well-furnished and supplied; but his own gloomy looks betrayed the toil and care which this had cost him. I gave it as my opinion, therefore, that they would succeed better as merchants, and made a proposal to take the younger brother as a clerk into my own house. The young man appeared well pleased with my offer, but his father's vexation was so evident, that he could scarcely answer in his usual tone of voice,—"he had been himself sufficiently unfortunate in trade, and would never consent to his son's engaging in any such speculations." As the conversation now seemed painful to him, I broke it off abruptly, and, recollecting my own urgent avocations, took my departure, having renewed my promise,

that I would, on no account, forget to visit them on my return, and remain for at least one night.

During this brief interview, I had collected materials enough for after-reflection, and continued to perplex myself on the subject all the way to my next halting-place. Our moralists and poets describe the pleasures of a country life, and the contentment of the husbandman, in such brilliant colours, that, according to them, it is to be wondered at if any mortal who can leave town should confine himself within its gloomy prison-walls. On the other hand, they assure us, that cheerfulness, tranquillity, and health, are to be found with never-failing certainty among the fields and woods, while the townsman must always be a miserable and care-worn animal. How different, on the other hand, is reality,—of which my friend's fate was a notable example! In town he had been uniformly active and cheerful—seemed to be quite contented in his domestic circumstances; in short, was in all respects prosperous and happy. One glance, however, was now sufficient to ascertain that he was in the last degree dissatisfied with his lot,—his former merriment had completely declined; nor between him and his wife did there appear to exist any cordial union of spirit. His sons, young as they were, had acquired already their father's gloom and perplexity of aspect; and if on their parts this could not be the result of worldly cares, it might have other causes,—perhaps low libertinism and sensual indulgence. As to the sloth and inactivity of all the family, this was, alas! proved beyond a doubt by the state of the garden, which was an absolute wilderness, and by the miserable corn-fields, where the scanty straggling crop showed an utter want of management and attention. The house and farm-offices were half ruinous; the roads almost impassable; besides, the district in which Waldheim's farm lay was glooomy and repulsive. The lands were flat and sandy, surrounded on every side by dark fir-woods, that shut out every prospect. No verdant meadows refreshed the wearied eyes—no clear lively streams varied the landscape; only, not far from the dwelling-house, there was a desolate stagnant lake, which any good husbandman would have drained and got rid of. "Thither," said I to myself, "one should send the romantic panegyrists of a country life,—there they would find the most complete and incontrovertible refutation of their pastoral and Arcadian theories!"

I was glad when I came into the woods, which at least afforded me protection from the sun's heat; but the road, with its everlasting sameness of scenery and lonely silence, broken only by the screams of rooks and ravens, became insupportably tiresome, so that I felt again rejoiced on emerging into the open country. The district in which I now found myself seemed at first by no means attractive;—however, when I had ascended a steep eminence, a landscape truly beautiful was once more spread before me. The rich corn-fields gleamed in the golden light of the now setting sun. I saw the husbandmen returning from their labours; the herds and flocks; the white sails of the merchant-vessels on the noble winding river; while in the back ground rose the church-towers of a pleasant town, where I intended to pass the night.—I could now have retracted all that I had said against rural life, and even become its panegyrist in my turn.

In this town, however, my commercial transactions first began; and in consequence the good spirits with which I had entered its gates were soon put to flight. The accounts of a wholesale merchant in a large city, with petty retailers in the country, are generally rather confused; and, as I now proved by experience, their adjustment is attended with no little trouble.

These people have, in their confined circle, so many trifling stratagems, and their intellects are so narrow, that one must absolutely have new weights and scales, and a new measuring rod, in order to deal with them! Their sphere is so limited, that, in comparing accounts, they set to work with a tediousness and circumstantiality that drive any opulent merchant beyond all bounds of patience; and, notwithstanding this, they have no pretensions to punctuality or good order; for the domestic arrangements of every family, which, in a small town, are talked of by the whole inhabitants, give each householder more than enough to do. Besides, on account of their narrow range of business, every merchant must enter into different and unaccording branches of trade. Their activity wants the principle of unity and concentration; therefore order is also completely deficient.

Consequently I had the more reason to be satisfied that I had undertaken the journey, for I was convinced that my presence only could be a check on their impertinent delays, or prevent serious losses that I might otherwise have incurred. With a good deal of trouble, I was fortunate enough to obtain payment of several heavy accounts, which I insisted on receiving in ducats or Friedrich's d'or, silver being inconvenient for a traveller: after which I pursued my journey. The same troubles awaited me in other small towns: yet in all I was successful in combating such obstacles, and winding up my affairs within the space of time that I had prescribed to myself at setting out.

At one of the places which I was obliged to visit, it was not without great alarm that I found one of my household servants waiting for me with a letter. I opened it in trepidation, expecting some disastrous news from home; but in this I was mistaken.—My wife wrote to me, that, since my departure, she had been tormented by the most frightful apprehensions, which she had been enabled to quiet only by determining to send out a confidential servant, entreating that he might be allowed to continue his attendance for the rest of my journey. She had been again terrified by a spectral dream, which afforded her the most certain tokens that misfortuue now hung over me. Vexed as I happened to be at the moment by a dispute that I had encountered with one of my troublesome debtors—startled, too, by the man's unexpected appearance—and provoked at my wife's childish superstition—I was in no humour to comply with her request.—On the contrary, I expressed great displeasure that she should have sent the servant from home, where his assistance was always required in the warehouse; and turned him back with a letter, in which I begged she would not trouble me any more with such unpardonable folly—reminding her at the same time, that the personal safety of every traveller in that country was guarded by a most active and watchful police. On that day and the two following, my journey indeed led through a populous and flourishing district,—one small town or another was always in view; the weather, too, was cheering and delightful; so that I felt no regret whatever at having sent away the servant.

My transactions being at last wound up, I thought of returning homewards by a new route, which was equally convenient with the former for a traveller on horseback, and was considerably shorter than the high road. But now, in truth, I had reason to think that it would have been better to retain my wife's courier, for I had with me a large sum of money, and its weight was too obvious to escape notice when the portmanteau was taken from my horse at an inn, and left oftentimes in the care of my host. It was hardly to be expected that the thoughts of robbery would not enter into the mind of some one or another, and, more than probable, that

attempts would be made to put such plans into execution. I had, besides, to cross long tracts of forest scenery; and the autumnal weather began to break, so that, for the sake of expedition, I was obliged to travel a good way in the dark. I consoled myself with the thoughts that my horse was excellent, and that I was provided with a pair of doubly loaded pistols, by which, I trusted that, in the hour of need, I should be able to defend my life and property.

The first day of my homeward journey, I still kept on the high road, but I had many a long mile betwixt me and the place where I intended to pass the night; so that I stopped for refreshment seldom, and as short a time as possible. My horse, therefore, shared in my sufferings from hunger and fatigue, when at last about nightfall I reached the appointed station. But here, what a strange reception awaited me! The host and hostesss exhibited visages that were, without exception, the most repulsive I had ever beheld in my life. It is impossible to conceive a more determined concentration of savage wildness, gloom, and malicious discontent, than was betrayed by these people. At the same time, they tried as usual to appear courteous and friendly, but the effort that this obviously cost them rendered their aspect only more detestable. I would willingly have retired to rest, if hunger had not forced me to wait for supper, of which the preparations required unusual delay. Meanwhile they had shown me into a room, but growing tired of its solitude, I only staid to examine whether there were any concealed trap-stairs or tapestry-doors, and, being satisfied on this point, betook myself to the landlord's apartment, where I entered into conversation with his daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty. I was surprised at the proofs of good education which she displayed in this dialogue, and felt the more interested by an appearance of reserve and melancholy which seemed to have taken deep root in her young and innocent heart. I was afraid to give her pain by rash questions, but prolonged the discourse in hopes of learning the cause of this grief, or being able to guess at her misfortunes, till her mother came and called me to supper. Then, too, as in the preceding dialogue, my desires were left ungratified, for the dishes, produced at last, were so abominably bad, that I was unable to eat a single morsel. Want of sleep soon drove me to my bed-room, which was on the second floor. The frightful rushing of the wind through the neighbouring fir-trees—the beating of the rain on the casements, and gloomy *tout ensemble* of this vile habitation,—brought my mind into a strange mood, which, though I am no coward, was nearly allied to terror. That my host and hostess were not to be numbered among good people I was thoroughly persuaded, but if they were so very wicked as to rob and murder their guest, was a question I could not determine. The longer I thought on this subject, the more I was inclined to believe that my life was by no means safe under their care, and many stories crowded on my remembrance of secret murders, from which the best organized police in the world cannot afford protection.

At length I heard the outward doors of the house groaning on their hinges, and violently closed for the night. It seemed to me, thereupon, as if I were quite shut out from all the world, and thrown into a den of murderers. I even went to the window to examine whether, in case of need, I might not venture to leap from it, which expedient, on account of the height, I found quite out of the question. Now I remembered the dreams and forebodings of my wife, which increased my agitation. I carefully shut the door, piled up some chairs against it, that in the event of any one entering, I might be awakened by its fall; laid my pistols within reach, and betook myself to rest.

Weariness soon overpowered all other sensations, and I fell fast asleep. I might have slumbered about an hour, when a noise awoke me, that seemed to be in my chamber. I raised myself from the pillow:—but what language can describe my horror, when, by the glimmering starlight, I actually beheld a figure robed in white, a phantom as it seemed,—wrapt in a shroud,—that stationed itself opposite my bed! My hair now stood on end, my teeth chattered, and for a while I lost all self-possession. At length I summoned up resolution and grasped one of my pistols, by which the figure did not seem in the slightest degree discomposed or intimidated; but, raising one arm in a threatening attitude, exclaimed in a hollow tone, "Be not afraid, for I come only to warn you. Go not again to the house of Waldheim, if you value your existence, for you will never come alive from under his roof." For a few moments the spectre stood motionless—then added, "Hast thou understood me?" and when, in a trembling voice, I answered "yes," it instantly disappeared.

I remained for a long while as if petrified, and stared at the place where the apparition had been, without being able to alter my position;—at last, I rubbed the cold sweat from my forehead, and, by a vehement effort, roused myself from this trance, but I was perfectly convinced that what I had witnessed had been *no dream*. I had never believed in ghosts, nor, indeed, troubled myself much with speculations as to their existence or non-existence; now, however, I had ocular and auricular demonstration of their reality; for, as to the possibility of deception, that idea was removed not only by the inexplicable mode of appearing and vanishing, but by all other circumstances. The innkeeper could never have caused this scene by stratagem, nor would have thought of doing so, for he himself had advised me earnestly to take the road that led through Waldheim's farm, and to pass the night there. And who but the innkeeper could know any thing of my plans, or wish to interfere with them? What danger I could possibly incur at my friend's house, was to me a new riddle; and I kept awake debating this point long after my terror of the apparition had subsided. I firmly resolved, however, to follow its admonitions, which were evidently connected with, and in harmony with my wife's dreams and anticipations. Not till towards morning did I fall asleep, and never awoke till a loud knocking at my door disturbed me. This noise was made by the innkeeper, who had been alarmed at my non-appearance, and enquired whether I was unwell? I started up, dressed myself in great haste, paid my chalked bill for refreshments, which I was unable to taste, for I found the breakfast as abominable as the supper had been, then rode away as fast as I could, to make up for the time that had been lost in sleep.

About mid-day I began of course to feel unusually hungry, and was fortunate enough to find a pleasant inn on the road-side, where I was supplied with an excellent dinner. As I must, according to the ghost's injunctions, choose a different route from that with which I was acquainted, I made enquiries of my host, and obtained from him the necessary directions. He was a good-humoured, loquacious man, and seemed very willing to enter into conversation on whatever subject I started. I enquired, therefore, whether he was acquainted with my friend Nicholas Waldheim, who lived in that neighbourhood? At this question, the man's cheerful countenance became immediately clouded—he looked at me suspiciously—was silent a few moments—and then answered drily, that he certainly did know the man of whom I spoke. I wished to hear more, and begged him to say what was his opinion of Waldheim; what character he bore in the country, and whether he had been successful in his farming occupations? My host shook

his head; assured me that he was quite unprepared to enter into those particulars; and, for a long while, I could not obtain from him any satisfactory reply. At last he said, that, from his own knowledge, he could not vouch for any action, good nor bad, of my friend Waldheim; however, that his mode of life was considered by almost every one quite inexplicable; for the produce of the fields there always turned out so miserable a crop, that it could not pay the farm-servants' labour, yet, notwithstanding this, the man continued to maintain a numerous household, and it was said they all lived well. For the rest, he did not associate with any person of his own rank, never appeared with his family at church, and the members of his establishment were so reserved and shy, even of the daylight, that scarcely any neighbour could boast of having spoken with any one among them. This intelligence was to me very perplexing, it seemed so inconsistent with the former disposition of my friend, who could scarce ever have enough of society! At all events, the change proved nothing in his favour, and I was by this means the more confirmed in my determination of not going to his house. The innkeeper, to whom I mentioned what had been my intentions, approved highly of this caution, and begged urgently that I would adhere to my present resolution, adding, "There are many strange stories of the forests in these parts;" but as to the ground of these allusions, I could not obtain from him any adequate explanation.

I was obliged to hasten onwards, that the night might not overtake me; for on that day I had still a long way to travel. Besides, there were dark clouds on the horizon, and it was easy to foretell that ere long a formidable tempest must ensue. I rode, therefore, as hard as it was possible to do, without absolutely foundering my horse. The recollection of the nocturnal apparition,—my wife's forebodings,—the doubtful expressions of my landlord as to the character of Waldheim, by turns occupied my attention, and beguiled my way, though certainly not in a manner the most agreeable. Meanwhile, the night drew on apace, and it was evident that the darkness, aided by the gathering clouds, would be quite impenetrable. There was a distant rolling of thunder, which reverberated hollowly through the forest; pale lightning quivered at intervals through the clouds, and the gloom always increased. It seemed as if the woods never would have an end. I made my horse exert himself to the very utmost, in order to reach some place of shelter; but at length I was obliged to pull him up, for the road became gradually more narrow, and the branches of the trees gave me such striking illustrations of the propriety of riding cautiously, that I was obliged to yield to them. My situation was certainly in the utmost degree vexatious,—more especially as I knew not even whether or not I was in the right road. *Now* I sincerely lamented my rash conduct in dismissing the servant that my wife, in her loving kindness, had sent after me, and was obliged to acknowledge that my present difficulties were only a deserved punishment. The darkness, which had by this time grown quite opaque, obliged me to dismount, and lead my horse by the bridle, otherwise I had no chance of avoiding the branches, from which I had already received many severe blows. In such manner, my progress was of course very slow, and my hopes of reaching any habitation become always fainter. At last, however, I found myself once more on the clear level ground; I felt as if I had just then escaped from a prison; I could again mount my horse, and ride along without dreading every moment to have my head knocked off my shoulders by a tree.

The thunder clouds, however, had always come nearer and nearer; the lightning dazzled me with its quivering flashes; the wind rose through the

neighbouring wood in strange fitful blasts, which were regularly followed by a mysterious stillness, augmenting the terrors of the hour. Yet now my hopes were revived by a light gleaming in the distance, although, in order to approach it, I durst not spur my horse, for the thunder startled him, and I was obliged to use every precaution to avoid being unseated by a sudden plunge.

I had by degrees come so near the light, that I could discern, by its aid, the building from which it emanated, but, to my great consternation, I perceived that I had gone quite astray, and was now on the property—close to the very threshold of Nicholas Waldheim. Good counsel rose above par with a vengeance! Should I enter his house, or leave it? My horse was tired,—the storm raged unrelentingly,—and I felt myself so much in want of that repose to which the hospitable mansion of an old friend invited me; while, on the other hand, the most alarming, even supernatural warnings had announced that *here*, of all places in the world, I must not risk my personal safety. Perhaps, however, my extreme want of food and rest would have made me decide on braving all dangers, if my horse had not shown a violent disinclination to proceed any farther, and turned sharp round. This trifling circumstance put an end to my debate, and I resolved that I would rather pass the night in the forest, than trust myself with a man whose character and mode of life were so very questionable.

Accordingly, I took my way back towards the woods, leaving it to chance to bring me to the high-road; or, if that might not be, I hoped to find some cottage, or other place, where I could at least obtain shelter from the rain, which now began to fall in large drops. I was glad when I reached the trees, which would afford me some protection; but new difficulties awaited me, for, on the outskirts of the forest, I did not think myself sufficiently secure against Waldheim's people, and the thickets were so dense and entangled, that my horse could not be led through them. I forced a passage through the branches, however, but at every step these became more closely interwoven, and the ground was more uneven. Several times I had fallen over the roots of trees, my face and hands bled from the scratches I had received, and my strength was nearly exhausted. At last, I heard a rushing noise of water as from a mill race, whence I concluded that I was near some habitation, and redoubled my exertions to reach it if possible; but as it was in vain to think of bringing my horse any farther, I tied him by the bridle to a tree, took off the portmanteau, which I threw across my shoulders, and fastened by the straps round my neck. My route was now very hazardous. I had to clamber over great trunks of trees and fragments of rock—and to struggle through deep places, where I was often so hemmed in by thickets of brushwood that I could neither get backwards nor forwards,—till I nearly lost all courage. Add to these hinderances the frightful thunder storm, and the terror that I might be struck down by lightning, attracted by the steel clasps of my portmanteau. My condition was indeed most grievous, but after long persevering labour, I came to the edge of a declivity under which the rivulet rushed. I followed its course, not without imminent danger of tumbling in headlong, and found my conjectures confirmed that there was a mill there. A gleam of lightning showed me a large building of that description, but the ruinous sluice, over which the water now played idly, proved that it was in disuse; therefore, probably, there were no inhabitants. On farther search, I discovered an old tottering bridge, leading across the mill race; which I passed, and ran towards the building for shelter, while the rain fell in torrents. Suddenly it occurred to me that this place might be the resort of robbers, in which case I should

absolutely throw myself into their hands; but my fatigue was so great that it overbalanced my apprehension. I found the door open,—(a sign that no one lived there)—I groped about with great caution in the darkness, and advanced till I reached the platform of the inner mill-wheel. Quite worn out, yet terrified by the thoughts of falling perhaps through a hole in the floor, or stumbling over some murdered victim, I seated myself at last in a corner, and resolved to wait there for daylight. Scarcely had I composed myself for rest, when a most overpowering sense of horror came over me. What could be the real history of this building, which stood so desolate and forsaken?—If robbers, as it seemed probable, haunted the place, would I not certainly be found out and murdered? What if the midnight spectre should again appear to me? These, and other harassing thoughts, forced themselves on my mind; and I was the less able to combat them, when, reclining on the floor, I became aware of a most detestable atmosphere, as if from a charnel house, which became so insupportable, that I would have left my hiding-place, if my fears had not rendered me powerless. After I had remained for about an hour in this torment, voices were audible at the door; and as I had no doubt that the new comers were banditti, my death seemed now irrevocably decreed. I could hear that there was some wrangling among them as to the cause of the door being found open, after which four men came in with a lantern, and bearing a sack that was filled evidently with some cumbrous and heavy load. They drew near without observing me, lifted up some boards in the flooring, and opened the sack. It contained the bloody corpse of a man, which they threw down under the floor, then closed up the aperture as before.

My hair now stood on end. I shook as in an ague fit, and nearly fainted; for, in addition to the other terrors of this scene, I recognised Waldheim's eldest son among the murderers. "So much for that fellow!" said he, when they had thrown down the body; "if we had met with E*****," (here he mentioned my name,) "and disposed of him in like manner, it would have been better worth our trouble."—"I am afraid," said another, "we have no chance of seeing of him to-night."—"Well," answered a third, "If he comes not to-night, he will to-morrow;—at all events, he shall not escape us."—Perhaps I had unconsciously made some noise; for the ruffian Waldheim remarked—"the door was left open; let us search the house, that we may be sure no one is watching us." The rest, however, were afraid; they alleged that it was no place to remain in longer than necessity required; and it was impossible that any one would venture to watch there, unless it were some revengeful ghost. This cowardice saved my life; for if, in reality, they had searched the building, I must have been discovered, and my death was certain.—At last they quitted this den of murder, and carefully locked the door.

My feelings at that moment baffle every attempt to describe them. How near I had been to destruction!—I had just seen one murdered victim secreted, and heard that a like fate was destined for me. Even now I was by no means safe, for if by chance they discovered my horse, this would doubtless excite their suspicions—they would then come back and make a resolute search. If I could escape on the return of daylight was also uncertain; but these miserable apprehensions were increased to a nameless horror, when I heard the murdered man beneath me groaning hideously, and rattling in his throat. I am certain that I heard him—he was murdered, indeed, for his wounds must have been mortal, but life was not yet extinct. The cold sweat stood on my forehead—my heart beat audibly—I had almost died; indeed, it seemed as if the night would never have

an end. My senses were confused in delirium, and I almost doubted if I yet lived.

At last the gray light of morning began to gleam through the broken roof, and hopes revived that I might make my escape. As soon as I could clearly distinguish objects, I went to the door, but it was so thoroughly secured that all my efforts to force it open were in vain. In searching through the building for some other outlet, I stumbled on the entrance to the pit-fall, into which the last victim had been thrown; I lifted up the boards, and, with indescribable abhorrence, beheld eleven dead bodies, many of them already in the most frightful stages of corruption—among these I was to have been deposited, and might be so still, if I did not succeed in gaining my liberty. After much trouble I found another door, which yielded to a vehement effort; it led into a room in which there were many bloody dresses hung up against the wall. This apartment was lighted by a small window, of which I instantly broke the casement, and, though at the risk of my neck, leapt out.

Now then I was at liberty; but still I had not my horse, nor, if he were found, did I know in what direction I should ride in order to escape from those assassins. I retraced, as nearly as I could guess at it, my course of the preceding night, and having now the advantage of daylight to guide me through the thickets, discovered my faithful steed sooner than I could have expected. A beaten cart-road also presented itself; I mounted and trotted away with the utmost expedition.

Though the scenes were quite new to me, and I could not tell whither I went, yet chance, for this time, favoured my purpose; for, after riding about two miles, I reached a post-station. Here, as soon as I had obtained some refreshment, I took a carriage with extra horses, and drove as rapidly as possible towards B*****. I reached home the same day, and, on my arrival, had recourse to the director of police, before whom I made a circumstantial declaration of my adventures, whereupon he ordered a proper legal inquiry to be commenced, and the same evening dispatched one of his officers with a band of soldiers to Waldheim's residence.

My wife was overjoyed at my safe return, having felt the most unconquerable anxiety during the whole time of my absence; but my sufferings from that terrible night were not yet complete. I was attacked by a fever, which ended in very serious illness. My strength had been so severely tried by the excitement I had undergone, that extreme weakness and relaxation followed, and I must have perished, but for the constant attention of a skilful physician, under whose management, after being six weeks confined, I felt myself once more in a condition to leave my room.

As soon as my health allowed of any exertion, I made a visit to the prison in which Waldheim was now secured. Notwithstanding his crimes, and the attack which he would doubtless have made on my life, I could not help looking on him with some degree of compassion, and wished to alleviate his sufferings as far as the law would permit. However, no sooner had I made my appearance, than he began to rave like a madman, and broke out into the most horrible imprecations, as if he were determined to prove how undeserving he was of that interest which I took in his fate. In a few minutes I was obliged to leave him with aversion and disgust, but I begged the gaoler to obtain for me an interview with Waldheim's younger son, from whom I hoped to extract some information as to his father's crimes. The young man, when he saw me, was moved even to tears, and answered my enquiries with such candour, that, on my return home, I was able to set on paper what here follows, and which corresponds exactly with the records of the criminal court.

Nicholas Waldheim, at his commencement in trade, was exceedingly active and prosperous. His income was competent; he lived within it, so that his fortune augmented slowly indeed, but securely, and his credit rose every year. By some unexpected windfalls, however, my capital increased so much that I was able to extend my business to an extraordinary degree, and this excited his envy. Till then, we had always advanced on an equal footing, both as to our gains and our expenditure; our credit and influence on Change were the same, and there was, in truth, no difference between our respective fortunes; but now these circumstances were completely changed. Never having been inclined to avarice, I did not deny myself any elegance or luxury which my resources now warranted; at length, I considered a handsome carriage and horses allowable, therefore indulged in the purchase of both. My first wife was perhaps more partial to fine dresses than was altogether commendable, but as we lived very happily together, I did not choose to run the risk of involving myself in domestic quarrels, by crossing her harshly in this humour. Meanwhile, the wife of Waldheim wished to be attired exactly like mine; and as he could not afford such expence, she overwhelmed him with reproaches for his bad management. He would, indeed, willingly have competed with me in all respects, but feeling this to be out of his power, he tried passionately every method, however hazardous, to become quickly opulent. He strained his credit to the utmost, and entered into speculations, which brought with them a tumult and whirl of business, quite beyond his strength to support. In the confusion thus induced, he overlooked the necessary precautions; his reputation for punctuality was impaired, and the fall of his house seemed inevitable.

The thoughts of being reduced to poverty through those very exertions which were intended to make him rich, were to Waldheim so insupportable, that he took the resolution of ending his sufferings by suicide. With this weight on his mind, he wandered about restlessly for some time, till the very day had arrived which he had fixed on for the execution of his purpose; and he was traversing the fields near a country house which he then rented in the environs of B*****. Quite absorbed in his own gloom and despondency, he was insensible to all that passed around him, till he felt himself pulled by the sleeve, and saw a fine artless boy about sixteen years of age, who enquired of him the way to the house of a merchant, who was said to live in that neighbourhood, and for whom he had a packet of letters. This merchant was no other than Waldheim himself; and on enquiry, he found that the boy was a son of one of his own country correspondents, who sent not letters only, but a considerable sum of ready money, which was to be appropriated to certain specified purposes. The boy had come with the diligence, but had left it at the last station, in order to enjoy a walk in fine weather through the pleasant gardens that surround the city. Waldheim, as if the devil had been there present in *propria persona*, was seized with a horrid and overpowering impulse, which he was the less disposed to combat, as his whole soul had just before been possessed by the idea of self-murder. He led the boy by circuitous paths, where he would escape observation; and said that he was going himself to town, where the merchant then was, with whom he was well acquainted, but must first call at his own country house. He brought his unsuspecting victim into a retired apartment, without being seen by any mortal;—there put him to death, and thus became possessed of a large sum, partly in paper, but mostly in ducats, which the unfortunate lad had carried in a huntsman's leather bag.

He had just completed this atrocious deed, when the door unexpectedly opened, and his wife with her two sons entered the room. At first their astonishment and abhorrence were unbounded; however, when he had explained his desperate circumstances, from which only this crime could have relieved him, their detestation of his guilt was gradually lost in terror of the consequences which might else have awaited him and the whole family. Thus he threw the disastrous load of his own wickedness on the conscience of his wife and of his children; after which disclosure they became gradually more and more accustomed to a life of suspense, misery, and deception. They were obliged to assist him in that first adventure, to conceal the body of his murdered victim, and, in order more effectually to avoid all suspicion, he appeared with his wife and sons at a large party, to which they had been invited for that day. Aided by the money thus obtained, he upheld his sinking credit, but the conscious guilt which weighed on his heart left him not a moment's peace of mind. He could not endure the ordinary restraints of society; therefore by degrees withdrew himself from trade, and purchased that landed property on which I found him.

Being quite ignorant of husbandry, he soon discovered that it would be impossible for him to live by this farm, which, even under the best management, would have yielded but a very narrow income, and was on the point of being reduced to abject poverty; when one stormy night a traveller made his appearance, and begged earnestly for shelter and refreshment. The stranger's dress and *tout ensemble* betokened opulent circumstances; his heavy saddle-bags (for he was on horseback) seemed full of money, so that the demon of Waldheim's avarice was once more roused. He received his guest with the most specious courtesy; and within the next hour he had entered into an agreement with his wife and sons that the man should be murdered, and his property seized. The deed soon followed, and with a view to concealment in this instance, he prepared a deep grave in a thicket of the neighbouring forest, to which, with the help of his eldest son, he carried the body. Now, however, it was the will of Providence that he should be discovered. A passenger, who had watched him engaged in this abominable task, came up boldly and questioned him what was the matter. Waldheim, in order to screen himself effectually, would instantly have murdered this intruder, but the latter, being well armed, was provided against any such attack. He assured the criminal, nevertheless, that if allowed to share in the booty, he would henceforth preserve inviolable secrecy as to what he had then witnessed. Waldheim was of course under the necessity of assenting, and the bribed villain soon made it known that he also was by no means disinclined to such exploits, if only the spoils were sufficient to counterbalance the risk and trouble. This person was the detestable landlord of that inn where the ghost appeared to me. In a short time, the two miscreants were on confidential terms with each other; and not only did the innkeeper assist Waldheim with servants, who were bound on oath, and on pain of death, to conceal whatever might occur, but came personally on the field when the *corps* of his worthy partner was not sufficiently effective. To prevent discovery, he took special care never to make his own inn the scene of action, but for the most part served as a watchful spy, and gave notice to Waldheim when travellers were on the road who had with them any large sum of money. The innkeeper's wife was also an accomplice, but his daughter, who had been educated in the family of a worthy and conscientious aunt, was wholly ignorant of these atrocities.

It was proved that, in a course of eight or ten years, more than fifty people had been assassinated by these outlaws. The ruinous building in which I had spent the night had been possessed and occupied by a certain miller; a man of good character, of whose voluntary connivance at such transactions there was no hope,—he was, therefore, looked on by this gang as a very troublesome neighbour, and, in order to be rid of him, they contrived, by various stratagems, to make it appear that his house was haunted. The loneliness of its situation favoured this undertaking, and by degrees they terrified the superstitious man so much, that, being completely tired of this residence, he sold his lease of the mill to Waldheim for a mere trifle; and the stories of ghosts were henceforth so industriously spread through the neighbourhood, that it was never wondered at if the building was left deserted and in disuse. It served the assassins thereafter as a regular place of rendezvous and concealment.

For my escape from the fate that otherwise awaited me, I was indebted to Waldheim's younger son. This youth had never taken any active share in his father's crimes, though he had been bound by a solemn oath, like the others, to preserve secrecy. Towards me as his godfather, he cherished, from earliest youth, some feelings of attachment and respect, which were increased by my well-intended offer to take him into my house as a clerk. He had been aware of the plot laid against my life, but could not, without betraying his father, give me any direct information. With the innkeeper's house, however, he was well acquainted; and as there existed a love affair betwixt him and the girl whom I have already mentioned, he happened to be there at the time of my arrival, and afterwards made use of a private door, which I had not discovered, in order to appear like a ghost, and warn me against trusting again to Waldheim's hospitality. With the same view, also, he had made use of the opportunity, when I was in the landlord's room, to enter mine, and draw the slugs from my pistols, so that, if I had fired at the intruder, he would not have sustained any injury. Thus he was my protector from otherwise inevitable destruction; and became, in consequence, the cause of his father's guilt being duly punished.

It was impossible that Waldheim could deny or extenuate the many proofs that were brought against him; and circumstances came to light of a description so new and horrible, that every one shuddered at the bare idea of such enormities. On account of many additional witnesses, and other instances of persons who had mysteriously disappeared in the forest, the trial was lengthened out, and it was not till a year had passed over, that judgment was pronounced, which was afterwards duly ratified by our sovereign. Waldheim and the inkeeper, with their wives, were broken on the wheel; Waldheim's elder son was punished in like manner; the servants and other accomplices were beheaded with the sword, and their bodies nailed to the wheel. As for the young girl, she was of course pronounced innocent; but her lover, though by silence only he had rendered himself an accomplice, was awarded ten years' imprisonment in the house of correction. Even that decree, in consideration of his having saved my life, was changed into a sentence of two years' confinement only. The fortunes of this youth and his wife (for he was at length married to the innkeeper's daughter) will one day fill another story.

[GILLIES' GERMAN STORIES.]

STANZAS

ON THE EXECUTION MILITAIRE, A PRINT FROM A PICTURE BY VIGNERON.

It exhibits the moment when the condemned soldier kneels to receive the fire of the party appointed to be his executioners. His friend, and the priest, are seen retiring. His dog, whom he is endeavouring to shake off, still fawns upon him, and seems desirous to share his fate.

His doom has been decreed,
He has own'd the fatal deed,
And its forfeit is here to abide:
No mercy now can save,
They have dug the soldier's grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels beside.

No bandage wraps his eye,
He is kneeling there to die,
Unblinded, undaunted, alone,
His parting prayer has ceased,
And his comrade, and the priest,
From their gloomy task released,—
Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal shot to hear,
They can but weep the deed when 'tis done;
They would shriek, and wail, and pray,
It is good for him to-day
That his friends are far away,
—All but one!

In mute, but wild despair,
The faithful hound is there;
He has reach'd his master's side with a spring.
To the hand which rear'd and fed,
Till the ebbing pulse has fled,
Till the hand is cold and dead,
He will cling.

What art, in lure or wile,
That one can now beguile
From the side of his master and friend?
He has burst his cord in twain;
To the arm which strives in vain
To repel him, he will strain
To the end.

The tear-drop who shall blame,
Though it dim the veteran's aim,
Though each breast along the line heave the sigh?
Yet 't were cruel now to save,
And together in the grave,
The faithful and the brave,
Let them lie.

[BY LORD F. L. GOWER.]

KATE CONNOR.

"TRUST ME, your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Graves; and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened, and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter; methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues: come," he continued, "sit down on this soft ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last, inquired the lady," who, like a good girl, did as she was bid, (which women, by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry), and seated herself at her godfather's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she inquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last?"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe, and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden whom I dearly love—aye, and respect too, and whenever I see my sweet 'Kate Connor,' I bless God that an aristocracy of virtue (if I dare use the phrase) may be found in an Irish cabin.

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here from Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him, to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' were the orders issued, when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown, I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature; at last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—'that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.' I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some enquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. 'I cannot understand it,' he said; 'when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the 'dreadful murders'—'horrible outrages,' and 'malicious burnings.' All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, and a good tenant too, may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk, as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them *desire* more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.'

"'And, dear sir, you succeeded,' I said. 'Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent.'

"'Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert,' interrupted my father sternly; '*I* selected Mr. O'Brien: *you* can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party.'

"'Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London.' My father smiled, and shook his head. 'The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear'——he paused, and then added abruptly, 'it is very extraordinary, often as I mention it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and *they* have been acknowledged!' He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. 'Ah then, sure, ye would'nt have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the doore—that's come sich a way, jist to spake tin words to his lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hilin would'nt see me, and she to the fore.' It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers—exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—'Holy Mary! Thank God! —'Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!' And then, in a subdued voice, she added—'Praise to the Lord!—his care niver left me—and I could die contint this minute—only for you, mother, dear!—yerself only—and'——Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered—when they saw Kate Connor—seated that evening by my side—and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"'Whin ye's left us, we all said the winter was come in arnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we struv to plase the agint, why not?—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the likes o' me, nor wouldn't be manners to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole counthry knew he was not afore—either by birth or breeding. Well, my Lady—sure if ye put a sod o'turf—saving ye'r presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould nick's born child—(Lord save us) whin ye'r honor's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lye—first of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for the damage the pig did to the new hedges—and thin we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O Brien—because the goat—(and the crathur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer Lordship *minds*, Father Lavery)—and the agint, quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school—and would make all the childer go to larn there—and thin the priest hindered —and to be sure we *stud* by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering yer kind honors wid. My brother, near two years agone, picked

up wid the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all —so grand like—wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewil ring! so whin *he got the time o' day in his pocket*, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint, well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night' continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—'but ye hard it all—'twas in the papers—and he was sint beyant seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees—praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado—but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant to turn us out—and that the cabin—the nate little cabin—ye gave to my mother was to go to the guager.'

"'He did not dare say that!' interrupted my father proudly—he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood.'

"'The word—the very word I spoke' exclaimed Kate—'Mother, says I, his lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her gray hairs to see her own boy brought to shame—without being turned out of her little place whin the snow was on the ground—in the cold night, whin no one was stirring to say, God save ye. I remember it well—he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket—because the bits o' things were to be canted the next morning to pay the rint of a field which my brother took but never worked —my poor mother cried like a babby—and *happing* the ould grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token, when it was a' small kit, in her apron—we set off as well as we could, for Mrs. Cassidy's farm. It was more than two miles from us—and the snow drifted—and, och! but sorrow *wakens* a body, and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk—so I covered her over to wait till she rested a bit—and sure your token, my lady, kept her warm—for the baste had the sinse a'most of a christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best—(but, may be, I'm tiring your honors)—whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—

"'Who *is Barney*, Kate?'

"I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen Kate Connor, when I asked that question—the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful—I must tell you that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's—which, if it were not correctly put on, looked, to my taste, all the better. Her face was pale—but her fine dark intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression; her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—actuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying (or, as she would call it *streeling*) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garnished with teeth, which many a duchess would envy. She was sitting on a low seat—her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected—but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out; face, forehead, neck, were crimsoned in an instant—papa turned away his head to smile—and I blushed from pure sympathy."

"'Barney—is Barney—Cassidy—my lady,' (she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's flounce in lieu of her apron)—and a great true frind of—of—my mother's——'

"And of *yours* also, I suspect, Kate,' said my father.

"'We were neighbours childer, plase your honorable lordship—and only natural, if we had a—a frindly——'

"'Love for each other,' said my lordly papa; for once condescending to banter.

"'It would be far from the likes o' me to contradict ye'r honor'—she stammered forth at length.

"Go on with your story'—said I gravely.

"'I'm thinking, my lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow—O no,—*he* was come up with the car:—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house—and och! my lady, but it's in the walls o' the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down running the gintry—who, to be sure, knows better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire, and dry lodging, and share of whatever's going—*all for the love of God*—and *cead mile failte* with it!—Well to be sure, they never looked to our property—and Barney thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother—and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family—and knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same—and my own mother too, the crather! wanted me settled—well—they all cried and wished it done off at once't—and it was a sore trial that. Barney, says I, let go my hand—hould ye'r whisht all o' ye, for the blessed virgin's sake, and don't be mad entirely—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting."

"Look, says I—bitter wrong has he done us—but no matter—I know our honourable landlord had neither act, nor part in it—how could he? and my mind misgives—that my lady has often written to you, mother—for it isn't in her to forget ould frinds—but I'll tell ye what I'll do—there's nobody we know barring his riverence, and the school-master, could tell the rights of it to his honor's glory—upon paper: his riverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it—and the school-master's a frind of the agent's—so ye see, dears, I'll jist go fair and easy off to London myself, an' see his lordship—an' make him *sinsible*, and—before I could say my say—they all—all but Barney—set up sich a scornful laugh at me, as never was heard—'she's mad,' says one—'she's a fool,' says another—'where's the money to pay your expinces?' says a third—'and how could ye find your way that doesn t know a step o' the road, even to Dublin?' says a fourth.—Well—I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly.—I don't think, says I, there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again.—As to the money, it's but little of that I want, for I've the use of my limbs and can walk—and it'll go hard if one of ye's wont lend me a pound, or, may be, thirty shillings—and no one shall ever lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing—and as to not knowing the road—sure I've a tongue in my head—and if I hadn't, the great God that taches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas—will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in him.—'My heart's against it'—said Barney—'but she's in the right'—and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him—but no—says I—I'll niver do that till I find justice—I'll niver bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearth-stone.—I'll not be tiring ye'r noble honor's any longer wid the sorrow, and all that, whin I left them—they'd have forc'd me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same—but I thought it enough—and by the time I reached Dublin—there was eight of it gone—small way the rest lasted—and I was ill three days, from the sea, in Liverpool.—Oh—when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold—my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould to 'go to my parish'—thin—thin I felt that I was in the land of the cowld hearted stranger—Och—the English are a fine honest people, but no ways tinder—well—my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all (and here Lady Helen

looked up into her godfather's face with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention) was whin I was sitting crying by the road side—for I was tired and hungry, and who of all the birds in the air drives up in a sort of cart, but Mister O'Hay, the great pig marchant—from a mile beyant our place—well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me!—'Come back, with me, Kate honey!' says he—'I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey—whin ye return, I'll let the boy, *ye know*, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was plaised to say) you desarve it:'—but I thought I'd persevere to the end—so (God bless him for it) he had only tin shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he had sould at the next town—but what he had he gave me, that brought me the rest of the journey—and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope—and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful—and now, here I am, asking justice—in the name of the widow and the orphin, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man—and, sure, as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and hemlock will soon grow in place of the sweet roses—and whin he lies on his bed on his dying-day, the just and holy God——'My father here interrupted, and in a calm firm voice reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective.' I humbly ask your honor's pardon, said the poor girl—I lave it all now just to God and ye'r honor, and shame upon me that forget to power upon *you* my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sint ye—'full and plinty may ye ever know,' said she from her heart, the crathur! "may the sun niver be too hot, or the snow too could for ye—may ye live in honour, and die in happiness—and in the ind, may heaven be yer bed.'

"And now, my dear Lord," continued the Lady Helen, tell me—if a fair English maiden—with soft blue eyes—and delicate accent—had thus suffered—if driven from a beloved home, with a helpless parent—she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land—suffered scorn, and starvation—been tempted to return, but until her object was accomplished—until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from *impulse* or from *principle?*"

"I say, replied the old gentleman," answering his god-daughter's winning smile, that "you are a saucy gypsy—to catch me in this way—fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result?"

"Instead of returning to Brighton—my father, without apprising our worthy agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland! Only think, how delightful—so romantic, and so useful too—Kate, you cannot imagine how lovely she looked—she quite eclipsed Lafont! Then her exclamations of delight—were so new—so curious—nothing so original to be met with—even at the soirees of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent—the joy of the lovers—and the wedding—(all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know)—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien—his hands in his pockets—his fuzzy red hair, sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning furze bush—and his vulgar ugly face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked

creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite of his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. 'There's himself'—muttered Kate. We stopped—and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence—many of the poor men also recognized us—and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised amongst them, shouted so loudly for fair joy—that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Katharine, almost throwing herself out, exclaimed—'And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien—in the same coach wid my lord and lady—and now we'll have justice;' at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connor's and the Cassidy's—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction—then such a wedding! Only fancy—dear my Lord—my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor! Ye exquisites and exclusives! How would ye receive the Lady Helen Graves if this were known at Almack's? From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we got on—the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke—and now and then, an odd dunghill too near the door—and as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time, and now will only tell you that it is visited by both clergyman and priest—and I only wish that all our *absentees* would follow our example—and then, my dear God-papa, THE IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES. [MRS. C. HALL.—DUBLIN GAZETTE.]

TO MY SISTER.

ON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST BOY.

I PROPHESIED that joy would come
And bless my Mary's happy home;
And lo! a son has crowned thy bliss,
And where is joy to equal this?
Sweet is the tear the mother sheds,
When first her smiling infant spreads
His little arms, and rests his head
On her fond breast—that lovely bed
Where man from earliest youth to age,
Seeks all his sorrows to assuage;
Where first is calmed his infant sigh,
And where 'tis even bliss to die.
'Tis sweet to her to mark the Flower
Strengthening and rising every hour;
She prunes the wild unfruitful shoots,
She nourishes the spreading roots,
And when she sees it blossom fair,
It well rewards her anxious care.
Oh let none say that life is vain,
A course of sorrow and of pain;
When such delight our life can give,
Say not—it is in vain we live.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer-time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shew of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land-proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport, as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence, —the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, Sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip

of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top: he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward:—Yes: every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him:—see at last: he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won: he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, Sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—"Sir, they are dead."

[FROM THE COMPANION.]

THE KNIGHT OF SHEPPEY.

A FAMOUS freebooter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, infested the island of Sheppey, and made frequent predatory incursions into the interior of Kent. This daring marauder was represented, by the village Cicerone, to have been a nobleman under sentence of outlawry, who intrenched himself in a strong hold which he possessed in the island, where he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the purses of travellers had obtained. By adopting the often-practised *ruse* of shoeing his horse's

feet the contrary way, he frequently escaped detection; and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode, preserved him from his enemies, and carried him to a place of security. Thus the fame of the horse nearly rivalled that of his rider, whose exploits at length became so bold and frequent that the whole country rose up against him; and finding himself too closely beset in his island to hope for extrication, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then upon one of her progresses on board the Admiral's ship at the Nore. The queen, it is said, not disinclined to show favour to a man whose personal valour, determined perseverance, and fertility of resource were interesting, on account of the air of romance which characterised his adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawless career. The conditions were, that he should swim on horseback three times round the flag ship; and should he escape the perils incidental to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed, and a general pardon extended to all his offences. The Knight of Sheppey agreed to the terms; armed at all points, he bestrode his favourite companion, whose spirits he invigorated by copious draughts of brandy;—plunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and his master swam gallantly round the destined ship. The second extraordinary evolution was performed with equal skill and bravery. At the third, little more than the heads of the horse and its rider could be perceived, buffetting with the weltering waves, which seemed at every instant to threaten their instant annihilation: straining each nerve and sinew to the utmost, the gallant animal ceased not to struggle with the interminable billows until the painful task was completed, and his wearied limbs rested on the shore. The place of landing was wild and desolate; a lofty cliff overhung the narrow beach, and concealed every human habitation from view. No friend or relation hastened to meet the successful adventurer with congratulations on his safety, and no sound could be heard, save the harsh croak of the raven from his eyry, answering the dull murmur of the sweeping waves below: but at the moment that the exhausted charger gained a firm footing on his parent earth, a withered and decrepit hag, whose tangled elf-locks and tattered weeds streaming in the wind, ill concealed the hideous deformity of her squalid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and, raising the shrivelled finger with which she had traced unhallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked out an ill-omened prophecy. "Beware of that horse!" cried the Beldam, with a triumphant laugh of malice; "although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause of your death." "Thou liest, fiend of mischief!" cried the brutal and superstitious knight; "thus I falsify thy dark prediction,—and, drawing his sword, plunged it into the body of the faithful animal, who fell dead upon the beach. Several years of uninterrupted prosperity passed away, but at length being accidentally led to to the scene of his most extraordinary adventure, he pointed out to a friend the skeleton of the slaughtered horse, which, bleached by successive winters, still lay extended on the sand: repeating the prophecy of the witch, he laughed derisively, and spurning the head with his foot, separated it from the body by the stroke. He did not perceive, that in the act a small sharp bone had penetrated his buskin: the wound was inconsiderable, and disregarded: but becoming more serious, it ended in a mortification, which speedily carried him to his grave.

[LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.]

VENUS CLIPPING THE WINGS OF CUPID.

Venus clippe thy truante's winge;
For it is the deadliest thinge
Betweene the rounde earthe and the skie.
Not the poisonne-staines that lie
Glisteninge in the wainінge moone,
On the slipperie serpente stone;
Not the drop of venome hunge
Coldlie from the aspic's tongue;
Not the witche's eville eye,
As she hurries mutteringe bye;
Nothinge born of sunne or gloome,
Is so deadlie as that plume!
For the hearte's no sooner wonne,
Than the truante Love is gone;
Fickle as the Aprille gale.
Then the maidene's cheeke is pale;
And the vermeile-tincturede lippe,
Rich as rose-buddes when they dippe
In the summerre honeye dewe,
Dyinge, wears the lilies hue;
And, for smiles, the wearie sighe
On its beautie nowe doth lie;
And the farewelle worde is spokenne—
And the maidene's hearte is brokenne!

[CROLY.]

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A FRENCH STORY.

Pourquoi rompre leur marriage mechans parens, is a question which will be asked as long as a difference of ranks exists in the world—as long as age is the time of prudence—and youth the season of love. What have the pulsations of the heart to do with the roll of the herald, or the cash-book of the banker, is the natural inquiry of the young; and the old will answer, that talking about the pulsations of the heart, is nonsense good enough for novels, but that the other desiderata are matters of real life. I suppose that both are right.

In France, before the Revolution, the nobility, as we all know, was a caste of itself, which would not bear the slightest invasion on the part of the canaille. It was not to be endured that the daughter of a noble house should so far forget herself as to marry beneath her. That she might intrigue with people of baser degree was admitted: it attached no stain to the family escutcheon, (provided always that she was married); but to give her hand to one of the canaille—to bring a plebeian name to

a patrician house—was a sin never to be forgiven. Poor girls! this false pride condemned you to nunneries in hundreds—tempted you to the paths of sin and disgrace in thousands.

Near Perpignan there dwelt, before the Revolution, General de Valençay, a scion of one of the noblest houses in Navarre,—a gentleman, as he himself said, of better blood than the old neighbours of his family, the Bourbons. High birth often brings with it kind manners—it ought to do so always. And the General was kind;—a kind husband, kind father, kind master, kind landlord, and kind friend. Having, like most French gentlemen, spent much time at court, he had acquired that indescribable politeness, that air, that *tournure*, which the Parisians flatter themselves is (or was) only found in the circle to be seen from the heights of Montmartre. We need not subscribe altogether to this doctrine, but we must allow that the society of the *vielle cour* was delightful. It now appears to be altogether lost, and perhaps it is as well that it should be so.

His wife had been dead many years, and had left him one daughter. Of her, as of the daughter of Jephtha, the ballad-monger might most truly say, that she was "fair," and that her father loved her "passing well." Well did she deserve the love, for she was, indeed, that beau ideal of the human creation—an innocent and virtuous mind enshrined in the lovely person of a beautiful girl.

After this preface to my story, there are few of my fair readers who will not be able to give a shrewd guess at what is to come next. Nor will it signify if they succeed. Wherefore should I conceal that an accident which has happened a thousand times before, and has been as frequently recorded both in prose and in verse, should have befallen Jacqueline de Valençay.

The General, having remarked some symptoms of talent in the son of one of his dependents, had, with his usual good nature, educated him at his own expense. The youth grew into a man, or rather was approaching to manhood, when the General made him his secretary—a post which, as Valençay kept up little correspondence, was almost a sinecure. He was about five years older than Jacqueline, and that difference made him, in her childhood, in some degree her instructor. Guided by him, and under his eye, she imbibed the beauties of Italian lore. The polished elegance of Petrarch—the dark sublimity of Dante—the chivalrous beauty of Tasso—the flood of poetry bursting from the heart-cheering stanzas of Ariosto—the glories and the graces of that satin tongue were imparted to her by the lips of Louis Regnault. Hours devoted to study; and such study, when the pupil is twenty and the lady-pupil fifteen, speedily become hours devoted to something else. She soon was to him his Laura—much more than Laura, for he did not freeze his love in icy sonnets, clear and bright and sparkling, but cold and unsubstantial. It burst from his lips at last—it was after a long struggle—it burst from his lips at last with all the warmth of the South—and it was heard. Need I say more? There were glowing cheeks, and wet eyes, and quivering hands. There was mourning over obstacles that appeared insurmountable; but then there was hope—brilliant, buoyant, soul-exhilirating hope—which whispered that *nothing* was insurmountable. In short, he loved her, and she loved him. Could either anticipate unhappiness?

The keen eye of the General soon discovered the existence of their passion; but he was too shrewd to attempt to thwart it abruptly. He contrived to keep the lovers as much asunder as possible, without appearing to have noticed their mutual affection. He had his measures already con-

certed in his own mind; and in the course of a fortnight, the Chateau Valençay was honoured by a visit from Monsieur le Marquis de Valriviere.

Like most French Marquises of his time, Valriviere was a fine, good-humoured, gay, brave, dissipated, and infinitely vain fellow. He was already, though but eight-and-twenty, a decided leader of the fashions at Paris. His word or example regulated the exact angle of the bow—the precise tie of the embroidered neckcloth—the most authentic knee-buckle—the most infallible ruffle—the most praise-worthy jewel for a ring. This was no light fame. No man under thirty had accomplished any thing like it for the last century. His word, of course, was equally potential in literature: for criticism and foppery in those days were sworn brethren. A new epic poem and a new sword knot were disposed of at the same *séance;* and the heart of the abstruse philosopher, weaving new systems of ethics, as well as that of the *Prima Donna* of the Opera—

Would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his Bah!

His father had been one of the General's earliest friends—they had campaigned together; and De Valençay had continued the affection to the son. It had been, long ago, agreed between the parents, that their children should be affianced to each other, and the Marquis had always looked upon it as an *affaire rangeé*. He had never seen the young lady, but he took it for granted that all young ladies were the same; and that as he was to marry, he might as well marry one as another. As for love, &c. —Pshaw!

The General wrote to him to come down to Chateau Valençay, as he had something of importance to communicate to him. He apologised for bringing him from Paris into the barbarous retirement of the country at such a time of the year; hinted jocosely at the grief which would overwhelm the Duchess de B——, the Comtesse de C——, Madame D——, and fifty opera dancers, in consequence of this movement into the interior; and proceeded to state that a visit to his chateau, for reasons to be explained on his arrival, was indispensable. The Marquis immediately ordered his carriages, and travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour, a prodigious feat on French roads, made his appearance at Perpignan, some days before the General expected a letter announcing his intention to depart from Paris.

De Valençay detailed the facts of the case.

"I would not conceal it from you, Valriviere, for the world. The girl is *eperdue* of this poor fellow; and you ought to be made acquainted with it. Candidly tell me what is your own view of the business. If you think this a ground for breaking off your contract, I am ready to absolve you; for a daughter of the house of Valençay shall not be forced on any man, far less smuggled clandestinely into his family. She shall go into a nunnery, *au pis aller*. I should send her thither with pleasure sooner."

But he stopped, and sighed. The "with pleasure" was upon the lips: it was not in the heart.

"My dear General," said the Marquis, "you are making a mountain of the most trifling mole-hill. That Mademoiselle Jacqueline, shut up in this secluded chateau, may have romantic ideas,—that she may fancy herself in love with this person, is perhaps possible; but after she is my wife, Madame la Marquise de Valriviere, she will forget all this trumpery. The air of Paris will soon disperse the nonsense of the provinces. I make no objection. I am ready to fulfil my part of the business. But introduce me. I have a great fancy to behold *ma petite épouse*. If, after seeing me,

she remembers this secretary of yours, her taste must, indeed, be barbarous beyond what my general good opinion of the ladies would incline me to believe."

The General had succeeded as far as one of the parties was concerned. Valriviere was introduced, and talked gaily on all the affairs of Paris. All the wit, and all the scandal of the saloons were poured forth—the beauties, the wits, the poets, the philosophers, the cooks, the chemists, the politicians, (they were beginning to have politicians in 1785), the actors, the singers, the painters, the tailors, the marchandes des modes, —every body, in fact, was discussed, valued, and dismissed by him during dinner. Poor Louis was *ecrasè*, and Jacqueline was at least dazzled. They well knew that she was destined to be Valriviere's wife, and the humble lover was distracted—the extent of his misfortune for the first time stared him in the face. As soon as he could leave the room, he fled into the neighbouring forest to vent his sorrows. The evening was bright and balmy, but its balminess brought no consolation to poor Louis; who, having exhausted his thoughts of grief, rage, bitterness, and despair, in all the eloquence and vehemence of passion, sunk in a stupor on the ground.

From this state the sound of well known voices aroused him. The General and Valriviere had walked out to enjoy the fineness of the evening. The Marquis was praising the grace and beauty of his intended spouse, and observed that a winter in Paris would render her *vraiment distinguée*. He jested on the pretensions of his rustic rival, who, however, he admitted to be a good-looking fellow.

"He is," said the General, with a sigh; "and he is also a good-hearted fellow. I hope he will forget his boyish passion. His own good sense will point out to him the folly of indulging it; and I am sure his amiable disposition will make him recoil from doing what would break the heart of one who has always endeavoured to be his friend, and who, even now, regards him with the affection of a father."

They passed on, and Louis heard no more of their conversation: he had heard enough. The fact that the General knew what the lovers considered to be an inviolable secret—was startling; but his kindness came like an icy pang upon his heart.

"*I* break his heart," he said. "No—no—my own first; and God knows that speech has already broken it. O, Jacqueline! (why do I dare to call her by such a name)—Mademoiselle de Valençay, I resign you for ever. Accursed be these differences of rank—these blighting distinctions, which wither the only fair flowers that decorate the wilderness of life."

His resolution was taken: he would see her once more—and see her in private. Through the medium of her nurse, who was privy to all their little arrangements, he invited her to meet him in the garden, by the fountain which had first witnessed their loves. It was a secluded old-fashioned garden, surrounded by immense walls, and quite out of sight of any part of the house. In the evening the family seldom entered it, and Louis thought it the most private spot he could select. With some difficulty, Jacqueline consented—decorum pleaded hard, but love still harder.

They met in silence, and the tears of Louis flowed as copiously as those of his beloved. At last, he took her unresisting hand into the chilly pressure of his own:

"Jacqueline," he said, "I must call you by that name for this one occasion. My presumption has been punished as it ought to be. It raised me to a pinnacle of unexpected happiness, thence to be hurled into the depths of despair. We part—part this hour—and part for ever!"

Jacqueline wept, but no word escaped from her quivering lips. He proceeded:

"That I love you with an intensity of passion, I need not affirm. I fear that it is returned."

"Fear it Louis!" said she, "if it be an object of fear, be prepared to tremble:" she forced a languid smile, but her voice was solemn with emotion, when she added, "I love you better than my life."

"The more cruel then is my punishment," he replied; "what an unhappy lot is mine, to bring misery upon those for whom I am ready to die."

In broken and agitated sentences, he told her his determination to leave the country—he repeated what he had overheard—requested her to forget her misplaced affection for her lowly admirer—and "oh! that such advice should flow from my lips," he concluded, "give your hand, and if you can your heart, to the object of your father's choice."

The pale girl scarcely answered him a word; she hung her head upon her lover's shoulder, and his bosom was wet with her tears. Her filial duty contended against her unfortunate passion; but if he had pressed, who can say that it would have required much solicitation to have made her the partner of his fortunes? A sound of heavy footsteps alarmed them, and they bade one another a melancholy farewell. Their lips met for the first time,—and Jacqueline, scarcely knowing what she did, vanished through one of the alleys of the garden.

The steps by which they had been disturbed, were those of Jacqueline's father, who, on his return to the house, discovered that his daughter and Louis were both absent, and went somewhat displeased in quest of them. He encountered Louis, and demanded, rather angrily, what he was doing there at so late an hour. The young man, who did not wish to compromise Jacqueline, offered some trivial, and not very plausible excuse, which irritated the General.

"It is false, Sir," said he.

"I cannot permit any man, Sir, to use such language to me," was the reply of Louis.

"You must permit it when you utter a falsehood. Tell me then, Sir, truly, if you can, was Mademoiselle de Valençay in the garden with you?"

"Since I am so pointedly questioned, I must answer you, that she was."

"I see I have taken a viper into my house. Louis, I once had a good opinion of you; but—"

"If you knew my case," said the young man, "you would still.—"

"What, Sir, do you bandy words with me? Fine times we have come to. A *roturier* here wants to ensnare the affections of my daughter, and dares to insult myself. Take that, *coquin*," and he made a blow at Louis, who however arrested his uplifted arm

"General de Valençay," said Louis, "you were not used to behave to me thus. I will not allow you to inflict an insult, which in your cooler moments you would lament. The memory of the great benefits you have heaped upon me, the recollection of the dreams of happiness which I enjoyed in your chateau, make me regret that we part as we do. Adieu! may God forgive you for the sin which you are about to commit, and shower down blessings upon her, who suffers for the gratification of your pride. As for me, you will at last do me justice."

So saying, he passed hastily out of the garden, and directed his footsteps towards the town. The General hemmed and stamped, and whistled; but in a moment began to feel that he was not altogether in the right.

"I am sorry we part so," said the general. "He was ever a fine manly fellow—and a plebeian is as much flesh and blood as the Grand Monarque. The fault was mine, in allowing them to be so much together. I must see Jacqueline, poor romantic girl! but all girls are silly at her age. She will live to thank me, for saving her from disgrace,"

The displeasure he felt with himself for his violence, had, as usual, produced a re-action, and he sought his daughter with his feelings considerably subdued. He made no allusion whatever to her interview with Louis, and when she put off his proposed discussion of the propriety of her marriage with Valriviere, by saying first, with a melancholy eagerness, "not to-night, father—oh! not to-night!" and then attempting to correct her energy, by stammering out a blushing excuse of accidental headache, he took no notice, but smiled, and withdrew from her apartment.

We need not linger over our story. Her father argued with her calmly and affectionately. He pointed out the utter disgrace of an inferior union —he talked kindly but coolly of youthful affection—assured her that his marriage with her own mother was an arrangement, and that he need not tell *her* how happy that union had been; pointed out the rank, birth, and accomplishments of the Marquis; and wound up his appeal by the most irresistible of all his arguments, by appealing to her love and duty to himself. She wavered, and submitted; but declared that when the Marquis made his formal proposals, he should hear from her the whole truth.

In due time; the exact, well calculated, well regulated time, the Marquis did make his proposals; and he made them in the prettiest of all pretty ways, saying the prettiest of all pretty things—things that would have won half the owners of the most brilliant eyes in Paris. They were coldly heard by Jacqueline, who contented herself by replying, that she felt honoured by the attentions of the observed of all observers—that family reasons rendered him a suitor not to be refused:—"but Sir," she added, in a serious tone, "I should be uncandid if I did not tell you, that I give you my hand only—I cannot give you my heart. If with this you be contented, I am yours."

"Fair hand," said he, taking it, "I kiss your taper fingers. The heart —if there be a heart—will follow. But, dear bride elect, don't talk such nonsense, or you will make us the laughing-stocks of all Paris. This, thank heaven, is the eighteenth, and not the thirteenth century; and we have given over talking of these little absurdities. Come, that's a good girl, don't spoil those divine eyes by useless tears. Let me read you a letter I have just received from Genlis, in which she gives me all the gossip of Paris—plenty of scandal of every body no doubt—but that is only fair, for every body speaks scandal of her."

The marriage was celebrated in the chateau with all feudal pomp. The old families of the country attended, looking solemn and important, as provincial nobles generally do, and accordingly they much diverted the Marquis, who vowed, that on his return to Paris, he would write a farce, to be called *Le Marriage du Chateau, ou Le Parisien entre les Ours.* He was gay, polite, attentive to his wife; she, calm and quiet, and resigned to him. Her *corbeille* and *trousse* were of the most magnificent description; in fact, he had done every thing that expense could command, or gallantry dictate. A splendid ball of course concluded the evening, and the Marquis gaily dancing with his lovely bride, cast a glow of grace and hilarity over the room.

The young demoiselles of Navarre could only console themselves by observing, that Jacqueline looked certainly rather pretty, but very melan-

choly; while the elder ladies, admitting that the Marquis was handsome, rich, and noble, whispered that he was the most depraved *roué* of Paris, and one to whom *they* would never have thought of giving a daughter of theirs. The festival lasted a fortnight; after which the Marquis whirled away his handsome wife to the metropolis, where he speedily immersed himself, and dragged her as much as possible along with him, in all the gaieties and dissipations of the luxurious society of his devoted order, just then, unconsciously, hovering on the brink of destruction.

And where was Louis Regnault in the meantime?—

After having parted from the General in the garden, he went into the town of Perpignan, and quite regardless of the direction of his footsteps, entered a cabaret, where some soldiers happened to be carousing. The leader of the party observing Regnault's thoughtful and absent air, took the military liberty of joking him upon it.

"I venture to say," said the serjeant, "that there is some girl of the village at the bottom of your black looks. Never mind her, if you take my advice. Pish! a tall fellow, and pine after a black eye, when there are the lilies of France waving in the neighbourhood. Join us, man; join us, and I warrant you will have many a score of black eyes at your service, in lieu of the pair that are now causing you to look like a winter midnight."

Louis was at first inclined to be angry with this soldier-like ribaldry; but on a sudden, the thought of enlisting seriously entered his mind. It would take him at once away from scenes now grown painful—it would at once remove him from all chance of encountering any of his old friends.

"I am not one of their accursed noblesse," said he, "and have therefore no chance of rising farther than some paltry rank; but then I am cut off from all possibility of seeing Jacqueline. If I went to Paris, as I once thought, and attempted to procure a precarious livelihood by my pen, I might perhaps have to endure the patronage of the Marquis—aye, of the Marchioness of Valriviere. It is better to be a private soldier: and then, if there be a war, I shall have an opportunity of being shot."

Influenced by these considerations, he joined the party, and was speedily enrolled as a private soldier.

The regiment to which he was attached, was, to his great delight, to march northwards in two days, during which he kept himself completely housed. On the night before his departure, he stole to the chateau, where he found the nurse, to whom he gave a letter, charging her to deliver it to her mistress in the morning. It was short, and ran thus:—

"Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear asunder hearts made for one another. May the blessing of Heaven light on the head of thee, my true love, torn from me by parental cruelty; and may your father never have cause to repent of his unkindness to the jewel of his heart."

How this was read, and wept over, and kissed, and treasured, it is useless to say. On that day, Jacqueline did not leave her chamber. She would not meet the jesting gallantry of the Marquis.

This was in 1785. In less than four years, Louis's good conduct had acquired him a serjeantry, the highest step that a *roturier* could expect under the old *regime*; but in 1789, the days of that *regime* were numbered. In a couple of years more, the privileges of the nobles were gone; in four years the king had laid his head in the basket of the guillotine. The first Revolutionary campaign found Louis a Lieutenant. It may be easily

conjectured that *he* did not take the aristocratical side. He joined the army at Dumourier, and fought at Genappe. Attached to the armies of Hoche and Pichegru, he assisted in the victories of the Republic. In 1789 he was with the army of Italy, and distinguished himself under the command of him, whose fame was not yet tarnished by tyranny or oppression. Afterwards, he adhered to the Emperor, and saw the fields of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram. With his services his honours increased, and in 1811 he was aid-du-camp to the Emperor, member of the Legion of Honour, a Lieutenant-General, and the Comte de Regnault. His wealth was great, and his standing in Parisian society permanent. No more the retired student of Perpignan, he was now a diplomatist and a general.

He had married in 1794, the daughter of a revolutionary General, which had contributed not a little to his advancement. She died not long after their marriage, and left him an only daughter. The young lady, reared amid the bustle and excitement of agitated times, was gay, *brusque*, lively, and of course a great favourite. Her father used to fancy a likeness between her and Mademoiselle de Valençay, at the same age; but he would say to himself, my poor Jacqueline was quiet and resigned—Pauline is gay and noisy. And in spite of the sternness of mind which scenes of battle and debate had produced, he would sometimes wish, in a moment of romance, that he knew where poor Jacqueline's remains were laid. "I think," he would whisper to himself, "I should be fool enough to visit them."

Alas! he did not know how near an approximation to the scenes of his youth in the Chateau de Valençay then existed in his splendid hotel in the *Rue Rivoli*. Gay and *etourdie* as Pauline was, there were moments when she was serious enough. And what was it that made her serious?

Her father had determined that she should be accomplished in the highest degree; and accordingly, music, drawing, &c. &c., were taught her by the most approved masters. Her drawing-master having chanced to become an invalid, or in consequence of having made a great deal of money, having fancied that he was so, recommended a young man, who had just completed some great picture, as his successor. The old painter spoke much of the young man's knowledge of painting, and chiaro scuro, freedom of pencil, breadth, and so on; and his recommendation was adopted.

Henri de Feuillars, the new teacher, was not more than one-and-twenty. He was silent and reserved; and there was an air of natural *hauteur* about him. He had no friends, and laboured incessantly for the support of his mother, to whom he appeared devotedly attached. His dress, never finical, was always that of a gentleman. His conversation, when you could draw him out, shewed that, young as he was, his knowledge was great and varied. His figure was slight, but graceful—his face, in spite of its paleness and melancholy expression, was handsome. To some women, it was more than handsome, it was interesting. Who that has once read it, forgets the verse of the ballad, with which this tale has been begun.

En lui toute singe de jeunesse apparaissaient
Mais longue barbe, air de tristesse la ternissaient,
Si de jeunesse ou doit attendre beau coloris
Paleur, qui marque une ame tendre a bien son prix.

In him each sign of youthful grace,
Of manly charm appeared,

Tho' tarnished by a sorrowing face,
And by a length of beard;
If we expect that youth impart
Colours of rosy hue,
Paleness which marks a tender heart,
Has its attractions too.

Pauline at first laughed at her melancholy tutor—played practical jokes upon him—drew caricatures, to which she put the title of "the knight of the rueful countenance;" but before any great length of time had elapsed, her gaiety began to subside before the melancholy smile, which greeted or rebuked her good-humoured play. Soon afterwards, she found that when he spoke, she was compelled to be dumb; that the retired, and apparently taciturn man, could, in moments of inspiration, deliver, with a fervid eloquence, the results of multifarious study, or deep thought and profound feeling. Gradually her jesting ceased, and she delighted to draw her silent teacher forth. He, gratified in turn by the attentions of a beautiful and accomplished girl, poured forth his glowing language, almost for her ear alone. Her beaming eye, resting upon his, soon caught an inspiration of which she had not dreamt, and they speedily discovered a secret which neither wished to keep. Pauline found out that she was in love, and the gay girl was silent. Henri made the same discovery, and the melancholy student smiled.

His apartments, in which his mother alone resided with him, were in a street not far from the *Rue Rivoli*. I think it was in the *Rue Duphot*. The usual hour of tuition did not suffice the lovers after a while. Something was to be exhibited—and though the master now did *all* the lesson, yet even this consumed some time. A correspondence began, in which both poured forth the unrestrained feelings of their souls. Do not expect to find any of them here, for love letters being intended for one pair of eyes, are ridiculous when offered to any other.

The Comte soon discovered how matters stood; but dissimulated his anger until he was able to intercept one of the young painter's letters. It was conceived in the usual terms of these compositions, but contained a sentence which Henri's honourable feelings had induced him to insert in all his communications. He said, that her love was the delight of his life, but that she ought to consider what was due to her father's rank, and *present* station in the world, (the word *present* was carefully underlined), and that he would die sooner than entrap any young lady, particularly one so dear to him as his own Pauline, into a marriage which her friends would disavow, and she herself perhaps hereafter repent.

"The boy," said the Comte, "is a gentleman; but this nonsense must be put an end to. Antoine, call Mademoiselle de Regnault."

Pauline appeared, and her father gave her the letter he had intercepted. She blushed—she half cried—but, finally, she giggled.

"What is this, Mademoiselle," said her father, angrily. "Do you make so light of my authority? Do you think you are to carry on a clandestine correspondence, without my having it at least in my power to discover it?"

"O, dear papa," said Pauline, "I know that a poor young girl cannot hope to match an old campaigner like yourself, when you are determined on intercepting correspondence; but, *au reste*, what has your Excellency to say?"

"What have I to say?" asked he in a passion. "Is that the answer

I deserve—the answer, Pauline, I have a right to expect? Am I to see you entrapped into a marriage so far beneath you? Am I—"

"Entrapped, dear, darling papa. Read the very note you are now so unmercifully crushing, and you will find that dear Henri says he would die—*O, mon Dieu!*—die—sooner than entrap *me*. It is his very word. No—no—papa; Henri and I may be fools—but I asked him to marry me, and he refused."

"You asked him to marry you, Mademoiselle? by mine honour, the age improves. Have the goodness to go to your *gouvernante*, who, I am sorry to perceive, has performed her duty very indifferently, and remain in your own apartment until I send for you. Go, I say, Mademoiselle Regnault;" and the laughing girl blowing him a kiss, ran out of the room.

"I cannot," thought the Comte when alone, "write to young Henri—in fact the young man has behaved with an uncommon degree of honour and prudence; but"—and he paused for a while, "I am told his mother has a vast influence over him, and perhaps I may have a chance with her."

A note, written with due official haste and illegibility, was the consequence of this determination. It said, in terms the most ceremoniously polite, yet, at the same time, in effect the most severely laconic, that the great man wanted to see the poor woman.—"At ten minutes past one, or eighteen minutes past three, *to-day*, I shall have the honour of being disengaged for you, Madame, on both occasions, for ten minutes. I shall not permit myself the pleasure of further intruding on your valuable time."

"At ten minutes past one—not a second sooner, nor a second later—Madame de Feuillars was announced at the Comte's. The official man had been disengaged to the moment—and at two seconds past ten minutes after one o'clock, Madame de Feuillars was in the Comte's library.

She was a woman who retained many traits of conspicuous beauty, but she was wan and wasted. A tenderness of sight had compelled her to disfigure her features with a green shade. The humility of her circumstances had cast an air of submission over all her actions. The poor, the unpretending, the unrepining Madame de Feuillars seemed born for poverty.

The Comte had never seen the mother of his daughter's painting-master before; but from what he had heard, was deeply impressed with respect for her character. He handed her to a chair.

"It is unpleasant, Madame," said he, "to say any thing which, directly or indirectly, may seem derogatory to a worthy, a clever, and beloved son. Ask me any tribute of respect to the genius, or the goodness of heart and conduct of your Henri, as far as I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, and I shall be most happy to give it. But, Madame, I have discovered by one means or another, that he has abused the opportunities—No, I will not use so hard a word at that—that he and Paul—Mademoiselle de Regnault, have been so foolish as to—to—to—you understand—as to talk that nonsense to one another which young people sometimes talk, without considering the difference of station—the ways of the world. You understand me, Madame."

"I do Sir," said the quiet lady. He started—God knows at what; and continued.

"I do not mean to offend—not the least; indeed, quite the contrary. Your son is really a very clever young gentleman, as the world knows—a very honourable young gentleman, as I know—no matter how. But

you will admit, Madame, I ought not to allow so ill-mated a courtship to go on.—You know, Madame, the thing cannot be."

"I do, Sir," responded the lady as humbly as before.

Something made the Comte start again; and he then continued:

"I have taken the liberty—the very great liberty, Madame, of sending for you, in order to request your acquiescence in a plan of mine. He loves his mother: it is an honour to him that he does so. She is a lady well deserving of love."

There was no gallantry in this, as it was said; and yet the lady *did* bridle up a little.

"And if you could suggest to him that a journey to Rome, there to perfect himself in his art, would be advantageous, 10,000 francs a-year should be at his service, and 12,500 to fit him out for the journey. You can perceive, Madame, that I consult the interest of your son."

"I do, Sir," said the lady.

The Comte flouted a little at the repetition of the phrase; and thinking that a rougher tone would perhaps answer better, changed his manner.

"Madame de Feuillars, I shall not dissemble that I propose the plan as much for the good of my daughter as for that of your son. But, Madame, if you do not acquiesce in my view of the business, I must adopt a very different method. You are a woman who, I suppose, has seen the world; and when I tell you that I have detected a correspondence between Mons. Henri and my young lady, I have ground sufficient to proceed upon. Madame, do you approve of such conduct?"

"No, Sir," said the lady.

"Well, Madame, you agree then with me, that an end must be put to such things. I humbly think my plan is the best for all parties. There must be no more letters."

"I agree with you, Sir," said Madame de Feuillars, "to a greater extent than you imagine. I have myself intercepted a letter from a foolish lover of humble life, to a lady in superior rank. To shew you that I do not approve of such things, I have brought it to you;"—and she drew a letter from her pocket.

"Your conduct, Madame," said the Comte, "does you honour. But this is a sadly mangled and dirty epistle:—what's this?"

"*Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear asunder hearts made for one another*———"

"What!" said the Comte; "O woman! who art thou?"

She took the shade from her eyes.

It was she—Jacqueline de Valençay,—the *ci-devant* Marquise de Valriviere!

Her father had died of a broken heart, at the commencement of the Revolution; when a tailor of his neighbourhood, who had made the liveries of his footmen for the last twenty years, was appointed a commissioner, to domineer over his chateau. The Marquis was killed in Flanders, in the army of Prince Saxe Cobourg; and the Marchioness, who had long before abandoned her title, and assumed the name of her husband's family, had lived by precarious employments; had devoted her time and accomplishments, to the education of her only son: he had proved worthy of her attention, both in talents and in goodness. His genius having been directed towards painting, she encouraged him in the study—but never suffered him to forget the honourable race from which he had sprung. When she heard that he had been recommended to instruct the daughter of the Comte de Regnault, she did not inform him of her story: but when

AN ESCAPE FROM VERDUN

...ng the English who were detained in Prison at the breaking ... in 1803. My rank, as an army paymaster, entitled me to ... service to many of my countrymen in Verdun; while the ... from the wealthier individuals supplied all my necessities. My ... likewise, introduced me extensively into French society. ... confess that I was always treated with politeness and delicacy ... of the military, the *employés*, and even the rank and file soldiers ... had risen, as the English phrase is, from the ranks of the ... by the conflicts of the revolution, I almost always found them ... and sincere. Good manners are really of very easy acquirement ... of intellect; witness the stage, and revolutions which ... the ascendency to talents. It was long before our splendid Trafalgar and the supplementary victory of Sir Richard Strachan ... by the English prisoners at Verdun. At length a Morning ... amongst us, heaven knows how, and the joy of our countrymen ... nor was it expressed in terms very flattering to the ... This I rather regretted, for the better classes of that nation were ... peculiarly delicate in communicating to us the victories of ... They always softened them to our feelings, by considering the ... war with the English government, and not with the English ...

... our exultation was at its zenith, I went to dine with the Count ... I had determined to avoid the mention of Trafalgar, and of all ... or national topics. This was my invariable habit. However, ... the room, which was excessively crowded, particularly with ... military men of rank, I found a strong re-action created against ... countess, forgetting, I thought, her usual urbanity, said to me, ... or ——, so *Providence* has given you English a great victory at ... knew the whole value of her emphasis upon Providence. If the ... gained a battle, it was the work of Providence, distinct from them: ... the French obtained a splendid triumph, it was attributed to ... of the Emperor and to the native bravery of French soldiers. ... that the lady should not make me the dupe of such egregious ... vanity, and in the presence of so many who were enjoying the ... I coolly replied—that I was far from a sceptic as to the interference of Providence, but I could never mix up a Providence in the details, carnage, cruelties, and ferocious passions of a battle. "Madam," ... coldly, "I must confess I never could form any idea of a fighting ..., and least of all can I appreciate a Providence so inconsistent, ... treacherous, as to fight on both sides, for whilst she gives us ... at sea, she as invariably gives the triumph to Napoleon on ... Trafalgar comes between Ulm and Austerlitz." My triumph over ... was evident in the faces of the company, and the conversation ... with the grace and facility peculiar to the French.

... two years after this, that I had a singular opportunity of escaping ... dun. I had ceased to be on parole, and a combination of circumstances advantageous to my escape was offered to me by my friends. My ... go to Paris, and from thence to travel to Bourdeaux as an merchant, returning to Baltimore.

her melancholy son told her, his only *confidante*, that Pauline was not indifferent to him—when he blushed as he related the tale of their loves, and sighed to think of the utter hopelessness of their being attended by happiness—she disclosed her long-kept secret; and warned him to profit by her example, and to fly from such a connexion, before he was irretrievably entangled, for the sake of Pauline and himself. This advice had produced the letter which the Comte had intercepted.

Why loiter on our way. The Comte insisted on taking the Marchioness and her son into his hotel, and sanctioned the alliance which had formerly aroused his indignation. In a couple of years they were married; and the gaiety of Pauline lightened the gravity of her husband; who, in turn, subdued the exuberance of his lady's spirits by his more even temperament.

About a year afterwards, the wits of Paris had ample room for the exercise of their vocation; and many a gay squib was made on the marriage of the Comte with the Marchioness.

It would be endless to quote all the brilliant things expended on the subject of the elderly lovers; no one laughed at them more heartily than themselves. Nor did they much regard the spiteful remarks of various mammas and dashing widows—they consulted their own feelings, and married. On the return of the Bourbons, the politics of the wife saved the husband's property; and the indemnity having restored Louis to his family estates, he was no longer oppressed by a reflection that often embittered his proud mind, that he had brought a pauper into the family of his wife.—[LITERARY SOUVENIR.]

STANZAS.

I THINK of thee, when the young morn is breaking
In radiance bright;
Thou art the earliest thought of my awaking—
My last at night.

I think of thee, when day-light is declining
Low in the west,
I think of thee, when its last rays are shining
On nature's rest.

And when on summer evening's brow, is gleaming
Our favourite star,
I think of one who watched with me its beaming,
Now distant far.

When darkness reigns, and all are sleeping round me
So peacefully,
How often has the silent midnight found me
Thinking on thee!

And still, in all that memory loves to treasure,
Thy form I see,
In every little grief, or hoped for pleasure,
I think of thee.

[ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.]

AN ESCAPE FROM VERDUN.

I WAS among the English who were detained in France at the breaking out of the war in 1803. My rank, as an army physician, enabled me to be of much service to many of my countrymen at Verdun; whilst the fees I obtained from the wealthier individuals supplied all my necessities. My medical character, likewise, introduced me extensively into French society, and I must confess that I was always treated with kindness and delicacy. Though many of the military, the *employés*, and even the rich householders and landholders had risen, as the English phrase is, from "the dregs of the people" by the conflicts of the revolution, I almost always found them polite, liberal, and sincere. Good manners are really of very easy acquirement by people of intellect; witness the stage, and revolutions which always give the ascendency to talents. It was long before our splendid victory of Trafalgar and the supplementary victory of Sir Richard Strachan, were known by the English prisoners at Verdun. At length a *Morning Chronicle* got amongst us, heaven knows how, and the joy of our countrymen was extreme, nor was it expressed in terms very flattering to the French. This I rather regretted, for the better classes of that nation were, I thought, peculiarly delicate in communicating to us the victories of Napoleon. They always softened them to our feelings, by considering the Emperor at war with the English government, and not with the English nation.

Whilst our exultation was at its zenith, I went to dine with the Count de ——. I had determined to avoid the mention of Trafalgar, and of all belliferous or national topics. This was my invariable habit. However, on entering the room, which was excessively crowded, particularly with ladies and military men of rank, I found a strong re-action created against us. The countess, forgetting, I thought, her usual urbanity, said to me, "Ah, Doctor ——, so *Providence* has given you English a great victory at sea." I knew the whole value of her emphasis upon Providence. If the English gained a battle, it was the work of Providence, distinct from their merits; if the French obtained a splendid triumph, it was attributed to the genius of the Emperor and to the native bravery of French soldiers. Resolved that the lady should not make me the dupe of such egregious national vanity, and in the presence of so many who were enjoying the triumph, I coolly replied—that I was far from a sceptic as to the interference of Providence, but I could never mix up a Providence in the destruction, carnage, cruelties, and ferocious passions of a battle. "Madam," I added mildly, "I must confess I never could form any idea of a fighting Providence, and least of all can I appreciate a Providence so inconsistent, not to say treacherous, as to fight on both sides, for whilst she gives us the victory at sea, she as invariably gives the triumph to Napoleon on shore. Trafalgar comes between Ulm and Austerlitz." My triumph over my hostess was evident in the faces of the company, and the conversation was changed with the grace and facility peculiar to the French.

It was two years after this, that I had a singular opportunity of escaping from Verdun. I had ceased to be on parole, and a combination of circumstances advantageous to my escape was offered to me by my friends. My plan was to go to Paris, and from thence to travel to Bourdeaux as an American merchant, returning to Baltimore.

In the Diligence to Bourdeaux was a vivacious and loquacious little French woman—very pretty, and of most insinuating manners. Another *compagnon de voyage* was a Captain of the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard. He was the beau ideal of a military hero—young, tall, of a powerful frame, with an open noble countenance, and a profusion of jet black whiskers and mustachios.

We became almost confidential even at the outset of the journey, and what did not a little surprise me was, that he spoke to me by my assumed name as if we had been old friends, though I felt convinced I had never set eyes on him before. So superb a Murat-like figure of a military officer was not easily to be forgotten.

Arrived at the little town of ——, about twenty English miles from Bourdeaux, he took me into the recess of the window of the house where we changed horses, and informed me that he was on a visit to his uncle, who had a small estate and chateau just off the high road, and he first invited, then pressed, and at last *insisted*, that I should accompany him and stay two or three days with "the good old man." In vain I urged the necessity of my mercantile affairs, and my anxiety to get back to my counting-house at Baltimore. The officer repeated mysteriously, "I am a gentleman and a soldier, accept my invitation, or you'll repent it."

I was at last reluctantly overcome, and the officer sent a boy off to his uncle with the news, loudly delivered, that he and his *old* friend had at length arrived at the inn, and would be with him in an hour.

I was very hospitably received by a venerable old lady and gentleman, in a house of some grandeur. One fortnight elapsed, nor could I get away from my kind hosts, in spite of my palpable and uncontrollable anxiety to depart, and my incessant fear of being detected. At last, at night, after the old lady and gentleman had retired to rest, my friend, pouring out the last glass of a bottle of fine old claret, said, without any preface or apology, "You must go to Bourdeaux to-morrow—I have ordered my uncle's carriage and horses for you precisely at six—" "Shall I not take leave of the family?" Decidedly not. My uncle and aunt are invalids and cannot be disturbed so early, and they will dispense with the ceremony, so good night." I was bowed out of the room and lighted to my chamber in a very summary way, and I was much perplexed and not a little annoyed at so much kindness, mixed with a singularity which became almost insulting.

The next morning at six, I found an open carriage at the door, with my friend's horses and liveries, and my friend himself awaited me in the hall.

Taking me into a little boudoir, he briefly and abruptly said, in the style of his master, Napoleon:—"You have been perplexed at the singularity of my manners—at my taciturnity—and vexed at your detention from your *Counting-house* at Baltimore: My friend, you are not an American returning to your country; in plain terms, you are an English prisoner escaping from Verdun.—Do not start nor colour—I presume you are Dr. ——. You were not on your parole when you escaped, but two of your countrymen who had their parole, have shamefully violated it, and they escaped from Verdun eight-and-forty hours after you left it.

The Emperor was vexed at this dishonour, and the police on the coast were using their utmost vigilance. That pretty woman in the Diligence, with whom you seemed so much inclined to become intimate, is the wife of a police agent at Bourdeaux. The only way to save you was, to treat you as my old familiar friend, travelling with me to my uncle's chateaux,—now all is explained. Entering Bourdeaux in this equipage, and with a passport from this house, you will excite no suspicion. I need not say

the injury I shall suffer, if you betray the service I have rendered to you. But, no—you cannot—you are a man of honour—and now, my friend, do not imbibe the vulgar prejudices instilled into your countrymen by your Press, that the French officers are ferocious *canaille*.—We fight for military glory, whilst the personal malignity of your officers against us strips war of all its pride and magnanimity. Farewell, and let us exchange these snuff-boxes as a memorial of this scene—but—I have one favour to ask of you: Do you know an English town called Reading?

"Intimately, it lays on the high road between the metropolis and my little paternal property. I pass through it five or six times every year."

"Then do me this sacred office of friendship. I have a young brother, a lieutenant de Vaisseau, who was badly wounded and captured by one of your ships of war. He is a prisoner at Reading; I have never relieved his necessities, partly from the want of means, and partly from my absence with the Emperor at Austerlitz, Wagram, and Jena. Take these seventy Napoleons, deliver them to my brother, and console him by saying what you know of me and of his kind old uncle and aunt."

We parted: I was but eight-and-forty hours at Bourdeaux, when I obtained a passage on board a ship, bound to Charleston, South Carolina. In the night, when out of sight of land, the captain put the helm up and steered due north. On my expressing my astonishment, he frankly told me, that his American papers were all forged, and that he was bound to the Port of London, adding, "You need pay me nothing for your passage, since I was obliged to deceive you, and from London you may get a passage to Baltimore any day in the week." I became equally confidential and to his equal astonishment.

In three days we had passed through the English Rochefort Squadron and Channel Fleet, and I went on board the Ville de Paris, where I had a long interview with the Admiral in Chief, the Earl St. Vincent.

I had been but a few days in London, when I went to Reading on my friend's mission. I found his brother had died about six months before, partly of his numerous wounds, and partly of the melancholy of his sensitive temper, at his neglected, impoverished state. He had died in great distress.

I had an opportunity of sending the seventy Napoleons to their owner, by a gentleman going to Paris. However, to my great grief, in about three months I received from this traveller a bill of exchange for the same amount, with a letter saying, that my friend had been killed in a charge upon the Russian Cuirassiers at Friedland.

Travelling for amusement in the South of France in 1815, I repaired to Bourdeaux, and visited the château of my friend's uncle, who was dead, but the widow, though extremely old, recognized me, and was bitterly afflicted with the recollections I occasioned of her nephew. Into her hands I put the seventy Napoleons; and I remained two days under her roof, consoling her with merited eulogies of my generous friend—the Captain of Cuirassiers.

[FROM THE COURT JOURNAL.]

COFFEE.

COFFEE, the seed of a tree or shrub of the jessamine species, originally a native of Arabia, but now thriving in the West Indies, where it is become an important article of English commerce.

The flower is yellow, and the berry juicy, containing two seeds; these when gathered, have a farinaceous bitter taste, but are wholly without that peculiar smell and flavour imparted to them by fire, and for which, an infusion or decoction of them is so generally admired.

This fashionable beverage, almost a necessary of life to the merchant, the politician, and the author, on its first introduction in Asia, caused a violent religious schism among the Mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house, properly so called, was established at Constantinople: its discovery was announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which each sect relates in its own way.

"A dervise," says a certain heterodox rational Mussulman, if such there can be, "a dervise, overflowing with zeal or with bile, was sorely troubled, on observing that his brethren were not animated by a spirit active as his own: he saw, with concern, that they were listless and drowsy in the performance of their religious exercises, their ecstacies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertigoes, their bellowings and laborious breathings," in which, at a certain period, the Turkish priests equalled, or surpassed, the most enthusiastic of the followers of Barclay and of Fox.

"The dissatisfied dervise, taking a solitary walk, to sooth his disturbed spirits, or cool his heated imagination, observed that the cattle became suddenly and remarkably playsome and lively, after feeding on a certain leaf; judging, by analogy, that the same effect might be produced on *other animals*, he gave his companions a strong infusion of it; their heaviness and torpor were almost instantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity and vigour; the leaf, so powerful in its effects, proved to be the shrub from which coffee berries afterwards were gathered."

"Listen not to such profane heresies," says an orthodox doctor of Mecca. "It was in the six hundred and fifty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian æra) that Abouhasan Schazali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, extreme heat, and old age, called unto him Omar, a venerable Scheick, his friend and companion, and thus addressed him:—

"'Teacher of the faithful! the angel of death hath laid his hand upon me: cleansed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise, I hope soon to be in the presence of our prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship; persevere in the path thou hast so long trod, and rely on him, who drove the infidels like sheep before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties: farewell, sometimes think of Abouhasan, pity his errors, and do justice to his good name:' he would have spoken further, but his breath failed, his eyes became dim, and pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

"Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way: but, a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with

sorrow, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of the danger of his situation, till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which, raising into the air the sandy soil of that country, generally prove destructive.

"Falling on his face, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand passed over him; almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding the precaution he had taken, separated from the companions of his journey, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up for a lost man; the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, perception and sensation began to fail, and believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculation to the Allah.

"An angel of light immediately stood before him, waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words, a limpid stream suddenly gushed from the ground, and a luxuriant shrub sprung forth from the barren sand of the desert; bathing the temples, the eyes, and the lips of Omar, with the refreshing fluid, the celestial messenger disappeared.

"The cool stream, and the berries plucked from the miraculous tree, soon recovered the sinking man; he poured forth his soul in thanksgiving, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke in full vigour and spirits.

"Omar, with renewed strength, soon rejoined the caravan, and relating the supernatural circumstance, a mosque was erected on the spot, by the zeal and contributions of true believers; coffee, that wonderful shrub, the peculiar gift of our prophet, and more particularly the produce of his favoured country, still continues the solace, cordial, and comforter of his devoted followers."

This singular specimen of Turkish superstition, in which the Mahometan appears to have encroached on the prerogatives of the Vatican, is taken from a curious book, which, previous to the Gallic Revolution, was in the library of the King of France, and presented to Lewis the Fifteenth, by Said, an ambassador from the Porte to the court of Versailles.

[LOUNGER'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.]

SONG.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks.—Grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there,
Prolong my winter all the year;
And the example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

[DR. KING.]

THE WOOD DEMON.

On the border of a little placid-looking lake, in the beautiful and picturesque country of Norway, lived a young fisherman, called Uric, who, being of a covetous and grasping disposition, grumbled incessantly at the small profit which accrued from his craft, and longed for riches with an intensity which was not only criminal in itself, but which the wisest and most reflecting of his neighbours prophesied would lead to sin and misery.

Uric, however, was not without defenders, amongst the foremost of whom was Paul Marken, the father of a beautiful maiden, for whose hand many lovers fiercely contended, all whose hopes were crushed by the declaration of Paul that he had chosen Uric for his son-in-law. This determination carried sorrow into many hearts; but it overwhelmed Oluf, the handsome young woodsman, with consternation and despair: for he loved the fair maiden with a passionate love, and he knew that he alone was the possessor of her pure and guileless heart. This, however, availed nothing: Paul Marken, having once formed a resolution, resisted as firmly all entreaties to change, as the Naze does the thousand waves that break in fury on its rocky breast. The lovers were in misery: Oluf's grief was loud and vehement: Margaret bent in silence to her stern father's will, and meekly submitted to the fate she could not avert: the ceremony of the *Festeröl*, or Betrothing, was performed, and hope fled.

Uric, meanwhile, cared little for the prize that was almost in his grasp: his sordid soul was incapable of feeling a true affection: he loved nothing but wealth,—gold, gold, gold, was his constant cry—and it was listened to.

As he sauntered gloomily one evening amongst the tall pines which stretched down to the edge of the lake, he suddenly heard a strain of music which seemed to come from the heart of the forest. There was something thrilling and unearthly in the notes, yet Uric listened for a few moments without having any suspicion as to who was the performer, till, on endeavouring to retrace his steps and return home, he found himself irresistibly impelled to follow the sound of the music. On making this discovery a cold shiver came over him, and his teeth chattered in his head; he attempted to turn and fly, but in vain; his limbs, so far from obeying him, their lawful master, bore him deeper and deeper into the pine forest, till he found himself almost at the side of the musician, whose strains when heard, drew every living thing around him.

The Wood Demon was seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, playing with all his might to the beasts of the forest, which were dancing furiously to the sound of the music: the bear, having just made his luncheon off a fat sheep, plunged clumsily about; the deer bounded joyously; the wolves performed a rigadoon; the foxes doubled and doubled, and crossing each other under the very nose of the bear, put him sadly out of the step; squirrels leaped from tree to tree; and the great white owl hopped among the branches. Meanwhile the Demon, being obliged to mind his hits, said nothing, but cast a glance on Uric, who immediately felt a strange kind of tingling in his limbs, which in spite of himself cut the most extravagant capers, and carried him into the very midst of the dancers. The Demon played louder and louder, and faster and faster; the bear danced dos-à-dos with Uric; the wolves pirouetted with him, and set at the corners; while the foxes took hands round and back again, brushing the trees with their

long tails. This scene proved too much for the gravity of the Demon, who laughed till the very woods rung again. As soon as the music stopped, so did the dancers; the bear sucked his paws, and went off to take his siesta; the deer ran to cool themselves in the stream; the wolves withdrew to their dens; the foxes to their holes; the squirrels disappeared among the branches; and the white owl, tired of all this racketing, fell fast asleep.

Uric and the Demon were now alone. Uric would fain have made his escape, but as the thought rose in his mind, it seemed to him that the pine-trees grew taller and taller, and thicker and thicker, and that they thrust out their branches and drew closer together to bar his egress.

"Good morrow, Uric," said the Demon; "I have long foreseen that we should become acquainted; pray, sit down till I'm at leisure to have a little chat with you." The Demon hitched himself to one end of the fallen tree, and Uric seated himself at the very extremity of the rustic couch. "Excuse me for a few moments," said the polite Demon; "I have a little business to transact, after which I shall be at your service." Uric, too much terrified to reply, preserved a profound silence. The Demon then proceeded to untie the mouth of a large sack that lay at his feet, and poured out on the snow a vast quantity of gold pieces. These the Demon immediately began to count over and replace in the sack. Uric's eyes greedily devoured the sparkling treasure; he gradually drew nearer and nearer, till at length by the time that the half of the pile of gold was counted and returned to the sack, Uric was rubbing elbows with his new friend. "I fear," said the well-bred Demon, "that you may think me deficient in the attentions due to a guest; but perhaps you will have the goodness to pardon my pursuing my present occupation, as it is connected with a love affair. In fact, my worthy friend," continued the Demon, looking modestly on the ground, "I mean to change my condition, and this gold is intended as a reward for the person who may help me to obtain a bride."—"Hah!" exclaimed the fisherman,—"what, all that gold?"—"Poh!" returned the Demon, "this is nothing; I would double it, ay, quadruple it, on obtaining my wishes."—"Have you any particular girl in view?" asked Uric. "Why to be frank with you," replied the Demon, "I have made a choice. You must know," he continued, in a confidential tone, "that I have found the darkness of my complexion attended with many disadvantages; in fact, there seems to be a most unreasonable prejudice against it: for myself, I don't think it unbecoming: do you?" This question rather discomposed the fisherman; but quickly recovering himself, he declared, upon his honour, that he thought his friend had a most expressive countenance, and that the darkness of his complexion gave him a travelled look that was quite engaging. "Oh! you flatter," answered the Demon with a low bow; "but as, unhappily, every one has not your refined taste, I am anxious to form such an alliance as will ensure a fairer exterior to my children; for a person of your judgment must acknowledge, that it is the duty of every parent to study the benefit of his children." The fisherman politely assented, and praised the forethought and consideration of his new friend to the skies. "Let us waive complements," replied the Demon, "and proceed to business. Will you help me to overcome the foolish reluctance to share my lot, which every young girl has shewn to whom I have attempted to play the agreeable? To this proposal Uric gave an immediate consent, declaring he thought they ought not to be indulged in such a foolish prejudice. "I see you are a sensible man, Uric," returned the Demon, "so I will come to the point at once: the girl whom I have chosen is Margaret, the daughter of Paul Marken, who lives on the other side of the lake."—

"Oh! you have chosen Margaret, have you?" said the fisherman, taking off his tufted cap and scratching his head. "Yes, I have chosen Margaret," retorted the Demon sharply; "have you any objections?"—"Why to tell you the truth," answered the fisherman, "I was intending to marry Margaret myself; so that if any other girl would do as well"——"Any other girl will not do as well," interrupted the Demon in a rage; and I think it is extremely selfish in you to thwart my wishes, when you know how much I have the good of my family at heart; but this is just the way of the world: one cannot propose doing a good action, but some impertinent puppy must interfere with his objections and advice. This is all the thanks I get for my condescension in asking your assistance; but let me tell you, sir, I will woo your bride, marry your bride, ay, and bring home your bride, in spite of your teeth; and I will keep my gold for those who have a little more sense in their noddles;" and the Demon, in a huff, began to shovel the gold back into the sack. "Don't be so hasty," said the fisherman; "I have considered better of the matter, and as you say that you are resolved to have Margaret, whether I will or not, I don't see there will be any great harm in giving you my assistance."—"None in the world," replied the Demon, coming out of his pet; "on the contrary, you will be doing her an infinite service in making her my bride. She shall be Queen of the pine tree: when she wants music, the birds will sing to her: should she feel inclined to dance, you can bear witness that she will have great choice of partners: the trees of the wood shall bend their heads to do her homage: she will reign over *me*," continued the Demon, with a gallant air; "and what more could a reasonable woman desire?"—"Why, truly," answered the fisherman, "you have placed the affair in quite another light; and since you assure me she will be happy"——"Sir," interrupted the Demon, laying his hand upon his breast with a solemn air, "be assured that it shall be the business of my life to make her happy."—"Since that is the case," replied the fisherman, "it would certainly be selfish in me to stand in the way of her advancement. When would you wish the marriage to take place?"—"Immediately," answered the Demon; "but as women are sometimes unreasonable, as you, my friend, may have observed, and require to be surprised into measures intended solely for their good, it may be necessary to use a little harmless deceit to bring her hither."—"Let me alone for that," replied the fisherman; "and now let us settle about the reward: was it four sacks of gold, or five, that you promised?"—"Oh!" answered the Demon, "that was when I thought you a common kind of fellow; but, now that I see you are a man after my own heart," (the fisherman acknowledged the compliment by a low bow,) "I have a much higher reward in store for you. Go, now, and bring Margaret hither; you will afterwards return to your boat, and, by the time you have rowed to the middle of the lake, you will find her laden with gold."—"May I trust you?" asked the fisherman. "On the honour of a Demon, you may."

There was no disputing this: the fisherman ran down to the edge of the lake, leapt into his boat, rowed it swiftly across, and, hastening to the dwelling of the fair maiden, rushed in with such an appearance of consternation, as caused Margaret to drop the frying pan, in which she was preparing a cherry pancake for her father's supper. "Ah! dear Margaret," said the fisherman, with a sorrowful air, "I fear your worthy father will never eat a pancake again in this world."—"For Heaven's sake," said Margaret, trembling with affright, "what has happened?"—"Don't be alarmed, my love," replied the fisherman; "you may perhaps be in time to receive his last blessing, if he does not bleed to death before you reach him."

"He is hurt, then?" said Margaret, pale with terror; "where is he?"—"In the pine forest: while felling a tree, his axe glanced aside, and almost cut his leg off. I left him my handkerchief to help to staunch the blood, and hastened here for assistance."

Margaret waited to hear no more, but hurried to the edge of the lake, followed by Uric. They stepped into the boat, and the tender-hearted Margaret, pleased with his deep anxiety to reach quickly the other side of the lake, almost forgot to hate him. Their little voyage accomplished, Uric moored his boat under a rocky cliff, and, calling on Margaret to follow him, plunged into the forest. At every step that Margaret took, the scene became more and more dark and gloomy. Not a breath of air was felt; the trees stood immoveable; not a leaf rustled; no birds chirped; not an insect was on the wing—every thing seemed dead. There was something in this unnatural silence which froze Margaret's blood, and she endeavoured to join Uric, who, however, having reasons of his own for avoiding conversation, kept considerably in advance, till he drew near the appointed spot. He then paused till joined by his panting and breathless companion.—"Oh! Uric," said Margaret, bursting into tears, "what a long way we have come! I fear—I fear my poor father will be dead before we reach him!"—"I am sure he cannot be far off," answered the fisherman; "but walk gently on for a few moments, till I examine if this is the right track."

While Uric was engaged in the amiable employment of trepanning his bride into the clutches of the Wood Demon, it so chanced that, on the same evening, Oluf roamed through the pine forest, bemoaning his hard fate, and, as he frequently cast up his eyes reproachfully to heaven, he could give but scanty attention to his steps, the natural consequence of which was, that he stumbled and fell over some substance that lay, most provokingly, right in his way. "Hillo! friend Oluf, can't you look before you," said the Demon, in a huff; "do you see that you have shaken half the gold out of the sack?"—"I beg your pardon," said Oluf, mildly; "but I did not see." "Don't bother me with your excuses," answered the Demon; "but get down on your knees, and stuff the gold into the bag, for my back is almost broken with stooping already." Oluf obeyed; but his thoughts were so full of grief, that he could not suppress some heavy sighs. "What is all this puffing about?" asked the Demon, as he sat quite at his ease on a block of wood. "I am a very unhappy man," replied Oluf, sorrowfully; "but I shall willingly tell you my story, and, as your good-nature is universally known, I"——"How dare you call me good-natured, fellow?" said the Demon, angrily; "it is the very worst character a man can have: a good-natured man is imposed on by his friends, and scouted by his enemies. But enough; get on with your story, and cram it into as few words as possible." "It is soon told," answered Oluf; "I love a beautiful girl, and she is about to be married to another." "Is that all?" replied the Demon composedly; "such little accidents happen every day. And so you love Margaret, do you?" "How do you know her name is Margaret?" asked Oluf, looking up in surprise. "How do I know her name is Margaret!" retorted the Demon, sharply; "you may ask that, truly, when there is scarcely a tree in my forest that is not scribbled over with her name; but you might have spared yourself the trouble, for she is engaged." "I know that," replied Oluf; "and I am ready to die with grief when I think she is to be sacrificed to such an odious wretch." "Keep a better tongue in your head, master Oluf," said the Demon, tartly, "or it will be the worse for you!" "I wonder that you can stand up for him," answered Oluf. "I have my own reasons for standing up for him,"

replied the Demon. "I never heard any one speak a good word for Uric," said Oluf. "I am not speaking of Uric," answered the travelled-looking gentleman; "for, to make a long story short, I want a wife, and I have promised Uric as much gold for her as will make him the richest man in the province, and he is to bring her here directly. I wish, however, to have your consent to the marriage: it is a whim, no doubt, to care about having your approbation; but even great minds are not without their weaknesses." "I will never consent to it," exclaimed Oluf, starting up in a fury; and Uric is an execrable villain for agreeing to such a proposal!" "'Tis of no use talking, Oluf," said the Demon; "I have taken a fancy to the girl, and my wife she must be. You have yourself to thank for this; for it is ten to one if I ever would have thought of her, if I had not heard you eternally babbling about her. Come now, be reasonable; give your consent to the match, and I will make over to you that bagful of gold." "I will not sell Margaret for all the gold in the world," answered Oluf, giving the sack such a hearty kick, as to make it disgorge great part of its contents; and I will defend her to the last drop of my blood." "So you will not let me marry Margaret?" said the Demon. "I will not," replied the young woodsman. "And you won't have my gold?" "I spurn it!" he answered proudly.

At this point of the conference, Margaret and Uric were seen approaching, and Uric's eyes brightened as he saw the demon peeping at Margaret through the pine branches. The fisherman gave a significant nod, put his finger on the side of his nose, turned upon his heel, and, as he hastened down to the lake, the Demon watched his retreat with a grim smile.

"You are not a bad fellow, after all, Oluf," said the dark-complexioned gentleman to the young woodsman; "you have stood the test not amiss on the whole, and I rather like you. Go and kiss Margaret for me; and tell her that there is one man left in the world who will not sacrifice love to gold. Now take the sack on your back; I make you a present of its stuffing; carry Margaret with you to the lake, and see how I keep my promise to the covetous fisherman. Good by." The friendly Demon disappeared; Oluf gathered up the gold, kissed his Margaret, and hurried her down to the lake in time to see Uric leap into his boat, which he rowed away with all his might.

No sooner was Uric's foot off the land, than the chain that held every thing silent seemed removed. The wind howled through the pine tree tops; the weeping willows tossed their long arms about, as if menacing the recreant lover; the cock of the wood rose proudly on the wing; the eagle hovered over her eyry: and the white owl, awakened from her nap, hooted loudly the perjured fisherman.

Uric, meanwhile, rowed swiftly on; and as he drew near the centre of the lake, he found it tasked his utmost strength to impel his skiff. The moon at this moment emerged from the dense mass of clouds that had obscured her light, and Uric's heart leaped with delight as he saw the boat half filled with gold. With a greedy eye he surveyed the yellow treasure, as it sparkled in the moonbeam; but the longer he looked, the more it increased. A moment before, it was only up to his ankle; then it rose to his knee; now it was as high as his waist, and the water touched the gunwale of the skiff. Filled with horror and dismay, the fisherman started up, and endeavoured to lighten the boat; but, as fast as he flung the gold overboard, an unseen hand poured in fresh quantities of the soul-destroying poison. Large drops of perspiration stood on the fisherman's brow; he now dreaded as much to reach the middle of the lake, as he had before longed for it; he

attempted to turn the boat, but in vain; it continued its course; and, as its light prow touched the centre of the lake, a cataract of gold was showered on the skiff. For an instant, it plunged and laboured; then the waters rushed in; and down, down, down went the little boat, and the rolling waves closed over the head of the wicked fisherman.

The sequel is quickly told. Oluf conducted Margaret home; and Paul Marken, who had been somewhat surprised at finding the doors open, his daughter away, and his favourite pancake burnt to a cinder, now received the fair truant and her conductor with an ominous aspect. When, however, the lovers told their story, and Oluf entreated for Margaret's hand, Paul gave the sack a loud thump, and declared that he could not refuse to give his daughter to a suitor who was so well backed. The wedding was soon after celebrated with the usual festivities, and proved so happy as to establish, beyond a doubt, the match-making talent of the *Wood Demon*.

[EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

WAR SONG.

The following lines are written in an old hand, in a copy of Lovelau's Lucaste, London, 1679.

A STEED! a steed of matchless speede!
A sword of metal keene!
Al else to noble hearts is drosse—
Al else on earth is meane.
The neighyng of the war-horse prowde,
The rowleinge of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet lowde
Be sounds from heaven that come.

And oh! the thundering presse of Knightes,
When as their war cryes swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,—
And rowse a fiend from hell.
Then mounte, then mounte brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe.

No shrewish tears shal file our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Heart whole we'le parte, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the lande.
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye:
Our businesse is like men to fighte,
And, like to heroes, die!

[FROM MOTHERWELL'S OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.]

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

BRABANT LEWIS was a ventriloquist, and the favourite valet of Francis the First, King of France. Having become desperately in love with the daughter or the fortune of a wealthy citizen of Paris, and being rejected on account of the inequality of condition, Lewis had recourse to ventriloquism in order to succeed in his suit. Considering the death of the lady's father as a favorable opportunity for working on the hopes and fears of the surviving part of the family; a few weeks after the funeral, they were terrified by dismal groans at the dead of night, in various parts of the house. At length, on a certain occasion, the widow was addressed in a voice exactly resembling that of her deceased husband, and which seemed to proceed out of the ground, in words to the following effect:—"If there are any remains of that affection which thou once didst profess for me, give our daughter in marriage unto Lewis Brabant; in consequence of having refused my consent to that worthy young man, I am detained in purgatory, nor can I be released 'till this step is taken."

The cautious widow, with whom Lewis was far from being a favourite, resisted for some time these apparently supernatural calls, till they were many times repeated, and sometimes in the presence of the operator, who appeared motionless and silent.

Being at last teased into compliance, she agreed, that on a certain day when she called at his house with a lawyer, if he could produce satisfactory evidence of his being a man of property, which he had frequently professed himself to be, he should marry her daughter. These conditions considerably perplexed the lover, for he had, by a gay life, and dissipated manners, very much embarrassed himself; relying, however, on the wonderful art he possessed, to rescue him from his difficulties, he agreed to the proposal.

In his way home, he recollected a banker in the neighbourhood, remarkable for wealth, for avarice, and superstition; he resolved to try an experiment on the old man, and repairing to his house, worked so powerfully on his imagination, in a manner similar to that in which he had already wrought on the widow, and with the detail of which it is not necessary to detain the reader, that the old usurer actually advanced him a large sum of money.

By these means, Lewis was enabled to furnish his house handsomely, and purchased a splendid sideboard of plate; these favorable appearances, together with a large sum of ready money, which he produced, satisfied the cautious mother, and he became in a few days the husband of a wealthy and beautiful heiress. Calling on the banker in the course of a month or two, to repay the cash, he explained the business to him, when the old man, on condition that Brabant would not make the transaction publicly known, and the dupe of course heartily laughed at, made him a present of the whole of the money.

[LOUNGER'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.]

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

High beat the heart of Lysander Von Wieber, when, after an absence of many years, he saw, from an adjacent hill, the spires of his native city.

Travelling in foreign lands had only rendered Germany more dear; and he was returning to the bosom of his family with eager expectation. He had the satisfaction of finding his mother, brother, and sisters, as well as when he left them, and of seeing some fine children added to the family group. But he was not slow to discern that it had received another addition, in a new friend, named Alexis Delmont, who seemed a person of much consequence in the eyes of *some* of them—as, "I wonder what Alexis would say to this!" and "I wonder whether he would agree with Lysander!" was a frequent observation during the evening; and when the traveller playfully asked who this Alexis was, he was told, with a meaning smile, "Oh, he is a very choice person—and *he*, too, has travelled; and he is highly gifted, and very agreeable!"

"But when shall I see him!" asked Lysander; "I long to judge of his perfections with my own eyes and understanding."

Perhaps he spoke rather pettishly, feeling almost inclined to be *jealous* of this stranger, who seemed, even on the night of his return, to be uppermost in the minds of all his relations, except his mother. She, indeed, appeared to have no thought but of her son—gazing on his fine face, and hanging on his expressive accents, with all a parent's love; and when bed-time came, as if still loth to part with him, she followed him into his room, to bid him farewell.

"No, no, thou must not leave me yet," said Lysander, seating her as he spoke; "thou must tell me something more of this Alexis, who appears to have turned all the heads in the family, except thine."

"I know nothing more," she replied, "than that he is a young orphan Swiss, whom thy brother Ernest met, some months ago, at a port in England, when he went thither on business, and was waiting at an inn for a fair wind."

"How like Ernest!—Well—and so I suppose he took one of his sudden fancies to him."

"Yes, one of his violent friendships; but I ought to say, that he believes Alexis saved his life, by nursing him day and night, in a short, but violent fever."

"Poor Ernest! there was no withstanding that, I own; but one would think he had saved the lives of my sister Bertha, and my sister-in-law, also, by the manner in which they speak of him. Minna, indeed, seems a little more sober-minded on the subject. But what is he going to do here?"

"He wants to settle in this city, and enter into partnership with Ernest, whose increasing family requires, he says, an increasing income; and this young man has convinced him, that he has money enough to extend the business considerably."

"But can he prove this?"

"So Ernest says."

"Then why is the partnership delayed?"

"Because I wished him to consult thee first; and besides, I do not think it wise to trust any stranger on so short an acquaintance."

"Nor do I. But what does Minna think!"

"As we do."

"I am glad to hear that. I was afraid this agreeable man might have charmed away her attachment to her husband's memory."

"On the contrary, she does not greatly admire him; but judges him with her usual rational caution."

"Can he give us any reference?"

"Ernest says that he can; but that it is unnecessary, as he was introduced by him to a distant relation of his, a gentleman of large fortune, and stayed with him at his house; and it was from this gentleman's neighbourhood that they sailed."

"That looks well;—but, dear mother, what ails Ernest?"

"Nothing that I know of—he is in high spirits."

"Excuse me: he is merry, I own; but mirth and happiness are distinct things; they are as unlike as vivid lightning and calm sunshine. Mirth, indeed, resembles the former, and happiness the other; and we all know, that the darker the cloud, the brighter the flash. He is anxious, mother; and instead of increasing his income because his family increases, would it not be better to decrease his expenditure?"

"So I say; but he thinks me, I fear, an overcautious croaking old woman. He would hear advice better from thee."

"I doubt it. He would only think me a spiritless, miserly young man. Has he any projects in view?"

"Yes. Though not actually in partnership in his own business yet with Alexis Delmont, I expect he has some concern in a speculation of his. Alexis is a very scientific chemist, and fancies he has discovered the way to make a very rare and precious metal. He has hired rooms, at which he works every day; and Ernest is, I know, very anxious for his success."

"Perhaps," said Lysander, eagerly, "he has risked money in this mad venture, with nobody knows whom."

"I fear so."

"Ah, then, I now see why I find Ernest changed. This strong tendency to speculation has at length found some one to flatter it, and I doubt we shall rue the day when he first met Alexis Delmont. But we shall see;—good night, dear mother. Let us, meanwhile, believe my return was providential; and that, if Ernest be in danger, I am come time enough to be the agent of his preservation."

But when Lysander was left alone, his hopes of having arrived in time, were not so sanguine; and the only thing which he could dwell on with pleasure, was the assurance that his widowed sister was too wise to become a stranger's wife; and that his youngest sister was not old enough at present.

The next morning, when he arose, after a restless night—not such a night of repose as he had hoped to pass, on returning to his parental roof—he took an opportunity of talking to Ernest, respecting his new friend; and his views concerning him.

"I find you," said he, "just as speculative as ever, brother; always fancying the uncertain future is to make amends for the deficiency of the present. I see you have two partnerships in view for your friend,—the one is for life."

"Well, and what then, if the partner be worthy?"

"True; but I advise you to try one first, and think of the other at leisure."

"I see that my mother has told you all she knew, or even suspected," replied Ernest; "she does not admire Alexis much. But I wish she had

let you judge of him without prepossession; and if you had been allowed to do so, I am sure you would have liked him."

"And I shall like him, I dare say, for you do our candid mother injustice; she has prejudiced me for, not against, your friend; and I am impatient to see him. I hope he will soon return from his tour. But I fear, dear Ernest, you have not yet learned to bear contradiction—so we will call another subject."

It was nearly impossible for two brothers to be more unlike in character, than Lysander and Ernest Von Wieber. The former, on having a large fortune left him by an uncle, had resigned his share in his deceased father's business to his younger brother; and, having distinguished himself already in his own country by his acquirements in learning, and some literary successes, he had gone on his travels to improve himself still further, by association with the celebrated and good in other countries. Happily, he carried with him the best of all wisdom—a knowledge of his own "short-comings," his own infirmities; and a deep-felt reliance on that Being, who can alone make us "wise unto salvation." And in him, the acquirement of fresh knowledge only served to deepen and strengthen his religious dependence. The absence of such an example, and such a brother, was daily felt and regretted by his mother and sisters. Still, Lysander would have been tempted to prolong his stay abroad, had not a remark in one of his sister Minna's letters led him to suspect that his brother's affairs were not in a prosperous condition, and that his presence might be serviceable at home. Accordingly he arrived, and found that the character of Ernest had anew developed itself in this *engouement*, as the French call it, for a stranger; and that his natural bias to scheming and speculation had rather increased than diminished. With Ernest all good never *was*, but was *to be*.

When he had only half of his father's trade, he said, "How much more I should be able to make of it than is now made, if I were the sole director."

The whole became his;—but then he was ambitious of adding another business to it. Then he could not be happy without a wife, and he married. But for three years they had no children, and how could a married man be happy without a child! At length, a little girl was born to them; but then, how unfortunate that it was not a boy! Two more girls followed, and Ernest murmured still more;—but a boy came at last, and then Ernest thought he should be completely happy! But his business did not increase in proportion to his family, and he eagerly caught at the hope of immense gain held out to him by a speculating stranger, and dangerous speculations.

Such was the state of things when Lysander returned, observing with alarm and wonder the complete self-devotion to Alexis Delmont, which appeared in all his brother said and did. He was, indeed, impatient to see him; but it was not till the evening of the day after Lysander's arrival, that the stranger returned. The brothers and sisters met him as they were taking a moonlight walk. Eagerly did Ernest, his wife, and his younger sister, run forward to greet him; assuring him that no words could express how much they had missed him!

"I am glad to see you again," said Minna; "but there is no living object whom *I* could have missed when my dear brother was returned to us, after years of absence."

Lysander, on whom she leaned, pressed her arm to his side with grateful affection, and was agreeably impressed by Alexis Delmont's reply. While Ernest introduced him, he told her, "That she would have been rather lowered in his estimation if, at the time of reunion to such a brother, she had missed the acquaintance of yesterday."

"How ungrateful to us, and how severe!" exclaimed Ernest. "Then we are lowered in your esteem, I suppose, because we have had the bad taste to miss you, though the *great man* of our family is returned!"

Alexis felt at a loss to parry this attack; and Lysander liked him the better for not being able to do it with more readiness; and, as he saw him in the light of the moon, he thought his face and person seemed peculiarly handsome, and long before they re-entered the house, Lysander had been led to hope that, on further inquiry, prudence might allow him to give his sanction to Ernest's entering into partnership with his prepossessing friend. Indeed, his mind was so full of this subject, that he resolved to name it immediately—to Alexis himself state his objections—prepare a means of removing them—and offer every assistance in his power to expedite matters, as soon as proper references should be given and answered. With this view, Lysander, who was sitting opposite the stranger, was going to call his attention to himself just as candles were brought in, when he turned his face round, and the words were arrested on his tongue; for he was *sure* that he had seen him before, and that the association with his features and countenance was of a most painful nature; yet where and when he had seen them, he could not recollect.

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, his countenance, no doubt, expressed them, and he fancied that the stranger's eye sunk beneath his earnest gaze, and that he changed colour. But no wonder; Lysander felt that any one would have been confused at being thus examined; and he would have *apologized* for his rudeness, by owning that he was so struck with Delmont's resemblance to some one whom he had formerly known that he could not help gazing on him—but he *dared* not so apologize, because he had a positive conviction that if he ever *had* seen this man before, it was under circumstances of degradation and guilt; and he believed, also, that *if* they had met before, the stranger must recollect *him*. However, he forced himself to eat his supper, and *endeavoured* not to look at Alexis Delmont; but he could not avoid it; and look he did, whenever the stranger's eyes were turned away,—nor could he be unconscious that Alexis examined his face with as scrutinizing a glance whenever he had an opportunity. He also saw that his own absence of mind, sudden silence, and perturbed look, were observed with surprise by his mother and sisters, and with evident anger by Ernest, as if he thought his manner wanting in courtesy and respect to his new friend, who, on his part, found conversation, laughed without mirth, and seemed to eat ravenously without any real appetite.

At length, as if unable to bear the oppressive, searching, though stolen gaze of Lysander, Alexis Delmont turned his full front face suddenly round, as if in defiance, and fixed on him an inquiring and unshrinking look—*but his cheek was crimsoned by emotion, and the dilated nostril expressed mental conflict.*

Lysander was returning the gaze with one as fixed and inquiring, when, in a moment, the past came distinctly over his recollection! and, unable to conceal his terrible suspicions, *convictions* he dare not call them, he arose from the table and left the room.

When he reached his own apartment he locked himself in, and endeavoured to recover himself, but in vain; and he was still rapidly pacing backwards and forwards, when his mother and his sister Minna begged admittance. The recollection of a moment was sufficient to shew him what he must say to them: the sensitive nature of women was not fitted to

endure, without inquiry, suspicions like his, and with forced composure he admitted them into the room.

He was not surprised to find them agitated, nor to learn that Ernest resented his strange conduct.

"And what says his friend to it?"

"Oh! he says he is sure that he reminds you of some one either too agreeable or very disagreeable to you, but that he never saw you before."

"He says this, does he," replied Lysander, thoughtfully: "*part* of what he says is certainly true, and the *last* part, very likely; I dare not assert the contrary."

"But, my dear child," said his mother, "which of it is true, and which false. Your conduct has made us very uneasy."

"That should not be," answered Lysander kindly; "but all I have to say, is, that *he* does remind me of some one *very* disagreeable and odious indeed; and he also reminds me of some of the most painful moments of my life."

"Is that the whole truth, Lysander?" asked his sister doubtingly.

"Not exactly; but it as much as I shall at present disclose, my sweet Minna; and it is what I wish thee, or our dear mother, to tell the young man himself, for it is a subject I cannot converse with him upon. There is nothing, I trust, very offensive in this, is there?"

"N—no," replied both the ladies, hesitatingly;—and begging them to go down and say what he had bidden them, he promised to join them ere long. But he did not follow soon; nor could he, without earnest supplication for aid, recover the shock which his feelings had received; for he could not believe that his suspicions were not realities. He had told his mother, that he thought his return providential; and a deep solemn impression that it was so, now settled on his mind; and he humbly implored to be endowed with self-command, with incessant watchfulness and unshrinking resolution —and then he ventured to return to the supper-table.

He found Alexis laughing at this fresh proof of the common-place vulgarity of his own features.—"I am like every body, I think," said he. "I never go any where but some one stares at me and says,—O dear, how like you are to so and so! Nay, I have the misfortune of resembling some very wicked people."

"How is it that?" said Lysander, starting; "what, any wicked person in particular?"

"Oh! more than one," replied Alexis, coldly, as if offended at the abruptness of the manner of his interrogator. "One lady fainted at sight of me, because I resembled the man who killed her husband; and a woman went into fits, because she took me for her husband, who had been hanged for murder!'

"And yet you have not a murderous, nor even a vicious expression, that I have as yet discovered," said Lysander, gazing at him intently.

"Nor that you will ever discover, I flatter myself," rejoined the other, proudly.

"I hope not," replied Lysander, thoughtfully.

"I am sure not," answered Alexis.

"And so am I," thundered out Ernest; and I think if, as I have heard, men go abroad to improve their manners, my wise brother has travelled to very little purpose; and if he ever does not make a forward, makes a retrogade motion; and he—but it is bed time. I shall retire, being too much discomposed to recover myself again till I have slept."

This was the signal for a general breaking up. Alexis coldly bade

Lysander good night, which the latter civilly returned; then he declined a visit from his mother in his own room, and went to bed—but not to rest; a second sleepless night awaited him, where he had hoped to know a sleep unbroken as the slumbers of childhood. So little can we calculate on what the morrow will bring forth!

But a mind like Lysander Von Wieber's was not likely to remain long in a state of feverish agitation: and, feeling the truth of those encouraging words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee," he joined the family at the breakfast table with a cheerful countenance.

"Where is Mr. Delmont," said he; "does he not breakfast at home?"

"How should he venture," replied Ernest, with a sneer; "he is afraid of throwing the great man of the family into fits."

"There is no fear of that, my dear brother," replied Lysander, gently. "I trust I shall not behave so ill again: if I knew where to find your friend, I would go for him."

"How condescending!" observed Ernest, sarcastically; "but my friend has breakfasted, and is gone to his work."

"What! is he gone to discover the philosopher's stone, or something as marvellous?" asked Lysander.

"He knows what he is about; and will succeed, I doubt not, in time," replied Ernest, with a blush of mingled anger and embarrassment.

"Well, I do not care what he does," replied Lysander, "if thy money, and that of those most dear to thee, which is confided to thy honourable keeping, is not risked in any of his projects. He has a right to do what he pleases with his own."

"Certainly, certainly," said Ernest, and suddenly left the apartment.

"All is not right in that quarter," thought Lysander; and he was glad to escape from painful reflections, by proposing to read to the ladies while they worked.

At dinner Ernest returned, accompanied by his friend, to whom Von Wieber forced himself to be particularly attentive. Still he felt that Alexis was not at ease in his presence; and that the usual sweetness of his countenance was exchanged for one of a very sinister expression whenever, unobserved, he fixed his eyes upon him. Yet, this was not to be wondered at. The young man had found himself domesticated in the family, and loved as if he had been a near relation,—when, lo! the head of it returns and flies his presence, because he recalled disagreeable images and painful feelings.

Any man would regard another with indignation, who had come mal apropos, and behaved so strangely. Still, was it *possible* that he could be mistaken in his personal identity?—if not, the look of mistrust was more obviously accounted for;—yet *could* it be—could he indeed be the person he so much resembled? He could not but own that there were many instances on record, of resemblances so striking and so perfect that even a wife lived, for some years, with a man, not her husband, but who returned from battle declaring himself to be such; and she, as well as his relations and friends, acknowledged him to be the man whom he called himself. How much more likely, therefore, it was that such a resemblance existed between the stranger and the individual in question, than that the latter should, by some almost impossible charm, be his mother's and brother's guest, and the delight of the family—and had he not said he was taken for a murderer? While these thoughts were passing in his mind they gave a milder and more benevolent expression to Lysander's countenance as he looked at Alexis, who was not slow to discover it, and his awkwardess immediately

vanished; and when he saw the children come eagerly to him and climb his knees, "the envied kiss to share," there seemed so much affected kindness of manner towards the boisterous intruders, and such an evidence of the best and sweetest affections in all he did and said, that Von Wieber felt almost *ashamed* of his suspicions, and resolved to make the object of them amends, by bringing forward the subject of his entering into partnership with his brother. But while Lysander was expressing his dislike that any thing should be concluded in haste, and till the proper inquiries had been instituted,—Alexis, proudly interrupting him, declared that he would not consent to be taken into partnership, after what had passed, till time sufficient for proper inquiries had elapsed, and till he was proved to be the man he professed to be. He added, that he and Ernest had both written to the Honourable James Kenmore, the banker, at whose house they had both been together at a watering-place,—who was at once his friend and distant relative,—and that, when his answer arrived, he trusted it would satisfy all parties. On hearing the name of this English banker, Von Wieber recollected it to be that of a partner in a very respectable house in London; and he immediately wrote to a friend in London, to ask whether this gentleman was a man of such unquestionable integrity as to make his recommendation of any one worthy of implicit credit—and then he left the event to Infinite wisdom and mercy.

In the meanwhile, Lysander found that Alexis was a sort of admirable Crichton,—that he excelled in fencing, boxing, running, leaping, wrestling, —that he could swim with his clothes on better than most men without,—that he could ride three horses at a time, standing,—and could also draw, read to admiration, and write pretty *vers de société*. Who can wonder, therefore, that his belief in the truth of his impressions began to fade; and that, long before the expected answer could arrive, his suspicions were nearly gone? One day Ernest, who had never entirely pardoned his brother's doubting the perfection of this object of his idolatry, earnestly begged, when alone with him, that he would tell him of whom Alexis had the misfortune to remind him: and, as his doubts were now nearly removed, he no longer hesitated to inform him,—and I shall, in my own words, relate the anecdote which he told.

About three years before Von Wieber's return home, he resided in the city of ——, in Russia; and one morning a friend, who was breakfasting with him, said, looking at his watch, "I did not think it was so late; I must leave you, for I am engaged to go with a brother of mine, to see a very remarkable malefactor undergo the punishment of the knout, and afterwards be branded on the back and arm, before he undergoes the rest of his sentence,—namely, exile, imprisonment, and hard labour."

"I have almost a mind to accompany you," replied Lysander, "as I am curious to see these punishments inflicted;—still, I rather shrink from seeing such sights."

"Oh! but this fellow so completely deserves to suffer. He was born of respectable parents, and well educated—indeed, he has talents and accomplishments of no common kind; but he was a spoiled child, and became the cruel tyrant of the fond parents who ruined him. His vices and extravagance soon plunged them into an early grave, and not without suspicions of his having accelerated the death of one of them. He then committed various other crimes; joined a band of robbers; was convicted of coining—had nearly killed the men who were sent to apprehend him; made his escape from his first prison in an almost miraculous manner; but was retaken on his rashly venturing to return, after he had made his escape into a

foreign country, fancying that, in four years, his crime must be forgotten: and here he now is, about to undergo the sentence of the law.—Well, will you go?"

"Yes, I will," returned Von Wieber; "your account hardens my heart, and I think I can bear to see him suffer."

But when they reached the place of punishment, Lysander vainly tried to recall the culprit's crimes, in order to enable himself to bear to see the punishment inflicted.

The appearance of the criminal was so prepossessing, he looked so young —so resigned, and bore his sufferings with such a meek and touching expression, that Von Wieber could not take his eyes one moment off his face, and was so painfully affected, that he would, if possible, have made his escape. But, when he saw the young and muscular arm bared for the burning mark of infamy, and beheld the wretched criminal evidently flinch from the indelible degradation, *while a deep flush overspread his cheeks, "and his dilated nostril betrayed his mental conflict,"* Von Weiber groaned aloud, and expressions of agony and pity escaped him, which caught the astonished ear of the culprit, who stood *facing him*, and who fixed his eyes steadily upon him, as if he enjoyed the unexpected sight of compassion for his pangs; nor did he withdraw them till he was turned round, to have his back also marked with the evidence of crime.

Von Wieber, sick to the very heart of the horrid scene, now forced his way through the crowd, saying to himself, "I shall never, never forget this morning: nor that poor youth's countenance and features. No!—they will haunt me while I live! Oh, that I had never gone to see such an exhibition!"

But time went on, and Von Wieber had ceased to recall the image of the young Russian, who was known by the name of Ladimir, till he beheld Alexis Delmont; and in him, when he looked on him fixedly and in front face, with the "*flushing cheek*," and "*dilated nostril*," as before described, he felt an entire conviction that he beheld the identical Ladimir, whom he had supposed to be in Siberia! No wonder, therefore, that he left the room as he did—bewildered, and overwhelmed with consternation! He knew quite well that, if Alexis was really Ladimir, he carried on his arm and back indelible proofs of his identity; but how could he ask him to prove himself not to be one of the vilest of criminals, by baring his arm to the view?—and how could he, simply on the evidence of a fancied resemblance and against all probability, accuse a gentleman—the dear friend and guest of his brother, of being a thief, a supposed assassin, and a man, degraded and branded as such on a public scaffold? No; he could do nothing but leave the event in the hands of an all-wise Creator, and watch for the slightest opportunity of satisfying his suspicions;—nor did he doubt but that some such would occur.

When his narrative was ended, Ernest said, "So, Alexis, and I *thought* that you took him for this Ladimir, for he has been more than once placed in unpleasant circumstances from his extraordinary resemblance to him."

"Indeed!" cried Von Wieber, "that is a very pleasant hearing for me; and you will own that it ought to make my peace with you both."

"I do not know that," he replied; "it was rather hard to be so ready to believe an honest man a rogue, on the evidence of your recollection of a face which you never saw but once, and that three years ago."

"But the face is such a remarkable one—so handsome, and yet so—so peculiar!"

"Which face do you mean, Ladimir's or Delmont's?"

"*Both*," replied Lysander, in some embarrassment; for, at that moment, the personal identity again *forced* itself on his mind with irresistible power, and he could not but again believe Ladimir and Delmont were the same person!

Ernest was conscious of this; and coldly said, "I will call Alexis in to give his own account of the extraordinary resemblance he bears to this arch villain."

Alexis immediately related two instances in which he had been mistaken for Ladimir.—"Once," he said, "just before Ladimir had undergone his sentence, he was riding on the confines of Russia, and seized as having broken prison, and had difficulty in procuring his liberation. Another time, since the infliction of the sentence, he was travelling in a German waggon, and a gentleman said, 'If he were not in Siberia, and if I had not seen him set off myself, I should declare you, young man, to be the notorious Ladimir; and even, as it is, I believe I shall not be satisfied to let you quit my presence without being examined.'

"I answered him, that I could convince him of his error in a moment, by baring my arm, but that I would not condescend to do so. Convince yourself, however, added I, in a manner quite as sure. What colour are Ladimir's hair and eyebrows?

"'Black.'

"'Then look at mine.' He did so, and was convinced that *like* is not always the same.

"And I beg you, sir, to look at my eyebrows and hair: were not Ladimir's black?"

"Yes, I think so; and yours are light."

"And not only so," said Alexis, "the middle of my left eyebrow is nearly white; a great peculiarity, and sufficient to identify me amongst a thousand."

"True, very true," replied Von Wieber, with a beaming and benevolent smile. "I am now quite convinced that Ladimir and Alexis Delmont are two persons; and I heartily ask you to excuse my doubts of your respectability."

Alexis assuring him of his forgiveness, and that his suspicions were excusable, shook hands with him; and great joy that evening prevailed in the family circle of the Von Wiebers. The elder brother's suspicions were gone; his heart was lightened of an almost intolerable burden: the female part of the family knew that Lysander no longer opposed the wishes of Ernest. Alexis, also, excited all his powers to charm, and Lysander even expressed his impatience for the arrival of the letters, which were to unite his brother and Delmont in the desired connexion. But when he retired to his own room, his doubts returned. The stories which Alexis had told concerning his daring seizure and threatened detention, appeared improbable; and as to the circumstance of his own hair being light, and Ladimir's black, Alexis was too good a chemist not to have been able to dye his hair, and *brows too;* and would unquestionably do so, as the brow which was partly white and part brown, would, indeed, be a very troublesome appendage to a man, whose days had been passed in all sorts of schemes to avoid detection; and, on recollection, this circumstance, on which Alexis seemed to lay so much stress, as a proof of his not being Ladimir, appeared to him to have a greater tendency to prove that he was so.

"However," thought he, "there is to be a boxing match amongst some Englishmen to morrow, and although I hate such exhibitions, I will go to this, for Alexis will, no doubt, be one of the sparrers; and he will not be

sorry to have so good an opportunity of baring his arm, and thereby entirely convincing me of my error, without lowering his dignity."

Accordingly, when the sport, as it was called, was begun, Von Wieber entered the arena; but, to his great surprise and dismay, though the other boxers' arms and backs were bare, Alexis wore a flannel waistcoat, buttoned up to his throat, and at the wrists! And again Lysander's heart misgave him—again an expression of distrust lowered on his open brow; and, no doubt, Alexis instantly discovered it, for, coming up to Lysander, he said, "You must wonder to see me muffled up thus, like an old man; but an English physician told me, who attended me after I had caught an inflammation on my lungs, by sparring without my shirt, that if I ever did so again, the consequences might be fatal; and he desired me never even to sleep without a flannel waistcoat."

This story seemed a plausible one; and Von Wieber, having failed in the object for which he came, smiled, bowed, and retired.

It was now the most sultry season of the year, and many young men were in the habit of bathing in the beautiful Rhine, which flowed near the city; and Ernest and his brother very often used to go to one particular spot for that purpose; but Alexis never accompanied them. He dared not, he said, for fear of catching cold; and unless he could venture to pull off his flannels, he should not enjoy the water. One day, however, the weather was so oppressive, and he so languid, that he resolved he would bathe, at all events, and defy the English physician; and Von Wieber's heart bounded with pleasure—for *if* he really could dare, on any occasion, to pull off the waistcoat, he could not positively be the branded Ladimir; and joyfully did he see them bounding before them, on the road to the beautiful bay, where the brothers usually went. Gladly did Lysander see him hang his hat, and coat, and outside waistcoat on the trees, and plunge his naked foot in the water, before the flannel vest was unbuttoned. But Lysander was fated to know another disappointment; for Alexis, suddenly snatching back his feet, uttered a sort of shriek, and fell, in seeming agony, on the ground.

"This is what I feared," said he, as they raised him up; "oh, this cramp! this dreadful cramp! The sensation excited by cold water in a hot day, often affects me thus. Oh! pray let me sit down. I cannot, dare not bathe; how disappointed I am!"

"Not so much as I am," thought Von Wieber; and with painful impatience he expected the arrival of the answers from England. He soon received an answer to his own letter, and it was satisfactory. His correspondent said, that the Honorable James Kenmore was a most worthy, sensible man, and was not likely to know or recommend any one who was not deserving of esteem and respect.

An answer also arrived to Ernest's own inquiries, addressed to Kenmore, and a most unexpected one it was; for the Honorable James Kenmore answered the letter to him in *person*.

"It had followed him," he said, "to Spa, and had determined him to come and see his friend Ernest, and do his young cousin the justice of saying a good word for him to his new friends."

And many a good word, indeed, did he say in his favour; and he even guaranteed his being a man of property, as his dividends were received at his bank. And Ernest was delighted, his mother pleased, Minna satisfied, the younger girl overjoyed that Alexis would now positively settle amongst them, and Lysander *tried* to rejoice; tried to believe all that glittered was gold, but *could not*; and he spent hours in the day, during Kenmore's visit, in solitude and prayer; for if, after all, Alexis should turn out to be

Ladimir, for what purpose, but *an evil* one, should that terrible being have come amongst them! Besides, Lysander could not help thinking the Honorable James Kenmore too vulgar and boisterous in his manner to be, in reality, the son of a nobleman; and neither Minna, nor Bertha, knew how to tolerate his loudly expressed admiration, nor his frequent assertions that the result of the residence of Delmont amongst them would be a marriage. But he went at last; and the next day, the arrangements for the partnership were to be made, as Lysander could object no longer; yet, strange to say, he hoped, that when every thing was on the point of being settled, and all objections were given up, Alexis would be generous enough to bare his right arm, and say, "There! convince yourself that my arm is as free from the brand of crime as your own!" But he was not so generous as *yet;* and Lysander, beginning to convince himself that suspicion, if carried to excess, was almost a sin, endeavoured to join in the gaiety of the rest of the party. It was agreed that they should all dine, that day, on the banks of the Rhine, a few miles from the city, and most of the party were to go on horseback; Alexis entreating to be allowed to go with Minna, to whom his attentions were now evidently *marked;* but Lysander saw, with pleasure, that they were not acceptable; still, Alexis had such power of captivation, that Lysander cast a melancholy glance towards the future.

But Minna chose to accompany her mother in the carriage; promising, however, if the weather continued fine, to return on horseback. Alexis, with the hilarity of a man, whose mind is relieved of a load, and whose prospects are bright, mounted a fine spirited young horse, that Ernest had given him, and seemed in a state of even triumphant enjoyment, in which Von Wieber found it impossible to sympathize. And he was very glad that he had settled to walk with his brother Ernest, with whom he had rarely opportunities of being alone; for, he could not but see that Ernest had cares, in which he did not choose that he should participate, and that he had also feelings of resentment towards him on Delmont's account, which had not yet subsided.

On this day, however, as Lysander had withdrawn all opposition to receiving Alexis as his partner, Ernest seemed rather desirous of his company, and just as Alexis rode off, Lysander felt his arm taken by his brother.

"Well, Lysander," said he, "so, at *last*, thou art willing to think thou hast been in an error, and to own it."

"If thou wilt promise me not to be angry, I will answer thee."

"I will try not to be so."

"Then I must own that, on mature deliberation to day, I am more convinced than ever that Alexis and Ladimir are the same person!"

"How!" cried Ernest, excessively agitated, and throwing off his brother's arm indignantly, "and whence have you come to such a preposterous conclusion? I thought that the arrival of Kenmore must have removed your suspicions for ever."

"No, it confirmed them. I cannot believe that the son of an English peer could speak, and act, and look so like a *blackguard*, to use a strong English term; and as I have read in English newspapers, of swindlers who have passed at a watering place for men of rank, I am inclined to believe this man might be an *accomplice* of Ladimir's, if, as I suspect, Alexis be this accomplished villain. Pray how long were you at Kenmore's elegant villa?"

"Only two days; Alexis was forced to set off for London very suddenly."

"Yes, to escape detection, and justice, very likely. Well, then, in the next place, his sparring in his waistcoat, and his *sudden seizure* when about to bathe were, to me, on reflection, suspicious circumstances; and so also was the stress he laid on Ladimir's hair being black, and his own eyebrows *light and particular*. No doubt, that as soon as Ladimir wanted to assume disguises, he took care to conceal his peculiarity of eyebrow, by some dark dye; and that now he was glad to be seen with his own light hair and defective eyebrow, in order to be a complete contrast to himself."

"Brother! brother!" said Ernest, "I am really *shocked* to see how entirely blind you are to every side of the question but *one*. I thought you had been a more *impartial* judge."

"Nay, dear Ernest, it is you who are resolved, as it seems to me, to see only one side; but I have one important question to put to you. Did you ever see Alexis without his flannel waistcoat?"

"Never! how should I, when he thinks he should die if he took it off, except for a new one?"

"But, is it not strange that he should not have bared his right arm, to enable you to *convince me*, though he could not, perhaps, consistently with his former dignity, if innocent, condescend to do it at *my* requiring; and is not this a suspicious circumstance? I own, that after I had openly abjured my doubts, and we had shaken hands, I expected, as a generous man, that when he said, 'your suspicions were excusable,' he would have added, 'and *now* then I will *bare* this calumniated arm!'"

"I own," said Ernest, deeply sighing, "that I expected the same, and I am mortified that he has not done it; but he may still intend it."

"*Never!* an honourable, and an innocent man, could not have been easy to have withheld such proof *an instant;* neither *you* nor *I* should have hesitated to do it."

"No, I own it; but if he is indeed a villain, and *this* very villain, what, what should I do?"

"Whence this emotion! and why is it of so much importance to you, to prove this man trust-worthy?"

"Oh! because—but, dear Lysander, tell me, should this man turn out to be Ladimir, as he is so very clever, so fine a chemist, and has made a discovery which, if it succeed (and there is little doubt of it), will make my fortune, must we send him away? Should we cast from us the penitent criminal, who is desirous of amending his ways, and earning an honest livelihood by the exertion of his talents?"

"But where is this penitent? The man, who comes as an impostor into a respectable family; who says he is what he is not, and who tells lies on lies, cannot have a converted heart, and must have come hither for a sinister purpose. Had it not been so, he would have said, 'You see before you a great criminal, but a repentant one; I have escaped from prison—give me employment, and I will not deceive you—I know I am unworthy of your notice; but *trust* me, and I will endeavour, by my conduct, to prove I am reformed.' Had Ladimir come to you thus, *then* I might have believed him penitent, and might have approved your willingness to profit by his talents at a *distance;* but, as he is, and covered with *unrepented* guilt, he is unworthy to breathe the same air with *honourable men*, as well as with uncontaminated women."

"True, most true," cried Ernest, wringing his hands, despairingly. "Oh, what a wretch, dear brother, am I!"

"How so, have you lent him money?"

"Yes, for his chemical processes."

"Much?"

"All not employed in my business; and all"—

"*What!* my mother's and sisters' fortunes?"

"Yes,—but then I hoped to double them."

"Oh, dear Ernest! hast thou forgotten we are not to do evil that good may come? Their monies were given in solemn trust to thee; and lending them, even to treble them, on any speculation, was violating a sacred pledge. This comes of setting up an idol, and bowing down to it. This man was your idol, and"—

"Yes; and love of gold, and of the something not yet possessed, that bane of my happiness, have led to this terrible result, and I am justly punished."

"Punished, and taught, and *reformed*, I trust; but your punishment, in one sense, will be light,—*I* will supply the deficiency; and perhaps my mother and sisters need never know the injury you have done them."

"Oh! my generous friend!"

"Nay—nay—I have only done my duty."

"But, dearest brother, it is not at all *certain* that Alexis is really Ladimir."

"We ought, I think, to *make* it so; we ought, or rather, you ought to require him to bare his arm."

"But if he refuses?"

"Why, then, you should refuse further association with him."

"Nay, Lysander, would *you* not refuse compliance with such a request?"

"I think not, under the circumstances."

"But if we were to discover him to be Ladimir, should we be forced to detain him a prisoner, and have him conveyed back to his place of exile?"

"No, he is not under our country's jurisdiction. I should say,—Go, you are free!"

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say this! for I am so conscious that my own credulous folly and cupidity was a snare to him and tempted him, that I could not bear to harm him, even if I proved him guilty; but, *see!* there he is again! How he sits a horse! What a graceful being!—and look, Lysander, there is a smile!—is that the smile of a villain?"

"There *is* a smile,—but do you not see also an expression of triumphant cunning?"

Ernest was prevented from replying by Delmont's riding up to them to eulogise the paces of his horse, and express his gratitude to the giver of it. He then again rode off; and they were following his rapid pace with wondering and almost fearful eyes, when suddenly they saw him fall backwards from his saddle, and the horse without his rider running past them at full speed. They instantly ran forward to his assistance, and found that he had carelessly come in contact with the protruding branches of a tree, and that it had struck him to the ground. The brothers, having raised him in their arms, carried him to a bank at a little distance, and sent a man who was passing, to go and catch the horse and go for medical aid, while, with contending emotions, they endeavoured to staunch the blood which flowed from a wound on the temple; but there was no wound on the head, nor did any limb seem broken; and, though he lay as if dead, there was pulsation in the heart—and thankful did Lysander feel, that he was not likely to be cut off in "trespasses and sins." But, when they had untied his neckcloth and taken off his coat, to see if they could discover any fracture, Lysander, full of gratitude, exclaimed, "Now then, Ernest, an opportunity is granted to remove our suspicions for ever, or to convert them into certainties!"

Instantly, though with a trembling hand, he proceeded to bare the unresisting arm, of him, who was, he believed, arrested in his course of guilt by the hand of Providence. He *did* bare that "young and muscular arm," and saw on it, with shuddering horror, but pious thankfulness, the letters of guilt—the brand of infamy!

Ladimir, indeed, lay detected before them; and, while Ernest, prostrate on the turf, hid his face on his hands, weighed down by self-upbraiding, Lysander gave audible thanks for the mercy thus evidently vouchsafed.

At this moment, Ladimir suddenly recovered his senses, and in one moment more his recollection; then, casting a quick and eager glance at his open sleeve, he saw that he was detected, and with an expression which no words can describe, he exclaimed, "So, then, I see that I am *known*; but"—

"Go, you are free," said Lysander, hastily interrupting him; "Go, and, if possible, repent!"

"Those *must* be free," he scornfully replied, feeling in his bosom as if for a concealed weapon, "who are resolved to be so."

"Brother, be on your guard," cried Ernest, seeing something glittering in the hand of Ladimir.

"Weak, but kind-hearted man," Ladimir replied: "your brother has nothing to fear from me. Lysander Von Wieber!—I would not hurt a hair of your head—gratitude forbids it! You felt for me when no one else did, when I was on the scaffold. Your accents and words of pity drew my attention even from my own sufferings; I saw, by your countenance, that you forgot my crimes in my agonies, and considered me only as a tortured fellow-creature—I knew you *instantly*, when I saw you again.—How could I ever forget you!"

As he spoke his voice faltered, and his emotion produced feelings and wishes in the hearts of the brothers, which they were, happily perhaps, prevented from acting upon, by the arrival of the surgeon on the runaway horse; he had no sooner alighted than Ladimir vaulted into the saddle, and in a moment disappeared for ever!

With him vanished every trace of anxiety and unhappiness from the family of the Von Wiebers.

This painful experience of his own weakness, taught Ernest a salutary lesson of humility; and the example of his brother led him, at length, into the best and highest pursuits. And if ever, in future life, his children seemed inclined to be discontented, to set up idols to worship as he had done, or to incline "to do evil that good might come," the self-judged parent used to say to them, with affectionate earnestness, "Remember the story of your father and Ladimir." [MRS. OPIE—FROM THE IRIS.]

NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA.

GREAT Newton's self, to whom the world's in debt,
Owed to School Mistress sage his Alphabet;
But quickly wiser than his Teacher grown,
Discovered properties to her unknown;
Of A *plus* B, or *minus*, learn'd the use,
Known Quantities from unknown to educe;
And made—no doubt to that old dame's surprise—
The Christ-Cross-Row his ladder to the skies.
Yet, whatsoe'er Geometricians say,
Her Lessons were his true PRINCIPIA! [CHARLES LAMB.]

THE NIGHT SMELLING STOCK.

Come, look at this Plant, with its narrow pale leaves,
And its tall, slim, delicate stem,
Thinly studded with flowers!—Yes, with flowers!—There they are!
Don't you see at each joint there's a little brown star?
But, in truth, there's no beauty in them.

So you ask why I keep it? the little mean thing!—
Why I stick it up here, just in sight;—
'Tis a fancy of mine. "A strange fancy!" you say;
"No accounting for tastes!"—In this instance you may,
For the flower.... But I'll tell you to-night.—

Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon
Looks down on that bastion'd wall,—
When the twinkling stars dance silently
On the rippling surface of the sea,
And the heavy night-dews fall,—

Then meet me again in this casement niche,
On the spot where we're standing now.—
Nay, question not wherefore?—Perhaps, with me,
To look out on the night, and the broad, bright sea,
And to hear its majestic flow!—

* * * * * * *

Well, we're met here again; and the moonlight sleeps
On the sea, and the bastion'd wall;
And the flowers there below——How the night-wind brings
Their delicious breath on its dewy wings!—
"But there's one," say you, "sweeter than all!"

"Which is it? The myrtle, or jessamine,
Or their sovereign lady the rose?
Or the heliotrope? or the virgin's-bower?—
What! neither?"—Oh, no; 'tis some other flower,
Far sweeter than either of those.

Far sweeter!—And where, think you, groweth the plant
That exhaleth such perfume rare?—
Look about, up and down,—But take care! or you'll break,
With your elbow, that poor little thing that's so weak,
...."Why, 'tis *that* smells so sweet, I declare!—

Ah ha! is it *that*? Have you found out now
Why I cherish that odd little fright?—
"All is not gold that glitters," you know;
And it is not all worth makes the greatest show
In the glare of the strongest light.

There are *human* flowers full many, I trow,
As unlovely as that by your side,
That a common observer passeth by,
With a scornful lip, and a careless eye,
In the hey-day of pleasure and pride.

But move one of those to some quiet spot,
From the mid-day sun's broad glare,
Where domestic peace broods with dove-like wing;
And try if the homely, despised thing,
May not yield sweet fragrance there.

Or wait till the days of trial come—
The dark days of trouble and woe;
When they shrink, and shut up, late so bright in the sun;—
Then turn to the little despised one,
And see if 'twill serve you so.—

And judge not again at a single glance;
Nor pass sentence hastily:—
There are many good things in this world of ours—
Many sweet things and rare!—weeds that prove precious flowers!—
Little dreamt of by you or me.

[FROM SOLITARY HOURS.]

THE ABBEY GARDEN;

OR, THE CONFESSION OF EDWARD WALDEN.

I HAVE a dark tale to tell—the history of my own unfortunate and perverted mind; which I would trace onwards from its commencing changes to that terrible scene which closed the drama of life for me, and filled, to overflowing, the envenomed cup of my sufferings and my sin. And it must be told now, if it is ever to be unfolded; for the aberations by which my intellect is daily more and more fearfully shaken, warn me to expect that dismal blindness of the spirit, compared with which the death of the body is enviable.

From my earliest boyhood I was deeply and silently thoughtful—enthusiastic, imaginative, reflective; I showed no outward sign of my internal restlessness; the subdued and calm tone of my manners deceived even those who might have known me better; and I was early considered as possessed of a cold heart and sluggish fancy—as a solitary book-worm, a being who held no fellow feeling with ordinary life, and nourished no aspirations after its enjoyments. They guessed not that my perceptions, acting with difficulty on an inanimate frame and inexpressive features, were yet vivid, even to painfulness, while present, and stored up in a faithful memory as the subjects of long and intense reflection. And it was in reflection chiefly that, from early youth, I enjoyed life. Slow my ideas of present objects were not; but they were the images of shadows, compared with the pictures which my imagination afterwards formed from them. I have mixed among happy groups, and been asked, with wonder, why I showed so little interest in the general gladness; while they knew not that I retired from it only to

call it up before my fancy with added splendour, and to live succeeding hours and days in musings tinged with the spirit of those few hours of rejoicing; they knew not that such moments were fresh in my soul with tenfold radiance, after they had vanished from more thoughtless spirits, without leaving a vestige or an effect.

But, as with the good of my life, so was it with the evil. My moments of happiness were indescribably heightened by my turn of mind; but my hours of misery were so likewise. The young are incapable of struggling with the unhappiness of life, and wisely is it ordered that they should feel it but little; and when in manhood, the conviction of human sorrow springs up along with reflection in the mind, the soul has acquired strength for resistance, and, in the ardour of the mighty conflict, half forgets the misery against which it strives. To me was given the knowledge of manhood with the weakness and incapacity of the boy. I need not say that the gift was fatal. Mental disquietudes, or outward sufferings and injuries, which, to others of age, would have appeared the merest trifles, or been forgotten as quickly as they arose, formed to my mind subjects of meditation, I will not say how long; and of necessity continued, while thus ruminated upon, to increase in apparent magnitude and aggravation.

And my intercourse with my youthful companions was exposed to one cause of mischief, which gave the finishing stroke to the tottering fabric of my peace. The body was in league with the spirit—an enfeebled body with a distempered mind. And it is superfluous to tell with what painful frequency I felt my bodily inferiority in the boisterous sports and constant contentions of boyhood. Unpopular from retired habits, despised for my miserable and puny frame, and triumphed over on account of both, I was too proud to stoop beneath oppression, I resisted it to the last, with a bitter consciousness that resistance was wholly in vain. The effect produced on me by years so marked was melancholy indeed. They did not break my spirit; they could not!—but they clouded it with a sad mixture of stubbornness and dejection. I would not be misunderstood; I was no misanthrope. I early saw the difference between the characters of others and my own; and that those injuries and slights which appeared to me so heavy, were received by them with the same indifference with which they inflicted them. From my heart I pardoned their thoughtlessness, while I felt that it rendered me most unhappy; and had the evil stopped here, the progress of advancing years might have worn away those dark traces from my heart. But this was not to be.

I have said I was no misanthrope; it is the truth. I felt dislike to no human being; to none—save *one;* and *him* I found that I could not but hate. He had crossed, he had baffled me, he had insulted me from the earliest period, when I was sensible to love or hatred;—and he had his reward. Heaven is my witness, that, even yet, I strove long and anxiously not to hate him. I brooded, it is true, over my injuries, for it was not in my nature not to do so; but while my blood boiled to think on them, it was my ardent wish to peruade myself that he himself never viewed them under the aspect which they presented to me; that they partook of the levity which pervaded his whole character; and were nothing more than the wantonness of youthful excitation, eager to exercise power, and unscrupulous as to the objects on which it fell. And I could assuredly have so warded off the gloomy emotions which infested me, if I had been exposed to my enemy only at intervals; if had enjoyed but moments of repose from his persecutions, to which I could have looked forward for comfort, and which might have been employed in endeavours to subdue my heart. But this I had not

long. Colville was my cousin; and we were still boys when we were placed, both orphans, under the same roof,—made sole companions in the retirement of a country mansion-house,—and turned loose on each other, with no bar but the observation of a kind, weak uncle, and the censure of a simple book-exhausted tutor, between my hatred and his scorn. The consequences were natural. My cousin was capricious and tyrannical; and I, his junior in age, and his inferior in bodily strength, was the victim of his humours in those hours when we were left to ourselves; while in the family, his frank and showy address gave him an easy advantage over my melancholy and reserve. Those sentiments of mine, which had till now been, at worst, but transient fits of aversion, matured into a stern and settled hatred. And his feelings towards me changed too: he continued to take a malicious pleasure in insolently tormenting that sensitive spirit whose motions his dull heart at once understood not and despised; but he quickly perceived my loathing for him, and began to add a deeper feeling to his contempt; till, by degrees, he entertained an emnity as cordial, though not so bitter, as mine. It could not last; I was rapidly forgetting every aim and every distress in the one overpowering passion of hate,—the one diabolical pursuit of revenge; he was the poison-tree of my life, which blasted my every hope and affection;—would it have been wonderful if I had tried to tear the fatal plant up by the very roots? I beheld the percipice over which I hung, and, with moody resolution, I forced myself from its brink. In my sixteenth year, I abandoned my home, and cast myself into the vast arena of the world, helpless, friendless—almost hopeless.

And yet, for the first time, I was not altogether unhappy. A weight was taken from my breast; I was thrown among new associates who saw not all my weaknesses, and therefore more readily pardoned those which were visible; and even Colville I for a time forgot, except to hope that his blighting influence might never more shed desolation on my path. And fortune gradually favoured me in a worldly view; a line of life was opened to me to which I could never have dreamed of aspiring. My life for some years was indeed wild, eccentric, and adventurous, but I rose in rank and estimation; and, at length, proudly felt myself not useless nor alone. My body improved along with my mind; and when, seven years after my flight, I returned to my country, with nerves strung by war and travel, and a countenance embrowned by the winterless heats of the East, few could have traced in the robust man of three-and-twenty, the weakly shrinking boy who had been so shunned and so despised. I had now acquired a character of decision and hardihood, while my habits of rumination and loneliness had been mellowed down into a calm and gentle thoughtfulness, which I found was considered both excusable and pleasing. On this part of my story I must be brief. I met and loved one, of whom I will not speak. Alas! I dare not! and I had reason to hope for her favour, when a rival appeared and was quickly successful. It was Colville: and to this day I believe that he presented himself solely with the malignant design of thwarting and triumphing over *me*. There succeeded a period fearful to my recollection,— a chaos of fierce regrets and gloomy apathy. I was again thrown back from that placidity which I had through so much labour attained, into a state of mind black and joyless as that from which I had formerly extricated myself. After a few more years of wandering, aimless and uncheered, my mind again became more quiet; and, home sick, I turned my steps once more to the cold island regions of the north, now indeed a melancholy man, but still with much of the good of my character unextinguished, and, as I too fondly hoped, even

purified and strengthened. I knew not how irretrievably my moral system had been shattered, till the injury was shown by that fatal event, which formed the catastrophy of my struggle against guilt and destiny, and to the recital of which I now summon up all my remaining vigour of resolution.

On reaching the quarter of the country where lay the place of my nativity, I pressed on with eager longing to visit the habitation of my youth. I knew that my cousin had succeeded to the inheritance which might have been mine ; but I had been informed, that he had, with his wife, now delicate and consumptive, left the island for some time in search of the more genial influence of continental climates. I understood that my youthful home, the Abbey, dear to me in despite of all the sufferings which it had witnessed, was solitary and deserted :—ruinous and decaying it had ever been, and fading like the setting star of the fortunes of our race ; and with sorrowful pleasure I anticipated the prospect of spending a few hours among its silvan retirements.

It was a glorious summer's evening when I reached it, and as I passed westward up the straight avenue, the broad plane-trees threw down rich masses of shadow, now veiling, and now contrasting with the bright hues of the green carpet beneath them, and of the low, moss-grown, broken walls with which they were on each side shut in. My heart beat as I approached the mean hoary range of buildings which excluded the view of the mansion-house, where the aveuue separated into two walks, passing on each side of the tree-skirted lawn, and meeting at the ends of the house. I passed round the corner of the buildings, and scarcely knew for some moments whether the picture before my mind was produced by actual vision, or was held up to Imagination by Love and Memory, the eldest and most powerful of her slaves ! The two flanking arcades of majestic patriarchal trees retired and darkened before me, enclosing in their grasp, like some sequestered forest-glade, the large half natural green, whose soft and hillock-broken turf was illuminated by the countless tints of the departing day. And wandering on along that gorgeous surface, the eye rested on a dark shadow falling forward on its further extremity. I blessed that shadow, even with tears, as it met my view ; for it was the shadow of my father's house,—of those old walls, which in foreign solitudes I had seen with closed and brimful eyes,—those beloved walls, whose memory shall be the last to leave the fading tablet of my soul. I looked up, and the house was there, unchanged as if I had but left it yesterday, closing the prospect to the west before me, with its three antique gables side by side, facing the lawn, and standing up sombre and distinct in the red and spirit-like streaming of the sky. There was much too that I did not behold, and which rose swiftly into my fancy, as I musingly advanced up the centre of the lawn. Behind the house, and stretching to the right, lay those spots which had been my favourite haunts, when thoughtfulness or hardship drove me into solitude ;—the scattered and devious wood, with its beautiful mounds and rocks, clothed with the rustling fern and the bushy tangles of the blaeberry ; and the deserted and romantic quarries, where I had so often roamed to pluck the graceful foxglove from its granite cliffs, or to plunge into the black tarns which lay numerous among the profound recesses. To the left of the mansion was the garden, and towards it I turned.

I entered, and had one wing of the house close on the right ; and before me the cumbrous but delightful features of the place, those antique arrangements which find perfection in ruin and decay ; the grassy walks, the mossy seats, the artificial arbours, and the old clumps of verdant box and holly ; while the surrounding walls were richly mantled with the gloomy foliage

of the ivy, or the more cheerful flowers and tendrils of the jessamine and woodbine.

I was standing behind some tall leafy shrubs, when I suddenly heard voices from the building, and looking from between the branches, I saw, through the two open windows of our old parlour, evident signs of inhabitants, or of preparations for their reception. I had scarcely time for consideration, when footsteps in the house struck my ear, and immediately afterwards a voice, which it shook every nerve in my body to hear. I could not mistake it—it was my cousin's; and it was replied to by another, whose sweet low accents I knew likewise only too well. In the few sentences which passed between Colville and his wife, I learned enough to sting me into irrepressible indignation. She complained of neglect, of desertion, of cruel treatment; she spoke patiently of her own life as waning to its close; and she begged, with mild solemnity, that her few remaining hours might be spent in peace. And it was with boiling blood that I heard him answer her with a bitter sarcasm, which proved that his naturally unfeeling temper had been hardened by time into inhuman insensibility; and when, in the course of tossing over the articles in the room, I could see him throw a couple of swords on a table, I could hardly refrain from bursting forth, and calling him to a deadly account for his wrongs to me and to her.

He came out; and my breathing ceased while I gazed on him. Even *I* was shocked at the change I beheld—dissipation, debauchery, sensual and brutal, had done its work; for *him* I was incapable of pity; but had mine own wrongs been all, I could now have sternly despised him. His unhappy wife followed him, and urged some request—I know not what it was—I heard not a word, for my head swam with agony, and I could hardly bear to look upon that face and figure, and think on the history of approaching dissolution, which they so surely told. Feebly she followed him, and as she stopped to lean for support on the sun-dial before the door, I could hear the hollow panting of her breast, and see the tears falling silently down her thin and death-like cheeks. She raised herself with effort, and approached her husband, who stood within arm's-length of my covert. She clung to him; for she tottered, and must have fallen without support; and the wretch shook her from her hold! He did more—he struck her! By my remorse, he did!—savagely, and violently struck her, and the unfortunate fell on the ground beside him, senseless as a three-days' corpse. He bent down alarmed over her, and in the same instant I had sprung out and was gazing on her too. One look only was necessary; the glimmering taper of her life, even a gentler hand might have extinguished. She was dead; he had murdered her, as he had ruined me. We raised our heads at the same moment, our eyes met, and he started as he recognised me. He cowered before my look, with a mixture of compunction and sudden fear, and I triumphed at the sight, even in that crisis of unutterable horror; it was the first time, and I felt that I had vindicated my place. For one moment I did *not* hate him. His confusion was short, and he was the first to speak, in the voice and words which I had, years before, gnashed my teeth to hear, careless, contemptuous, and taunting:—"To what circumstance, Mr. Walden, do I owe your presence?"—"To that Providence," I replied, "which avenges guilt; and I said the words as firmly as he spoke himself. I had not hated him for twenty years, to give vent to my passion now by cursing like a drunken boy. "I come to demand vengeance for acts long since past; and for *that*." I pointed to the body at his feet, for I could not name her death nor *her*. He was unmoved by the taunt, and addressed me again,—"Ever the same, my most cool and inveterate of haters; you are true to yourself, my amiable cousin, and to your early

fame. Another man now would have been at the sword's point with me by this time; but you," (he bent forward and spoke into my ear,) "*you* stand quietly by and talk of outrage and revenge; as if it pleased your malice to view your vengeance and your enemy before you grappled with them." My veins swelled with a fever like madness, for my conscience told me that my enemy spoke the truth. I looked in his face, and met there the identical sneer, with which, nineteen years before, he had brutally spat on me, and insultingly grasped my hands, and mocked my impotent endeavour to avenge the affront. The evil feelings of my youth burst back upon me in one appalling sweep, and my better angel was not near to save. I looked round, and saw the swords lying in the open room. I dashed in, snatched them up, and throwing one of them to Colville, motioned him to defend himself. He retreated a step or two, and called anxiously to me, "Hold, Walden! what means this? Madman that you are, stand back!" —"Coward!" I shouted; and I could not have uttered another syllable, though it had been to purchase the salvation of my soul. His eyes flashed fire, and we closed together in the resolute conflict of deadly and unquenchable hate. A few passes were enough to show that he was the better swordsman; and the conviction braced my nerves to something like desperation. One furious thrust had almost reached him, and in parrying it his sword broke across. Frantic with rage, I heeded not his quick and terrified cry for forbearance. In the next moment he lay, mortally wounded, at my feet; and, leaning on my bloody weapon, I watched with a steady eye, the convulsive workings of his face, and smiled as I marked the last agonizing shudder which contracted his body as the spirit left it. What passed during the remainder of that terrible night, I remember but indistinctly; the recollection comes only in my most horrible moments, and I dare not invite them.

With that night my concern with life terminated. My existence since has been a breathing agony. To some men my act might be as nothing; to me the memory of it has been an iron hand that crushes my very heart. There is blood upon my head,—blood which deserved to be spilt, but, oh! not by my hand! It cries up against me from the earth, and I hear it always. I have no rest; for there has not passed a single night since that dreadful one, in which I have not, in my perturbed sleep, acted over again that unnatural scene. The two who died that evening in my presence, have a heavier slumber—would that it were mine! my punishment is greater than I can bear.

The Abbey has been converted, fitly, into a *mad-house;* and it may be that my life will end there, where it began.

[EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

EVENING.—A FRAGMENT.

An eve, intensely beautiful—an eve
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl,
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal woods,
With their innumerable shades and colourings,
Are, like a silent instrument, at rest;
A silent instrument—whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play! [BY R. F. HOUSMAN, ESQ.]

FIRST LOVE.

I SHALL never forget the first time I ever drank rum-punch after having been smoking cigars. Dates, says De Quincy, may be forgotten—epochs never. That formed an epoch in *my* existence;

> "And the last trace of feeling with life shall depart,
> E'er the smack of that moment shall pass from my heart."

Let me recall it to my memory, with all its attendant circumstances, and while my soul broods over the delicious recollection, forget the present day, with its temporary miseries, and shut out from its view the follies, the frivolities, the wickedness, the baseness, the ingratitude of the world.

It happened, that although, like most men who, in my day, were reared in Trinity College, *juxta* Dublin, I had been tolerably well initiated into the theory and practice of compotation, I had never much taken to its greatest adjunct, smoking. I do not think that the Trinity men (Dublin) smoke—it certainly, as long as I remember that seminary, of which I cannot think but with affection, never was a fashion there. Particular pipemen, and solitary cigarers, no doubt, always existed, but just as you now and then see a pig-tail (I do not allude to tobacco) dangling behind an elderly gentleman, or hear a shoe creak under the foot of a decent man. Smoking, in short, was the exception—non-smoking the rule. But the men of my time drank hard, though, as youths always do, unscientifically. I therefore, as the rest, drank, and did not smoke.

I was about twenty when I left the University, and went down to live with my father in a pretty sea-port town. Here I mixed a good deal in boating-parties, and other such excursions with seafaring men, and from them, after much persuasion on their parts, I learned to smoke. My first preceptors preferred the pipe. I shall not here enter into the controversy which has so long agitated the world, concerning the superiority of pipe or cigar. I am tired of controversies;

> "I am weary of hunting, and fain would lie down."

For the same reason, I pass all mention of the too celebrated, though in reality minor dispute, concerning the length of the pipe, which cost my friend, Captain O'Shaughnessy, his life. Though he died as became a man of honour and a gentleman, it may be permitted to a friend to avert his eyes from the melancholy cause which deprived the world of a true philosopher and a brave soldier.

I think I must have persevered in the pipe system for nine months, when an accident (it is needless to encumber my narrative by detailing what it was) threw me in the way of Cornet Roger Silverthorne, of the 13th light dragoons, and Silverthorne Hall in the palatinate of Durham. This eminent and estimable young man was perhaps the most persevering cigar smoker that ever existed. If peerages were distributing, he should be Count Segar, instead of the gentleman who now holds that honourable title. He generally smoked five dozen a-day. You never saw him without one in his mouth; and as the voluminous smoke curled in picturesque wreathes from under his manly mustachio, while he luminously descanted on the various natures, uses, and proprieties of the several preparations of tobacco, he was one of the few men of whom you would decidedly say, that he was born *ex fumo dare lucem*. I never shall hear the like again: those eloquent lips

are mute, and the brain that dictated the thought, and the tongue that clothed it in utterance, have mouldered into clay. His fate was singular. He died of indigestion, from having eaten four pounds and a half of tripe for a wager. Others, however, maintain that he was choked in the operation. I never could penetrate through the veil which thus hangs over his mysterious death. I, however, incline to the latter hypothesis; for my respected and lamented friend, I am sure, could have digested any thing. The question, after all, is of little moment. He is dead—and I remain!

"Sweet Roger,
I thought I should have deck'd thy bridal bed,
And not have strewed thy tomb!"

After some controversy, perhaps too obstinately persevered in on my part, the Cornet converted me to cigars. I have said already, that I do not wish to unsettle any man's opinions, and therefore will let those who prefer the pipe, prefer it. I smoked pretty strenuously with him, and after he had been ordered away to Flanders, continued the practice. I moistened always, as is the custom of my country—where scarcely any other spirit is ever used—with whiskey. Of that spirit let no one imagine for a moment that I am about to say any thing but what is laudatory. If I did so, I were as ungrateful as unwise—but it is *not* the spirit to smoke with. I say this emphatically, because I know it to be the case. I am little inclined to dogmatize, but when once I have formed an opinion after careful examination, I uphold it with that firmness which a just regard for one's own character and the interest of truth and honour demand.

Shortly after Silverthorne's departure, business took me to Dublin.—Fatal, though delicious visit! On what trifles our fate hangs! I had finished my business, and taken my seat on the outside of the coach to return home, when, as we waited outside the post-office in Sackville-street, I heard a sweet voice say—I hear it yet tingling in my ears, though fifteen years have elapsed—I heard a sweet voice——

I cannot go on. I must lay down the pen——

— — — — — — —

Excuse this gust of passion—it shall be the last. I heard a sweet though rather loud voice say, "Put the little portmanteau into the boot, and take care to tie the two bandboxes tight on the top, covering them from the rain. You can put the big trunk where you like, and I'll take the cloth bag and two brown paper parcels into the coach—good by, Judy. I'll write from Ballinafad as soon as I see the old buck." I looked down, and my doom was sealed—I was in love—

"Dead shepherd, now I found thy saw of might—
He never loved, who loved not at first sight!"

That insidious passion had entered my bosom for the first time. Is there any one who has not experienced it? If there be, I may envy his freedom from disturbance, but I pity the callousness of heart, and the distortion of feeling, for which he is indebted to it.

Cecilia—shall I say, *my* Cecilia—was hasty in her movements, and rejecting the proffered aid of the guard, she stepped unassisted toward the coach. Her foot slipped in the attempt, and she fell on the flagging. I was smoking on the top when I saw this cruel accident, and without a moment's thought, flung from my jaw as fine a Havannah as ever saw the Moro, leaped on the ground and raised her. She was not hurt, but considerably agitated. She thanked me with hasty accents, and looked on me with a glance, which even still is——but I have promised to repress my feelings.

The coach was full inside, and besides I had lived pretty close to my last tenpenny in Dublin, so that even if there had been a place vacant, I could not have taken it. She parted from us about daybreak, but I was unfortunate in not being able to see her. In fact, the agitation of my spirits was such that I had been obliged to drink fourteen glasses of whiskey and water during the night, which had in some measure got in my head, for, as will happen when friends are parting, I had indulged a little after dinner with some few acquaintance with whom I chopped in Exchequer-street—and the guard seeing me inclined to be top heavy, had laid me down in the well behind the coachman, where I was unluckily snoring when Cecilia left the coach. She asked for me, to thank me for my assistance, but on seeing how the land lay, they told me that she said in her own kind manner, "Poor devil—he is flustered with drink—let him snooze it off." Sweet girl.

When I awoke and found her gone I was frantic. I had lost every clue to her. We were twenty miles away from the place she parted the coach before I roused, and the coachman informed me that a gentleman with a led horse was waiting for her, with whom she immediately galloped away—he forgot—insensible brute that he was—in what direction. A new agony seized my mind—the gentleman! WAS SHE MARRIED? My brain was wild. I had no way of satisfying myself, for the accursed mail-coach-clerk had entered her name in the waybill in such a hand as to puzzle Beelzebub himself, were he the prince of decypherers, and the only letter I could make out was the first, which proved him to be as abominable in his ideas of spelling as in his writing—for her name, as I afterwards knew, was Crimeen, and the ruffian, regardless of all possible principles of orthography, had commenced it with a Q.

When I got home I concealed my unfortunate passion as well as I could, but what can escape the eye of a parent? About nine days had elapsed before my father noticed my loss of appetite and my silence, but at last he could not bear to pass it by. "Boy," said he, taking me affectionately by the hand, "something is ailing you." "Nothing, sir," said I, "indeed." "Ah!" said my father, "do not think to deceive me that way. There's your fifth tumbler lying before you this half hour, and you're scarce quarter through it yet. I've noticed the same this last week, and except on the day Lord Bullaboo dined with us, when it behoved you to make an exertion, you have not finished any one blessed day seven tumblers. Don't think, my boy, that your father is not minding your happiness. You aren't in love, are you?" The goodness of the old gentleman was not to be withstood, and I confessed the fact, and told him all about it. "Never mind it," said he, "it looks the devil to you just now; but when you come to my time of life, you won't think much about such little accidents as meeting a girl at a coach door. So, go travel in God's name, and drive this nonsense out of your skull; travelling, besides, opens the mind and polishes the manners. So, go to my cousin Gusty, in Bristol, he lives out towards Lamplighter's Hall, and let me tell you, few soap-boilers from this to himself, and that's no small step, can beat him."

Good, venerable man, with what pleasure I record your honoured words! He gave me letters of change and introduction, adding his blessing and a gallon of whisky, which, as he well observed, could not be got for love or money in England. I had no objection to the change of scene, and soon established my quarters at my cousin Gusty's. Gusty was a good fellow, hoggish in his manners like the Bristolians, but a strenuous supporter of Church and State. We dined punctually at one, and except on melting days, which he was obliged to mind, smoked through the evening. So

passed a fortnight, but at the end of that time I had occasion to go to Clifton to play a game of skittles with a Jamaica Captain for a dozen of rum, and as I went along, just as I entered the North Crescent, whom should I see but Cecilia!

Skittles were at once knocked out of my head. She was alone, and I ventured to join her. Our mail-coach adventure afforded a common topic of conversation which soon grew animated. We talked of every thing, and as I coaxed her towards Durdham Downs, I had established her arm under mine. At last we came on that eminence which exhibits the most beautiful and varied prospect of that delightful tract. It was summer, about five o'clock on a lovely June evening. Every sight and sound about us was such as to dispose the soul to tender emotions. Never did Cecilia look more lovely than when I persuaded her to rest herself by sitting down on one of the grassy points overlooking the descent below. What I said to her I cannot write, the first words of love are not to be profaned by exposure to the gaze of the world. Our thoughts were pure—pure as the cloudless sky overhanging the lovely landscape, in the midst of which we sat forgetful even of *its* beauties, wholly absorbed in the consideration of one another. I had whispered, and she had heard without reply, what is never whispered a second time.

We might have been half an hour together, it was but a moment to my thought, when she recollected that she had left her aunt waiting for her in a butcher's shop where she was buying—how minutely love makes us recollect the merest trifles—buying a leg of pork, with a couple of pounds of sausages. I pressed her hand to my lips, and we returned to Clifton. Delightful day! Were my life prolonged to the days allotted to Methuselah, I never could forget a particle of what happened upon thee! It is *the* bright spot in the waste of my memory.

When we parted, I put my hand mechanically and mournfully into my waistcoat pocket, and found that I had forgotten my cigar case. Love had so completely taken possession of my soul, that I knew not what I was doing, and, by mere instinct, walked into a tobacconist's shop; which, such was the absence of my mind, I was about to leave without paying for the cigars, until the tobacconist rather energetically reminded me of my *insouciance*. Captain Snickersnee and his skittles were quite out of my head, and I went across to a low-browed public house, where a portrait of Lord Nelson, more spirited in conception, than exact in likeness, or studied in composition, shone glittering in one-armed majesty in the evening sun. The room I went into—why need I conceal that it was the tap-room?—was filled with the miscellaneous population of Bristol—men in general more noted for their candour than any other particularity in their manners. But I heeded them not. I was as much alone as if I was in the deserts of Tadmor, where the ruins of Palmyra tower towards the sky, or moulder upon the ground, filling the awe-struck traveller with melancholy musing on the instability of things. I lighted my cigar by the assistance of the pipe of a man sitting next me, who I have some reason to believe, but I shall not be positive, was a tailor. I puffed away—soft were my thoughts, delectable my visions. Every curl of smoke contained the countenance of my Cecilia—every twinkle from each surrounding pipe beamed upon me as if it was one of her celestial eyes. I had forgotten where I was, when the waiter came to me, and jogging my elbow, said, "Thee musn't lumber the room, if thee'l not drink zummat." In general, I have remarked, that the language of these persons is seldom marked by the refinements of elegance, and that perhaps you might travel from one end of the country to the other without

finding a waiter at a public house who combines the terseness of Addison with the magniloquence of Johnson!

I replied to this rude man mildly, yet, I think, with sufficient dignity. "What have you in the house?" "Every thing," said he. In this the man's bad faith was evident, for, on scrutinizing the subject, I found that he had nothing but gin, a liquor I ever detested, and rum. "Rum, then," said I with a sigh, resigning myself to my fate, for I anticipated, in my ignorance, that I would dislike it.

My mouth was full of the cigar-smoke—full, ay, full as my heart was of my Cecilia. Divine girl! when I think upon thy perfections, on thy charms, on the manner in which thou wert lost to me, by that fatal and mysterious circle of events, never to be anticipated—never to be repeated—But I'll think no more. There is a point of human endurance, beyond which it cannot go, Let me proceed. I was saturated with smoke, when, in the wildness of the delirium of my love, I did not perceive the water bottle standing by the *bottom* of rum, and swallowed the spirit unalloyed, unmoistened, undiluted, uninjured. It permeated my whole mouth—it filled it with a species of solidity that seemed altogether to have destroyed the liquid character of the spirits; I felt it melting into my palate, my tongue, my fauces, my gums. It was an intense gush, a simple, original, indivisible idea of delight. It rose to my brain, as the vapour of the tedded meadow rises to the sky in the balminess of morning. It descended to the sole of my foot as the sky sends back that delicious vapour in the shape of the dews of evening. It was a joy to be felt once, and no more. I never felt it again, it was

> "Odour fled
> As soon as shed;
> 'Twas morning's winged dream,
> 'Twas a light that ne'er shall shine again
> On life's dull stream!"

I have tried it over and over, and it will not do. I smoke my cigar still in the evening, and frequently moisten it with a quart or so of rum, naked, in grog, in punch, in flip—every way that can be thought of, but it will not return. That feeling of intense and transporting delight is over.

Days of my youth! when every thing was innocence and peace—when my sorrows were light, and my joys unsophisticated—when I saw a glory in the sky, and a power on the earth which I shall never see again—how delightful, yet how sad is your recollection! Here's, then, to the days gone by—to the memory of my first love, and my first libation of rum over a cigar! Some young heart is now going the same round as I was then—revelling in delights which he fondly fancies are to last for ever—anticipating joys which never are destined to exist.—Light be his heart, buoyant his spirits—I shall not break in on his dreams by the croaking of experience.

Farewell again, Cecilia! I never saw her after that day—in the evening she left Bristol with her aunt's butler—they were married three days after by the Blacksmith at Gretna, and she is now, I understand, the mother of fourteen children, keeping, with her third husband, the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes somewhere about the Dock of Liverpool. I never could muster up courage to enter the house. The very sound of her voice saying, "Eightpence, sir," in reply to my question of what I had to pay, would inevitably overcome my feelings.

I was born to be unhappy—but I shall not intrude my sorrows on a thoughtless world!

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed—
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath *his* gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful! farewell!—thou'rt sold, my steed—thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs, full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wint'ry sky, which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be:
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step, so firm and light:
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood, that is in thee, swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be--
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand, which casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

Return!—alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gath'ring tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
Where, with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—away! the fevered dream is o'er—
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his pains!

[HON. MRS. NORTON.]

MARRIED; OR NOT MARRIED.

The Countess von Werbe became a widow very young. Her husband was old and rich when he asked her in marriage. She rejected his addresses, and wept in the arms of her father. Her father laughed at her tears. He did not conceive how it was possible to reject the count, and his daughter did conceive it. Her father reckoned the estates of the count, and she reckoned his years.

She had sometime before become acquainted with Herr von Welt, who had fewer estates, and fewer years over his head, danced well, talked tenderly, and loved ardently. But the count was pressing—the father severe—the Herr von Welt was poor, and the count rich. She continued to love the Herr von Welt, and gave the count her hand.

The count had no children. The gout and a cough reminded him of temperance, and he retired in the arms of Hymen to one of his estates. The young countess lived in solitude; the count coughed worse, and remained without children. His old age and his infirmities increased every day; in two years he left the world and his estates, and the young wife was a widow.

She laid aside her white dresses and put on black. The countess was fair—the dark dress set off her complexion—mourning became her.

The count left her all his property: but old people are often fantastical! According to a singular condition of the will, if she married again, the greatest part of the property reverted to one of his relations, living at the residence.

Herr von Welt hastened to comfort the widow. He found her beautiful, and she found him as amiable as before. He talked all day long without coughing, and she listened to him all day long without yawning. He could relate a thousand little anecdotes, and the countess was curious. He spoke of the torch of love and his own feelings, and the countess felt. He described the torments of separation, and the anxieties which had martyred him, and the countess was compassionate. He lay at her feet; protestations of his passion streamed from his lips, and his tears upon her hand, and the countess loved; but she thought with tears on the conditions of the will. She was melancholy. It was already six weeks since the count had bade adieu to his gout for ever, and grief appeared now for the first time on the countenance of the countess.

"My dear friend," said Herr von Welt to her one morning, "you torment yourself with doubts, and it remains in your own power to put an end to them."

"How so?" said the countess.

"You believe in the possibility," continued he, "of my ceasing to love you; you consider the band of the feelings not strong enough to withstand time; but, my dear friend, how easy it is for the hand of the priest to join ours together; you will then be tranquillized."

"Have you then forgotten the will?" said she, weeping.

"My love, the question now is only about making you easy. We will be married privately. You and I, the priest—and love will hear our oath."

"But you see, there must be a priest," said she, hastily.

"Let me manage that," said Herr von Welt. "Here in the neighbourhood lives an old man, who is borne down by poverty, and more than half a century of years. He is as worthy as the times in which he was

born, and as silent as the tomb which will soon receive him. He will carry our secret with him to the grave, and we will bury it in our bosoms."

The countess threw herself into his arms, and entreated him to hasten. Welt did so. The conscience of the priest was tranquillized; twilight, and a distant summer-house, concealed them from the eye of suspicion, and Welt embraced with rapture—his wife.

A year passed away; she no longer looked after him with inquietude when he rode out, and his eyes were no longer fixed on her window when he returned; she could yawn when he related, and he sometimes felt *ennui* though she was sitting by him—but they lived together. The servants had observed familiarities not warranted by friendship; yet their attachment did not appear to be ardent enough to account well for their being together. A year had made them feel secure, and they no longer paid that strict attention which they did at first to their conduct and conversation. People began to conjecture, to doubt, at last to believe, and after a time to impart their sentiments to each other.

The Count von Werbe, who was to inherit the property in default of the condition of the will being observed, was at this time out of favour with the prince, through the intrigues of his numerous creditors, and had left the residence with his wife, to take refuge in the arms of nature. He had purchased the situation of grand chamberlain to the prince—had squandered his property in giving balls and *fêtes*, and destroyed his health by dancing and dancers. His wife was formerly a lady of honour—people had formerly paid homage to her charms. She was formerly surrounded by a circle of admirers, but the boundaries of this circle grew smaller, and it was now many years since she had found the residence empty and tiresome, and the taste of the times quite spoiled.

Their estate joined that of the countess. The count attended with much interest to the suspicions which were imparted to him, and hastened to the castle of the countess to pay his respects to her as a relative, and to convince himself of the truth of the opinion of his neighbours, but he did not convince himself. The countess was prepared for his visit. The Herr von Welt was tender and attentive—his eyes rivetted on her. The countess showed all the cordiality of his friendship, and the attentions of a warmer affection. The count returned home sorrowful.

"Dear Augusta," said the count, as he entered the chamber of his wife, "our neighbours are not prudent. It is only necessary to see them both to give no credit to the tale they have amused us with. I was there two hours, and he had not the courage to come within three steps of her."

"But that proves for us," cried the countess, "he would have sat at one end of the room and she at the other."

"Not so, my love," said the count; "respect seemed to keep him at a distance. Their eyes sought each other—her countenance appeared to complain of my presence. Then the interest with which they spoke of each other! No, my love, we see each other—we talk to each other, but believe me on my word they are not married."

"But," said the countess, "our neighbours have eyes; did you never, then, observe anything which can justify their opinion?"

"My love," replied the count, "you may suppose that I observed every thing very attentively. It is not my fault if our creditors are not paid."

"Trifles often betray us," said the countess. "Reflect a little; did she not once drop her pocket handkerchief?"

"Her pocket-handkerchief?" said the count, and considered a little; "no, but her fan fell down."

"And she picked it up again?" said the countess, quickly.

"Truly, yes, she picked it up," said the count, looking at her with astonishment.

"And he was there, and suffered it?" said the countess.

The count looked thoughtful—she struck him playfully on the shoulder: "Believe me, good count, our neighbours are in the right."

"When I consider well," said the count, "it appears to me probable; she was very well dressed; her toilette was certainly a few months behind the fashion, but we are in the country, and I was astonished at her taste."

"And he?" asked the countess.

"He held a long dissertation upon taste; he went through the whole history of fashions, from the fig leaf of the first lady, to the last gala dress of the grand duchess. He particularly admired the Grecian costume."

"And was she dressed like a Greek?" said the countess quickly.

"Oh no," said the count; "she was true German—buried up to the chin."

"They are man and wife," said the countess, throwing herself into his arms.

"But her eyes," said the count, shaking his head,

"You are a keen observer," said the countess. "What proofs do you wish to have? The lover would have fallen to the ground with the fan, the husband remained quietly seated; the lover would have had eyes only to admire, the husband had time for a long conversation; the lover would have been delighted to see a German woman he admired, dressed in the German fashion, and the husband praised the Greek women. My dear count, are you not aware of all that?"

The count laughed. "Well," said he, "we are invited to-morrow to our neighbour the chamberlain: the Herr von Welt and the countess will likewise be there. In a large society we fancy ourselves less remarked, and give ourselves up more to our ease; we can therefore both observe them. You may be in the right, but her countenance, and her eyes. I have had the honour, during the last fifteen years, of presenting many married men to his royal highness, and I know mankind well! Matrimony has a peculiar look, something like despair—if you are right, my knowledge of mankind is good for nothing."

The next day all the company were assembled at the chamberlain's except the countess and Herr von Welt. The chamberlain was impatient, all eyes turned toward the road; at last a cloud of dust was observed, and then the carriage of the countess driving quickly up. She was looking out of the right window of the carriage. Welt, leaning on his arm, was looking out of the other. The lady of the grand chamberlain touched her husband and smiled; he turned round good humouredly, and said in a low voice, "I believe you are right. The carriage stopped; Welt sprang out, the servants assisted the countess; he stood quietly by and brushed the dust from his coat. "They are man and wife," said the grand chamberlain's lady softly.

"Yes, yes, I begin to doubt my knowledge of mankind," said the count.

The countess made excuses for being so late; Welt knit his brow in vexation. Dinner was announced; the master of the house offered his arm to the lady of the grand chamberlain. The grand chamberlain and Welt, the countess and a strange lady remained. Welt offered his arm to the strange lady, and left the countess to the grand chamberlain. His wife looked back and smiled; the grand chamberlain nodded significantly. The society was gay. Welt sat between the countess and the strange lady. He conversed with the stranger on fashion and feeling, and left the countess

to be amused by the grand chamberlain. The latter smiled, his wife looked at him good-humouredly. After dinner Welt approached the countess. He talked of the influence of the body over the mind, which occasioned satiety in every thing. The countess yawned. "That is the body, says she." Welt continued calmly talking, and the body of the countess yawned again.

The grand chamberlain stole up to his lady. "They are man and wife," she whispered.

"It is certain," said the grand chamberlain.

The chamberlain proposed a walk in the garden, and the company went. A narrow plank led to a fine waterfall. The grand chamberlain had brought his vertigo with him from the residence; the chamberlain was too lusty to trust himself on the plank, and the ladies were timid. Welt sought to tranquillize them. He escorted them over the plank; but he offered his services last to the countess.

The grand chamberlain stood smiling on one side, and his wife stood smiling at him from the other. It was evening, and the company hastened back to the house. The countess was behind, Welt near her. He walked on thoughtfully; she followed him fatigued.

The grand chamberlain pressed the hand of his wife. The carriages were ordered; the party separated, and hastened home.

"You are a clever woman, my love," said the grand chamberlain; "it is certain they are man and wife."

"Now, my dear," said the countess, "only take the pains to get certain proofs."

"Leave me alone," said the count. "The thing is clear; and when that is the case, there must be proofs." Accordingly he went round the neighbourhood to obtain more information; but he wanted proof, and could only procure conjectures. People had heard this, and seen that; one referred to another; and when he wanted proofs, the one had said nothing, and the other had heard nothing. He came back sorrowful. "My dear," said he, "I return just as rich in conjectures, and as poor in proofs."

"Indeed!" said the countess. "Can the people yet doubt that they are married?"

"Alas! no," said the count; "but no one can prove it. However, I will try what I can do; the day after to-morrow Herr von Welt has business in the residence; I will send immediately to my lawyer. We must take advantage of the moment, for conjectures lead to nothing."

The lawyer was called; they were shut up together, and on the second day he drove to the chateau of the countess.

"All alone?" said the grand chamberlain, as he entered the room with an appearance of surprise.

"Herr von Welt is in town," said the countess; "he will be sorry that he was not at home when he finds that you have been here."

The grand chamberlain took a seat near her; he admired the arrangement of the house, and some pictures which were in the room,

"My husband was a connoisseur," said the countess. "The collection of paintings he has made proves his taste."

"Ah! his taste proves other things still more," said the count, smiling; and he kissed her hand. "But he was an extraordinary man; he had caprices, which he showed even to the last; his will proves that."

The countess looked at him surprised. The grand chamberlain appeared not to observe it, and continued, "So young as you are, to remain a widow can only be the caprice of an old jealous husband, who wishes to torment

you after his death. The poor man forgot that the heart is very susceptible at your age."

The countess cast down her eyes, and blushed.

"Herr von Welt is an old acquaintance, at least I think so," said the grand chamberlain.

"I have known him above four years," said the countess, embarrassed.

"He was remarked at court for his talents and affability," continued the grand chamberlain, smiling, and his smile was expressive: "but the last year he has been quite lost to the court and to the world. How is it possible for him not to forget the caprices of an old man who is dead?"

The countess was evidently more embarrassed.

"Why were you not sincere with me? said he, softly, and took her hand. "Your secret is known in the neighbourhood, why would you conceal it from it?"

The countess started up terrified. "Is it possible," said she—and her voice faltered. "Can the old man have—Oh, count! what do you know —what is known?"

"Do you think," said the count, "that I watch my advantage so servilely?" and his tone was tender and sincere. "I will see and hear nothing. Enjoy in peace what you have dearly enough bought, by a sacrifice of two years. But, dear countess, I have children, who may hereafter complain of my pliability and indulgence. I must therefore do something to fulfil the duty of a father. Another in my place would here require—— he would lay before you proofs on which to ground his claims, but I spare your heart, and respect your secret. The friend is silent—it is the father only entreats."

"Alas!" cried the countess, and tears streamed from her eyes, "what do you require of me?"

The grand chamberlain drew a paper out of his pocket. "You know," he continued calmly, "that my property is greatly embarrassed. Your husband left you large estates, and a great fortune; I am silent on his will, of which I make no use; but this wound which I give to my interest must not continue bleeding in my children. Sign, therefore, this writing, my dear friend, You undertake therein to discharge a part of my debts, which have been occasioned by my service in the state, and your secret will ever remain concealed."

He fetched a pen. The countess in the mean time recovered her presence of mind.

"Allow me," said she, more tranquilly, "to request that you will present me the proofs on which you ground your suspicions?"

"Why so?" said he, smiling, "the government will, perhaps, soon communicate some to you."

"The government?" said the countess, terrified.

"You know," continued he, "the steady course of justice; you will be cited. It is certainly only a form, but still unpleasant. You must appear and take your oath."

"Oh heavens!" cried the countess, and her voice faltered again.

"You take your oath," said the grand chamberlain, "and remain in possession of your property."

The countess seized the pen hastily. "Your children shall lose nothing," said she, and signed. The grand chamberlain kissed the hand which returned him the paper, and went gaily to his carriage.

Herr von Welt returned the next day. "We are betrayed," said the countess," and threw herself weeping into his arms.

"Betrayed?" said he, astonished.

"The old priest must have chattered," said the countess.

"Indeed!" said Welt, "he has not spoken these nine months, for he is dead.

The countess looked confounded. She related to him the visit of the grand chamberlain, his behaviour, and her signature.

"That is a deception," cried Welt, "he has taken you by surprise; but he shall not long enjoy his triumph." He hastened out of the room, ordered his horse, and rode to the grand chamberlain. The count came to meet him on the steps.

"I have a word to say to you, count," said Welt; "but I should wish it to be in private."

"A word also with you, for it is time to sit down to dinner, and you must be our guest," said the grand chamberlain affably, and led him into the room.

"Count," said Welt, "you expressed a suspicion yesterday to the countess, in which I am concerned."

"Quite right," replied the count; "people told me of these conjectures, and I repeated them to the countess."

"Count!" said Welt, "by what can you prove your conjectures?"

"We will talk about it after dinner," said the grand chamberlain; "it is already on the table. Our conversing longer may occasion surprise, and you do not, of course, wish that we should furnish the people with more materials for conjectures?"

Welt bowed embarrassed. "After dinner, then," said he, and his tone was somewhat milder. The grand chamberlain opened the dining-room door, and introduced him to his wife.

Two sons of the count were at table with them. The youngest, the mother's darling, sat next her, and amused himself by getting under the table to pinch the calf of his father's leg. The count drew up his feet several times, making a wry face; but the strength of the darling seemed to increase, for he clung like a crab to the calf. The grand chamberlain at last kicked him from him with an exclamation, and the darling fell screaming at his mother's feet.

"The child grows unbearable," cried the grand chamberlain, as he rubbed the calf of his leg, which was smarting with pain; and the mother wiped the tears from the cheeks of the little one. "Poor child!" said she, "has he hurt you?"

"Go on spoiling him," said the count, "and he will one day give your heart as much pain as he has now done my calf."

"Only do not torment him," said the mother, stroking his cheeks; "he must be allowed to grow like the tree of the field. It was so that Jean Jacques wished boys to be educated."

"But he is to be a gentleman of the chamber," said the father, "and you will at last make a Jean Jacques of the boy. He will then be good for nothing at most but to be a stable boy."

"When the children are grown up," said she, coldly, "you may present them at court; that you may understand, but do not interfere in their education. You do not wish the tender plants to wither before their time."

The grand chamberlain was silent, and looked vexed; the countess expatiated on the virtues of her children, and the cruelties of certain fathers, who had no steady principle of education.

The storm subsided by degrees, and they rose from the table. Welt impatiently reminded the count of his promise, who conducted him into his room.

" Herr von Welt," said the grand chamberlain, as he begged him to be seated, " am I married ?"

Herr von Welt looked at him with astonishment.

" I do not know what this question means, Count ?"

" You were not a witness at our marriage, you did not accompany u to the altar: may I be allowed to ask by what means you know we are married ?"

" I think you must be joking," said Welt; " how I know ?—people have told me so."

" You consider that as a proof then ?" said the grand chamberlain quickly.

" You embarrass me," said Welt; " I knew it before I had the honour of seeing you, and my eyes convinced me."

" What have you seen, then ?" asked the count.

" Oh !" said Welt, " there are certain trifles which soon discover that connexion. One is more familiar together, one is not so attentive to the choice of expressions when speaking together, and sometimes one differs about the mode of education."

" Precisely so," continued the grand chamberlain, " the ardour of first love is gone by, but we live together, we bestow our attention on strangers, and leave our wives to be entertained by others: we walk onwards lost in thought, and forget that a wife is following."

" Count !" said Welt embarrassed, " you describe the most minute features of the picture. But we have digressed from the main point of our conversation."

" And I think we have been constantly discussing it," said the grand chamberlain; he went to his bureau and took out a paper,—" will you have the kindness to deliver this to the countess ?" You may read it, Herr von Welt; it is the ratification of my promises. You see I therein renounce my claim according to the will."

" The countess will be astonished at your generosity," said Welt; " but she delivered you a contract yesterday which she requires back."

" Indeed !" said the grand chamberlain, " then I beg you to return me my writing.—But, Herr von Welt, you have withdrawn yourself entirely from court.—Do you know that people have made observations upon it ? Thence arise conjectures; you must have rendered a few people jealous. I give you warning, my dear friend; no one can hurt you, but they seek to revenge themselves on the countess."

" How is that possible ?" said Welt, astonished.

" I am entreated to ground a complaint on the conjectures I have heard: I have not done so, but have explained my apprehensions to the countess. The ecclesiastical court, which puts the consciences of his royal highness's subjects to proof, can put her on her oath."

Welt looked over the paper much agitated. " I will give your renunciation to the countess," said he, getting up.

" And if she wishes her contract again," said the grand chamberlain, smiling, " it lies here amongst my papers."

" Count," said Welt, " the countess will not be behind you in generosity. Her property comes from her husband, who bore your name, and I am convinced she will be happy to appropriate part of the property to support the splendour of his family."

He took a friendly leave of the count, who accompanied him to the hall-door.

" Will you not soon travel ?" said the grand chamberlain, as they descended the steps.

"Possibly very soon," said Welt; "I mean to accompany the countess, who is anxious to be in a warmer climate."

"Well, the observations you may make on your journey cannot be otherwise than instructive," said the grand chamberlain. "But, my dear friend," he continued, "when in London or at Madrid, you see a man sitting opposite a lady, and the lady lets fall her fan, and he does not stoop to pick it up, or when he speaks learnedly, and the lady yawns—and they yawn at Madrid as well as here—then believe me they are man—and wife."

Herr von Welt threw himself on his horse.

"Ride fast," said the count, laughing; "make haste home; a gallop will confound the neighbours, who always walk their horses home to their wives."

Welt laughed, and spurred his animal. The grand chamberlain soon after satisfied his creditors, and returned to court.

[POLAR STAR.—FROM THE GERMAN.]

IFS.

Oh! if the winds could whisper what they hear,
When murmuring round at sunset through the grove:
If words were written on the streamlet clear,
So often spoken fearlessly above:
If tell-tale stars, descending from on high,
Could image forth the thoughts of all that gaze,
Entranced upon that deep cerulean sky,
And count how few think *only* of their rays!

If the lulled heaving ocean could disclose
All that has passed upon her golden sand,
When the moon-lighted waves triumphant rose,
And dashed their spray upon the echoing strand.
If dews could tell how many tears have mixed
With the bright gem-like drops that Nature weeps,
If night could say how many eyes are fixed
On *her* dark shadows, while creation sleeps!

If echo, rising from her magic throne,
Repeated with her melody of voice,
Each timid sigh—each whispered word and tone,
Which made the hearer's listening heart rejoice.
If Nature could, unchecked, repeat aloud
All she hath heard and seen—must hear and see—
Where would the whispering, vowing, sighing crowd
Of lovers, and their blushing partners, be?

[HON. MRS. NORTON.]

THE GHOST.

Sometime in the year 1800, or 1801, a man, of the name of William Morgan, enlisted on board the United States' frigate —— for a three years' cruize in the Mediterranean. He was an awful looking person, six feet four inches high—a long pale visage, deeply furrowed with wrinkles—sunken eyes, far up towards his forehead—black exuberant hair, standing on end, as if he were frightened at something—a sharp chin, of a length proportioned to his height—teeth white, but very irregular—and the colour of his eyes, what the writers on supernatural affairs call very singular and mysterious. Besides this, his voice was hollow and sepulchral; on his right arm were engraved certain mysterious devices, surmounted with the letters E. M.; and his tobacco-box was of iron. His everyday dress was a canvass hat, with a black riband band, a blue jacket, white trowsers, and leather shoes. On Sundays, he wore a white beaver, which, among sailors, bespoke something extraordinary, and, on rainy days, a pea-jacket, too short by half a yard. It is worthy of remark, that Morgan entered on Friday—that the frigate was launched on Friday—that the master carpenter who built her, was born on Friday, and that the squadron went to sea on Friday. All these singular coincidences, combined with his mysterious appearance, caused the sailors to look upon Morgan with some little degree of wonder.

During the voyage to Gibraltar, Morgan's conduct served to increase the impression his appearance had made on the crew. He sometimes went without eating for several days together, at least no one ever saw him eat; and if he ever slept at all, it was without shutting his eyes or lying down; for his messmates, one and all, swore that, wake at what time of the night they would, Morgan was seen sitting upright in his hammock, with his eyes glaring wide open. When his turn came to take his watch upon deck, his conduct was equally strange; he would stand stock still, in one place, gazing at the stars, or at the ocean, apparently unconscious of his situation; and, when roused by his companions, fall flat on the deck in a swoon. When he revived, he would fall to preaching the most strange and incomprehensible rhapsodies that ever were heard. In their idle hours upon the forecastle, Morgan would tell such stories about himself, and his strange escapes by sea and land, as caused the sailors' hair to stand on end, and made the jolly fellows look upon him as a person gifted with the privilege of living for ever: he often, indeed, hinted, that he had as many lives as a cat, and, more than once, offered to let himself be hanged for the gratification of his messmates. On more than one occasion, he was found lying on his back in his hammock, apparently without life, his eyes fixed and glowing, his limbs stiff and rigid, his lower jaws sunk down, and his pulse motionless, at least so his messmates swore, when they went to call the doctor; though, when the latter came, he always found Morgan as well as ever he was in his life, and apparently unconscious of all that had happened.

As they proceeded on the voyage, which proved, for the most part, a succession of calms, the sailors having little else to do, either imagined or invented, new wonders about Morgan. At one time a little Welsh fore-top man swore that, as he was going to sit down to dinner, his canteen was snatched from under him by an invisible hand, and he fell plump on the deck; a second had his allowance of grog abducted in a mysterious

manner, although he was ready to make oath he never had his eyes off it for a moment: a third had his tobacco-box rifled, though it had never been out of his pocket: a fourth had a crooked sixpence, with a hole by a riband, taken away without his ever being the wiser for it.

These things at length reached the ears of Captain R——, who, the next time Morgan got into one of his trances, had him confined for four-and-twenty hours, and otherwise punished him in various ways, on the recurrence of any one of these wonderful reports. All these produced no effect whatever, either on Morgan or the crew, which, at length, had its wonder stretched to the utmost bounds by a singular adventure of our hero.

One day, the squadron being about half way across the Atlantic, and the frigate several leagues a-head, with a fine breeze, there was an alarm of the magazine being on fire. Morgan was just coming on deck with a spoon in his hand, for some purpose or other, when, hearing the cry of "magazine on fire," he made one spring overboard. The fire was extinguished by the daring gallantry of an officer, now living, and standing in the first rank of our naval heroes. In the confusion and alarm, it was impossible to make any effort to save Morgan; and it was considered a matter of course that he had perished in the ocean. Two days after, one of the other vessels of the squadron came alongside the frigate, and sent a boat on board with Billy Morgan. Twelve hours after his leap overboard, he had been found swimming away gallantly, with the spoon in his hand: when asked why he did not let it go, he replied, that he kept it to help himself to salt water when he was dry. This adventure fixed in the minds of the sailors an obstinate opinion, that Morgan was either a dead man come to life again, or one that was not to be very easy killed.

After this, Morgan continued his mysterious pranks, the sailors talked and wondered, and Captain R—— punished him until the squadron were within two or three days' sail of Gibraltar, admitting the wind continued fair as it then was. Morgan had been punished pretty severely that morning for star-gazing, and falling into a swoon on his watch the night before, and had solemnly assured his messmates that he intended to jump overboard and drown himself the first opportunity. He made his will, dressed himself in his best, and settled all his affairs. He also replenished his tobacco-box, put his allowance of biscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with water, which he strung about his neck, saying that perhaps he might take it into his head to live a day or two in the water before he finally went to the bottom.

Between twelve and one, the vessel being becalmed, the night a clear star-light, and the sentinels passing their rounds, Morgan was distinctly seen to come up through the hatchway, walk forward, climb the bulwark, and let himself drop into the sea. A midshipman and two seamen testified to the facts, and Morgan being missing the next morning, there was no doubt of his having committed suicide by drowning himself. This affair occasioned much talk, and various were the opinions of the ship's crew on the subject.

His fate, however, gradually ceased to be a subject of discussion, and the wonder was quickly passing away, when, one night, about a week after his jumping overboard, the figure of Morgan, all pale and ghastly, his clothes hanging wet about him—with eyes more sunken, hair more upright, and face more thin and cadaverous than ever, was seen by one of his messmates, who happened to be laying awake, to emerge slowly from the fore part of the ship, approach one of the tables where there was a can of water, from

which it took a hearty draught, and disappeared in the direction whence it came. The sailor told the story next morning, but as yet very few believed him. The next night the same figure appeared, and was seen by a different person from him by whom it was first observed: it came from the same quarter again, helped itself to a drink, and disappeared in the same direction it had done before. The story of Morgan's ghost, in the course of a day or two, came to the ears of Captain R——, who caused a search to be made in that part of the vessel whence the ghost had come, under the impression that the jumping overboard of Morgan had been a deception, and that he was now secreted on board the ship: the search ended, however, without any discovery. The ghost made its appearance again the following night after the search, when it was seen by another of Morgan's messmates, to empty his tobacco box, and seize some of the fragments of supper, which had been accidentally left on the table, with which it again vanished in the manner before described. The sailor swore that when the ghost made free with his tobacco-box, he attempted to lay hold of him, but felt nothing in his hand but something like cold water.

Captain R—— was exceedingly provoked at these stories, and caused another, and still more thorough, search to be made, but without any discovery: he then directed a young midshipman to keep watch between decks. That night the ghost again made its appearance, and the courageous young officer sallied out upon it; but the figure darted away with inconceivable velocity, and disappeared. The midshipman, as directed, immediately informed Captain R——, who instituted an immediate search, but with as little success as before. By this time there was not a sailor on board that was not afraid of his shadow, and even the officers began to be infected with a superstitious dread. At length the squadron arrived at Gibraltar, and came to, in the bay of Algesiras, where the ships remained some days waiting the arrival of those they had come to relieve. About the usual hour that night, the ghost of Billy Morgan again appeared to one of his messmates, offered him its hand, and saying "good-bye, Tom," disappeared as usual.

It was a fortnight, or more, before the relief squadron sailed up the Mediterranean, during which time the crews of the ships were permitted to take their turn to go on shore. On one of these occasions, a messmate of Billy Morgan, named Tom Brown, was passing through a tolerably dark lane in the suburbs of Algesiras, when he heard a well-known voice call out—"Tom, Tom, damn your eyes, don't you know your old messmate?" Tom knew the voice, and, looking round, recognized his old messmate, Morgan's ghost; but he had no inclination to renew the acquaintance; he took to his heels, and without looking behind him to see if the ghost followed, ran to the boat where his companions were waiting, and told the story as soon as he could find breath for that purpose. This reached the ears of Captain R——, who being almost sure of the existence of Morgan, applied to the Governor of the town, who caused search to be made every where, without effect—no one had ever seen such a person. That very night the ghost made its appearance on board the frigate, and passed his cold wet hand over the face of Tom Brown, to whom Morgan had left his watch and chest of clothes. The poor fellow bawled out lustily; but before any pursuit could be made, the ghost had disappeared in the forward part of the ship as usual. After this Billy again appeared, two or three times alternately, to some one of his old messmates—sometimes in the town, at others, on board the frigate, but always in the dead of night. He seemed desirous of saying something particular, but could never succeed in getting

any of the sailors to listen quietly to the communication. The last time he made his appearance at Algesiras, on board the frigate, he was heard by one of the sailors to utter, in a low hollow whisper, "you shall see me at Malta;" after which he vanished as before.

Captain R—— was excessively perplexed at these strange and unaccountable visitations, and instituted every possible inquiry into the circumstances, in the hope of finding some clue to explain the mystery. He again caused the ship to be examined, with a view to the discovery either of the place where Morgan secreted himself, or the means by which he escaped from the vessel. He questioned every man on board, and threatened the severest punishment, should he ever discover that they deceived him in their story, or were accomplices in the escape of Morgan. He even removed every thing in the forward part of the ship, and rendered it impossible for any human being to be there without being detected. The whole resulted in leaving the affair involved in complete mystery, and the squadron proceeded up the Mediterranean, to cruize along the African coast, and rendezvous at Malta.

It was some weeks before the frigate came to the latter place, and in the mean time, as nothing had been seen of the ghost, it was concluded that the shade of Billy Morgan was appeased; or rather, the whole affair had been gradually forgotten. Two nights after her arrival, a party of sailors being ashore at La Valette, accidentally entered a small tavern in a remote part of the suburbs, where they commenced a frolic, after the manner of those amphibious bipeds. Among them was the heir of Billy Morgan, who, about three or four in the morning, went to bed, not quite as clear headed as he might have been. He could not tell how long he had been asleep, when he was awakened by a voice whispering in his ear, "Tom, Tom, wake up!" On opening his eyes, he beheld, by the pale light of the morning, the ghastly figure of Billy Morgan leaning over his bed, and glaring at him with eyes like saucers. Tom cried "murder! ghost! Billy Morgan!" as loud as he could bawl, until he roused the landlord, who came to know what was the matter. Tom related the whole affair, and inquired if he had seen any thing of the figure he described. Mine host utterly denied having seen or ever heard of such a figure as Billy Morgan, and so did all his family. The report was again alive on board the frigate, that Billy Morgan's ghost had taken the field once more. "Heaven and earth!" cried Captain R——, "is Billy Morgan's ghost come again? Shall I never get rid of this infernal spectre, or whatever else it may be?"

Captain R—— immediately ordered his barge, waited on the governor, explained the situation of his crew, and begged his assistance in apprehending the ghost of Billy Morgan, or Billy himself, as the case might be. That night the governor caused the strictest search to be made in every hole and corner of the little town of La Valette—but in vain: no one had seen that remarkable being, corporeal or spiritual; and the landlord of the house, where the spectre appeared, together with all the family, utterly denied any knowledge of such a person or thing. It is little to be wondered at, that the search proved ineffectual, for that very night Billy took a fancy to appear on board the frigate, where he again accosted his old friend Tom, to whom he had bequeathed all his goods and chattels; but Tom had no mind for a confidential communication with the ghost, and roared out so lustily, as usual, that it glided away and disappeared as before, without being intercepted in the confusion which followed.

Captain R—— was in despair; never was a man so persecuted by a ghost in this world before. The ship's crew were in a state of terror and

dismay, insomuch that, had an Algerine come across them, they might, peradventure, have surrendered at discretion. They signed a round robin, drawn up by Billy Morgan's old messmate, representing to Captain R—— the propriety of running the ship ashore, and abandoning her entirely to the ghost, which now appeared almost every night, sometimes between decks, at others, at the end of the bowsprit, and, at others, cutting capers on the yards and top-gallant mast. The story spread into the town of La Valette, and nothing was talked of but the ghost of Billy Morgan, which now began to appear occasionally to the sentinels of the fort, one of whom had the courage to fire at it, by which he alarmed the whole island, and made matters ten times worse than ever.

From Malta, the squadron, after making a cruize of a few weeks, proceeded to Syracuse, with the intention of remaining some time. They were obliged to perform a long quarantine; the ships were strictly examined by the health officers, and fumigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction of the crew of the frigate, who were in great hopes this would drive away Billy Morgan's ghost: these hopes were strengthened by their seeing no more of that troublesome visitor during the whole time the quarantine continued. The very next night after the expiration of the quarantine, Billy again visited his old messmate and heir, Tom Brown, lank and dripping wet, as usual, and after giving him a rousing shake, whispered—"Hush Tom! I want to speak to you about my watch and chest of clothes." But Tom had no inclination to converse with his old friend, and cried out "murder!" with all his might, when the ghost vanished, as before, muttering, as Tom swore, "you —— infernal lubber!"

The re-appearance of the ghost occasioned greater consternation than ever among the crew of the good ship, and it required all the influence of severe punishment to keep them from deserting on every occasion. Poor Tom Brown, to whom the devoirs of the spectre seemed most especially directed, left off swearing and chewing tobacco, and dwindled to a perfect shadow. He became very serious, and spent almost all his leisure time in reading chapters in the Bible, or singing psalms. Captain R—— now ordered a constant watch all night between decks, in hopes of detecting the intruder; but all in vain, although there was hardly a night passed without Tom waking and crying out that the ghost had just paid him a visit. It was, however, thought very singular; and, to afford additional proof of its being a ghost, that on all these occasions, except two, it was invisible to every body but Tom Brown. In addition to the vexation arising from this persevering and diabolical persecution of Billy's ghost, various other strange and unaccountable things happened almost every day on board:—tobacco-boxes were emptied in the most mysterious manner, and in the dead of the night; sailors would sometimes be missing a whole day, and return again without being able to give any account of themselves; and not a few of them were overtaken with liquor, without their being ever the wiser for it, for they all swore they had not drunk a drop beyond their allowance. Sometimes, on going ashore on leave for a limited time, the sailors would be decoyed, as they solemnly assured the captain, by some unaccountable influence into strange out-of-the-way places, where they could not find their road back, and where they were found, by their officers, in a state of stupefaction, though not one had tasted a drop of liquor. On these occasions they always saw the ghost of Billy Morgan, either flying through the air, or dancing on the tops of the steeples, with a fiery tail like a comet. Wonder grew upon wonder every day, until the wonder transcended the bounds of human credulity.

At length, Tom Brown, the night after receiving a visit from Billy Morgan's ghost, disappeared, and was never heard of afterwards. As the chest of clothes, inherited from his deceased messmate, was found entirely empty, it might have been surmised that Tom had deserted, had not a sailor, who was on the watch, solemnly declared that he saw the ghost of Billy Morgan jump overboard with him in a flame of fire, and that they hissed like a red hot plough-share in the water. After this bold feat the spectre appeared no more. The squadron remained some time at Syracuse; from thence they again sailed on a cruize, and after teaching the Bey of Tripoli a new way of paying tribute, returned home, after an absence of between two or three years. The crew of the frigate were paid off and discharged; and it is recorded, as a wonder, that their three years' pay lasted some of them nearly three days. But though we believe in the ghost of Billy Morgan, we can scarcely credit this incredible wonder: certain it is, that not a man of them ever doubted for a moment the reality of the spectre, or would have hesitated to make oath to having seen it more than once. Even Captain R—— spoke of it on his return as one of those strange, inscrutable things, which baffle the efforts of human ingenuity, and seem to justify the most extraordinary relations of past and present times: his understanding revolted at the absurdity of great part of the wonders ascribed to Billy Morgan's ghost; but some of the facts were so well attested, that a painful doubt would often pass over his mind, and dispose it to the reception of superstitious impressions. He remained in this state of mixed scepticism and credulity, when, some years after his return from the Mediterranean, being on a journey to the Westward, he had occasion to lodge at a log-house, on the borders of Tennessee, for refreshment. A man came forth to receive him, whom he at once recognised as his old acquaintance, Billy Morgan.—"Heavens!" thought Captain R——, "here's Monsieur Tonson come again?" Billy, who had also found out who his guest was, when too late to retreat, looked rather sheepish, and invited him in with little of the frank hospitality of a genuine backwoodsman. Captain R—— followed him into the house, where he found a comely good-natured dame, and two or three yellow haired boys and girls, all in a fluster at the stranger. The house had an air of comfort, and the mistress, by her stirring activity, accompanied with smiling looks withal, seemed pleased at the rare incident of a stranger entering their door. Billy Morgan was at first rather shy and awkward; but finding Captain R—— treated him with good humoured frankness, he, in the course of the evening, when the children were gone to bed, and the wife busy in milking the cows, took occasion to accost his old commander—

"Captain, I hope you don't mean to shoot me for a deserter?"

"By no means," said the captain, smiling; there would be little use in shooting a ghost, or a man with as many lives as a cat."

Billy Morgan smiled rather a melancholy smile. "Ah; captain, you have not forgot the ghost, I see; but it is a long time to remember an old score, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"On one condition I will," replied Captain R——, "that you tell me honestly how you managed to make all my sailors believe they saw you, night after night, on board the ship, as well as on shore."

"They did see me," replied Billy, in his usual sepulchral voice.

The captain began to be in some doubt whether he was talking to Billy Morgan or his ghost.

"You don't pretend to say you were really on board my vessel all the time?"

"No, not all the time, only at such times as the sailors saw me, except previous to our arrival at Gibraltar."

"Then their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means, Sir; I did jump overboard, but then I climbed back again directly after."

"The deuce you did—explain."

"I will, Sir, as well as I am able. I was many years among the Sandwich islanders, where the vessel, in which I was a cabin boy, was wrecked, a long time ago, and I can pass whole hours, I believe days, in the water, without being fatigued, except for want of sleep. I have also got some of their other habits, such as a great dislike to hard work, and a liking for going where I will, and doing just what I please. The discipline of a man-of-war did not suit me at all, and I grew tired, after a few days. To pass the time, and to make fun for myself with the sailors, I told them stories of my adventures, and pretended that I could live in the water, and had as many lives as a cat. Besides this, as you know, I played them many other pranks, partly for amusement, and partly from a kind of pride I felt in making them believe I was half a wizard. The punishment you gave me, though I own I deserved it, put me out of all patience, and I made up my mind to desert the very first opportunity. I had an old shipmate with me, whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I knew if I deserted at Gibraltar, or any of the ports in the Mediterranean, I should almost certainly be caught, and shot as an example; and for this reason we settled that I should jump overboard, return again, and hide myself in a coil of cable which was stowed away between decks, close to the bows, where it was dark even in the day time. My messmate procured me a piece of old canvas, with which I might cover myself, if necessary. To make my jumping overboard have a greater effect on the crew, and to provide against accidents until the ship arrived at Gibraltar, I took care to fill my tobacco-box with tobacco, my pockets with biscuits, and to sling a canteen of water round my neck, as I told them, perhaps, I might take it into my head not to go to the bottom for two or three days. I got Tom Brown to write my will, intending to leave my watch and chest to my messmate, who was to return them to me at Gibraltar, the first chance he could get: but Tom played us a trick, and put his own name instead of my friend's. Neither he nor I were any great scholars, and the trick was not found out till afterwards, when my friend was afraid of discovery, if he made any rout about the matter."

"Who was your friend?" asked Captain R——.

"He is still alive, and in the service: I had rather not mention his name."

"Very well," replied Captain R——, "go on."

"That night I jumped overboard."

"How did you get back into the ship?" asked the captain, hastily.

"Why, Sir, the forward port-hole, on the starboard side, was left open, with a bit of rope fastened to the gun, and hanging down so that I could catch it."

The captain struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and said to himself, "What a set of blockheads we were!"

"Not so great as might be expected," said honest Billy Morgan, intending to compliment the captain; but it sounded directly the contrary.

"As soon as I jumped overboard I swam to the rope, which I held fast, waiting the signal from my friend to climb up and hide myself in the coil of cable. In the bustle which followed it was easy enough to do this, and nobody saw me but my friend. Here I remained in my wet clothes, rather uncomfortably, as you may suppose, until my provision and water were ex-

pended, and my tobacco-box was empty. I calculated they would last till we arrived at Gibraltar, when nothing would have been easier for me than to jump out of the port-hole and swim ashore. But the plaguy head winds and calms, which I dare say you remember, delayed the squadron several days longer than I expected, and left me without supply. I could have gone without biscuit and water, but it was impossible to live without the tobacco. My friend had promised to come near enough to hear signals of distress sometimes, but, as he told me afterwards, he was confined several days for picking a quarrel with Tom Brown, whom he longed to flog well for forging the will.

"I remained in this state until I was nearly starved, when, not being able to stand it any longer, I, one night, when every body between decks seemed fast asleep, crept out of my hiding-place, where I was coiled up in the shape of a cable, and finding a pitcher of water, took a hearty drink out of it: this was as far as I dared go at that time, so I went back again as quietly as possible; but I was too hungry to remain quiet, though, among the Sandwich Islanders I had been used to go without eating for days at a time. The next night I crept out again, and was lucky enough to get a good supply of provisions, which happened to be left by some accident in the way. Two or three times I heard search making for me, and was very much frightened lest I should be found out in my hole."

"How was it possible for the blockheads to miss you?" asked captain R——.

"Why, Sir, they did come to the cable tier, where I was, but I believe they were too much frightened to look into it, or could not see me in the dark hole. They did not lift the canvas that covered me either of the times they came. The night I found the officer on the watch, I gave myself up for gone; but, as luck would have it, my friend was now out of limbo, and always took care to examine the coil of cable so carefully, that nobody thought of looking into it after him. When we arrived at the Bay of Algesiras, I took an opportunity to frighten Tom Brown a little, by visiting him in the night and bidding him good bye, after which I slipped quietly out of the port-hole, and swam ashore, while my friend pulled up the rope, and shut the port after me."

"But how did you manage to escape from the search made by the police at Algesiras?"

"Oh, Sir! I was on board the frigate all the time, in my old hiding-place."

"And when the ship was searched directly after?"

"I was on shore at that time."

"And how did you manage at Malta?"

"The landlord was my sworn brother, and wouldn't have blabbed for a thousand pounds."

"And the capers on the yard-arm and top gallant, the visits paid to Tom Brown, at Syracuse, and the wonderful stories told by the sailors, of being robbed of their tobacco, getting tipsy upon nothing, and being led astray by nobody? What do you say to all this, Mr. Ghost?" said the captain, smiling.

"I never paid but two visits to the ship, so far as I remember, Sir, after she left Malta; one was the night I wanted to talk to Tom Brown, the other when he disappeared the night afterwards. The rest of the stories were all owing to the jokes of some of the sailors, and the fears of the others."

"But are you sure you did not jump into the sea with Tom Brown, in a flame of fire?"

"Yes, Sir, as I am an honest man. Tom got away without any help of mine, and without my ever knowing how, until a long time afterwards when I accidentally met him at Liverpool. When he deserted, and, to quiet his conscience, left my watch and clothes to my friend, I had no motive for playing the ghost any more. I shipped in an American merchantman for Smyrna, from thence I went to Gibraltar; and after voyaging a year or two, and saving a few hundred dollars, came to Boston at last. I did not dare to stay along shore, for fear of being known by some of the officers of the squadron; so I took my money and my bundle and went into the back country. I am a little of every thing, a jack of all trades, and turned farmer, as sea-captains often do when they are tired of ploughing the ocean. I get on pretty well now, and hope you won't have me shot by a court martial."

"No," replied Captain R——, "I am out of the navy now. I have turned farmer too, and you are quite safe."

"I hope you prosper well, Sir."

"Not quite as well as you, Billy. I have come into the back-woods to see if I can do better."

"Only serve under me," said Billy, "and I will repay all your good offices."

"No; I am going on a little farther."

"You may go farther and fare worse, Sir."

"Perhaps so, but I believe it is bed-time, and so good night, Mr. Ghost."

The next morning Captain R—— proceeded on his way, reflecting on the singular story of Billy Morgan, whose pranks, on board the frigate, had convinced some hundreds of men of the existence of ghosts, and thrown the gloom of superstitious horror over the remainder of their lives. "Not a sailor," thought he, "out of more than five hundred, with the exception of a single one, but will go to his grave in the full belief in the appearance of Billy Morgan's ghost. What an unlucky rencounter this of mine! it has spoiled one of the best authenticated ghost stories of the age."

[FROM "THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR."]

THE SPIDER.

FROM PIGNOTTI.

LAURA, with those bright eyes of thine
That guileful insect mark,
Which lurks in yon neglected nook,
The traitress of the dark.

And hidden half, and half reveal'd,
To her slim net-work clings,
Watching, from her obscure recess,
Its slightest quiverings.

That frightful, formidable thing,
So ancient figments show,
Was once a maiden fair and gay—
Aye, fair and gay as thou.

And ever 'twas her heart's delight,
(As thine, proud girl, 'tis still),
Each venturous youth, that flutter'd by,
With beauty's blaze to kill.

'Twas now her trick, with tender glance
Th' unpractised heart to move;
While the mute language of her eye
Said timidly—"I love."

With look so languishingly soft
Now pity seem'd to reign,
That Diffidence himself grew bold,
And dared to hope—in vain.

And when, by such false arts, she view'd,
Her hapless victim snared,
Pity and love to scorn gave way,
To ridicule, regard.

But most she sought each rover light
To lure within her toils;
These were her cherish'd slaves; from these
She reap'd her dearest spoils.

The gilded butterfly, that toss'd
On every passing sigh;
The gaudy fire-fly, only born
To sparkle, flit, and die.

O'er the wide realms of faithless love
Vain heartless despots they;
These all, by her deceits beguiled,
Approach, submit, obey.

Soaring at length, incautious maid!
Beyond her human sphere,
She, who to kind Monition's voice
Ne'er lent a listening ear.

In mad ambition's haughtiest phrase—
Ah, evil was the hour!
A Goddess to the strife defied,
And vaunted equal power.

Ireful and terrible, of old,
Was each celestial she;
And bent with sternest care to guard
Her high supremacy.

And hence, with rage the Goddess stung,
And more-than-mortal spite,
The object of her jealous spleen
Changed to this insect-fright.

But note how strongly nature's force,
Though changed the form, survives!
Even in the metamorphosed maid
Her pristine passion lives.

Nor other cares her mind engage,
  Than those which erst were there;
For every thoughtless flutterer still
  She weaves the subtle snare.

Within her bosom's inmost cells,
  The wondrous current flows;
Which, slowly from its source educed,
  A solid texture grows.

Beneath the air's cold influence
  The thickening film is shed,
And by the artist's plastic care
  Becomes a pliant thread.

That thread, in many a linked ring,
  She winds and fastens well;
And, lo! in middle ether floats
  A web scarce visible.

And still, from morning's earliest dawn
  To twilight's shadows gray,
With fixed eye and moveless limb
  She waits her light-wing'd prey.

Nor swerves she from her custom'd aim—
  Ever, as legends tell,
The self-same end pursuing aye
  Unchanged, unchangeable.

Then, lovely Laura, soothly say—
  For kindred taste is thine,
And thou canst well (if so thou wilt)
  Resolve this doubt of mine;

As to discern man's genuine worth
  Thy wit was never scant,
In what unlike the twain, declare—
  The Fly and the Gallant.

[BY THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.—FROM THE AMULET.]

A PYRENEAN ADVENTURE.

At the period when the left column of the British army occupied the pass of Irun, the particular regiment of which I was a member, pitched its tents on a sort of platform, or natural terrace, in the side of the Quatracone mountain. The situation of the camp was one of extreme beauty; indeed it was more than beautiful, it fairly deserves to be styled romantic. Sheltered from the rays of the sun by a grove of graceful dwarf-oaks, our background was formed by the bald rocks and giant shapes of the mountain, which, tier above tier, and precipice above precipice, rose in barren majesty into the clouds. On either side of our platform was a ravine: that upon the right, abrupt and of considerable depth, was darkened both to its base, and to the brow of the opposite hill, by the foliage of a dense forest; that

upon the left, more gradual in its declivity, afforded room for a few cornfields and other cultivated spots, as it sloped away into the level country. In front, again, were the mouth of the pass, the high road, the Bidassoa, Fontarabia, and the ocean, all of them so hemmed in by the heights of Audaye and San Marcial, as to compose one of the most splendid vistas which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

Whilst the corps were stationed here, and indeed as often as the circumstances would allow, it was my custom to wander away from the camp with a gun over my shoulder, and a dog at my heels, for the double purpose of picking up a little *provend* for the mess, and indulging a spirit of roving and adventure, which was then natural to me. It seldom happened that these excursions proved unproductive of at least temporary gratification. If it came to the worst, and no other advantage arose out of them, they at all events enabled me to become acquainted with some of the grandest and most sublime of Nature's works; whilst they afforded many opportunities of beholding the dispositions both of our own and of the enemy's army, such as men of more sedentary habits could not possibly obtain. Nor were these the only consequences which attended upon them. On more than one occasion I have found myself thrown into situations upon which even now I cannot look back without experiencing something of excitement which affected me at the moment. With the circumstances attending one of these excursions, I propose, on the present occasion, to make you acquainted, warning you at the same time, that I possess no powers of description competent to convey any thing like a vivid picture either of my own feelings, or of the events which called them into play.

One fine day towards the end of September, in the year 1813, my faithful Juno and her master set out, in high health and spirits, to pursue their wonted occupation. It happened that an extraordinary pressure both of public and private business had so far occupied my attention throughout the previous week, that I had not been able, during the whole of that period, to wander once beyond the bounds of the encampment; and as my fondness for liberty and field sports was then neither blunted by time nor stifled by circumstances, the fact that noon had passed ere the breaking up of a court martial set me free to indulge my own inclinations, proved no inducement either to remain at home, or to confine my ramble within narrow and well ascertained limits. On the contrary, having a great deal of lost time to make good, I considered that by seeking out fresh ground, a better chance would be afforded of success, than if I returned to haunts repeatedly visited before; more especially as these haunts lay at a distance from our position, and were familiarly known to other sportsmen as well as to myself.

I have said, that on the right of the terrace occupied by our tents, was a wooded ravine of considerable depth and steepness. At the bottom of that hollow ran a beautiful rivulet, which, after falling from a sort of detached shoulder of the Quatracone, wound onwards through the valley, till it joined the Bidassoa near the ruined bridge. I had often experienced a desire to trace that stream to its source, partly because I felt satisfied that the labour of the journey would be more than compensated by the magnificence of the scenery to which it must lead, and partly because I longed to shoot one or more of the many eagles, which, from their nests among the cliffs, looked down upon us, as if in anxious expectation of the moment when the fortune of battle should consign us to their talons. This morning I resolved at all hazards to gratify this inclination; so, striking off by the rear of the camp, I made at once for the waterfall.

I may not so much as attempt a description of the various and magnifi-

cent spectacles, which the progress of that toilsome, and occasionally hazardous excursion, from time to time spread out before me. As long as my route conducted up the face of the cliff, from a basin on the summit of which the rivulet tumbled, I could, as often as I chose to turn round, look down upon towns and villages, corn-fields and meadows, tents and ships, redoubts and cottages; but from the instant that the ridge was passed, every vestige of human skill and human exertion was shut out. A long, narrow, winding vale lay beneath me; gloomy with forests, apparently trackless, and of the growth of ages; and girdled in by rocks and precipices hurled into every variety of fantastic shape. On either hand, and far off in my front, hill rose above hill, and cone above cone, as if a thousand earthquakes had been at work, or the globe had never, in this corner at least, escaped from a state of chaos. But words are wanting to describe such a panorama. If any of the party can imagine the effect which the wildest combinations of mountain scenery are capable of producing, he may, perhaps, arrive at something like a correct notion of the landscape on which I now gazed; if he be incapable of making this mental exertion for himself, I cannot pretend to assist him in it. It is sufficient to observe, that accustomed as I had been, from childhood, to highland scenery, this perfectly astonished me, insomuch that I remained for several minutes riveted to the spot, from which it first burst upon me. Nor was I more struck by the objects which affected my sense of sight, than by the sort of preternatural stillness which prevailed. Either the breezes blew not at all, or the trees and shrubs in the valley were entirely sheltered from them; for not a bough or a leaf was in motion. The only sounds, indeed, which reached me, were a sort of indistinct murmur, produced by the waterfall, now many hundred feet below me, and the occasional shrill cry of an eagle, as it sailed over head, at a height which placed it far beyond the reach of danger, from any power except that of the storm.

Having indulged, for some time, the feelings which such a scene was calculated to excite, as well as recovered my breath and rested my limbs, I began to look around for the purpose of ascertaining how I might most easily attain the object of my present ambition, by reaching the top of the mountain. You will understand, that I was now seated upon a sort of sugar-loaf hill, connected on both sides with other hills three or four times more lofty than itself. That upon the right seemed peculiarly rough and uneven; that upon the left, besides that the stream trickled down its surface, was more grassy and accessible; so I resolved to scale it. But I found, on putting my determination into force, that even it was far from being devoid of difficulties. Projections which, when viewed from a distance, appeared trifling and easy of ascent, proved when attained to, wholly impervious; whilst the grass itself was in many spots so dry and slippery, as to render it exceedingly hazardous to pass along. Nevertheless, I had proceeded too far to return now. I pushed on, winding round the base of such rocks as I found myself unable to scale, and creeping on all fours, when to walk upright became impossible; and I was rewarded, after two hours and a half of severe labour, by beholding what I took to be the last of the ridges. It was a large perpendicular cone; but there seemed to be a pass, or, as an Highlander would call it, a Balloch, on one side of it, and to that I directed my steps. I was approaching rapidly to this object of my wishes when the cry of an eagle, coming, as it appeared to me, from the opposite side of the brow, attracted my attention. In a whisper, I ordered Juno to heel; and putting a ball in one barrel, instead of small shot, I lay down on my belly, and in that position dragged myself towards the summit. I gained

it with some difficulty ; but you may imagine what my feelings were, when, on peeping over the ridge, I beheld in a sort of narrow glen or hollow, the diameter of which could not exceed twenty or thirty yards, the bones and mutilated remains of not fewer than forty or fifty human beings. Upon these, some dozen or two of eagles were sitting ;—not in the act of gorging, for in truth nothing now remained upon which they or other carnivorous animals could feed ; but scraping and turning the bones about, and with their beaks tearing, as if in mockery, into minute shreds, a few remnants of what had once been military clothing. So little had I anticipated such a spectacle in these wild regions, that surprise, and to a certain extent, horror, completely overcame me. I lay with my finger on the trigger, but abstained from firing, till my dog sprang upon the brow, and the alarmed birds, rising in a ninstant, escaped.

Less annoyed at having thus permitted my prey to elude me, than curious to ascertain how so many bodies could have come into a situation so singular, I looked about for some path or sloping declivity, by which I might descend into this place of the dead ; but I looked in vain. The skeletons lay in a hole, which I can compare to nothing more nearly than a disused coal-pit of extraordinary dimensions ; that is to say, they occupied a spot closed in on three sides by perpendicular rocks. The fourth was, indeed, open, but as far as I could judge, by examining it from my present position, it was open only to a precipice. Having indulged in a few vague conjectures, therefore, and satisfied myself that I could do nothing more, I turned away, and striking off to the right, soon entered the precincts of a thick wood. Here my dog beginning to quest, I had the satisfaction to find that I had at last arrived where game promised to be abundant. She led the way down the side of the mountain,—I followed ; and my attention being wholly engrossed, I went on, sometimes firing with success, at other times missing, till the gradual diminution of light warned me that it was high time to think of returning to the camp.

If there be a sportsman here, and a keen one, he will readily comprehend how a man, busied in the pursuit of hares, rabbits, and red-legged partridges, may become wholly unconscious both of the space of ground over which he passes, and the passage of time over his own head. Such, at least, was my case to-day. For the last hour or two I had wandered on through brake and brier, across hill and valley, without taking any note of my bearings, or of the approach of evening ; and now I found myself deserted by the sun at the bottom of a tangled glen, and surrounded on all sides by a pathless forest of cork-trees. To confess the truth, I was very far from being delighted with either my situation or prospects. It failed not to occur to me, that I had ventured within the legitimate territories of wolves and bears ; and that as darkness came on, they were not unlikely to resent so bold an intrusion ; for aught I knew, the enemy's outposts might be close at hand , and above all, there was the risk, in case I should venture to seek my way back in the dark, of falling over some one of the numerous precipices, which lay, as I well knew, between me and the camp. The idea that my game-bag was filled, hardly sufficed to compensate for these gloomy reflections. But though I sincerely repented of my rashness, and wished myself a thousand times safe and sound in my tent, I by no means lost heart. On the contrary, resolving that no efforts should be wanting on my part, let the consequences be what they might, I gladly took advantage of the slight remains of twilight which still glimmered ; and turning my face, as well as I could guess, in the direction of Irun, I strode forward.

But the progress which I had made in this random journey was slight indeed, when a thousand obstacles, of which the rapidly increasing darkness constituted not the least, compelled me to pause. There was no longer light sufficient to distinguish objects at three yards before me; the underwood became more and more rough, and the ground more and more broken; till at last all hope of escape from the labyrinth left me. I now looked around for a convenient spot in which I might spend the night: not indeed free from apprehension that if I slept, it would be to awake in the clutch of some wild beast, but determined to keep awake as long as possible, and trust the rest to Providence. On my dog I knew that I could rely as a vigilant guardian; and I hoped, with the assistance of my double-barrelled gun, to repel any attack that might be made upon me.

I had arrived at this determination, and was preparing to act in accordance with it, when a couple of chance paces taken to the right brought me, to my no small delight, upon a beaten foot-path. Thanking Heaven with all my heart, I at once determined to follow it, let it lead where it might; so I pushed on, though perfectly conscious that I was increasing my distance, at every step, from the tents of my regiment.

I had proceeded thus, as near as I could possibly guess, about a mile and a half, when the wood ending, I found myself at the corner of a bare green hill, and in the gorge of a valley. It was not, however, without a sense of serious apprehension, that I discovered signs of the valley being occupied. A strong light issued from the doorless apertures and broken roof of a ruined cottage a few hundred yards off; and the sound of many voices, distinctly heard in the stillness of the evening, gave proof that the ruin in question was filled with people. Who were they?—that was the question which demanded an answer. If Frenchmen, as was by no means improbable, death or captivity would reward my farther progress. If Spaniards!—I did not relish that idea much more keenly than the other: for I well knew, that Spanish Guerillas were seldom very scrupulous when plunder fell in their way, Nevertheless, I resolved to advance at all risks. I did so, my dog keeping close to my heel, and moving, like her master, in profound silence, till the challenge of a sentinel, whom I had not observed, arrested my steps. "Now, then," thought I, "it only remains for me to sell my life at as dear a rate as possible." I cocked my gun, and stood still. The man challenged again, and I recognised the broad full dialect of a Biscayan. I answered without farther delay; upon which the man commanding me to halt, shouted aloud, and in a moment the picket was under arms. It was soon discovered that I was alone; I was permitted to advance, and having satisfied my captors that I was an English officer, they conducted me, with much civility, into the house. The officer, however, being absent to arrange his sentries, they could neither furnish me with a guide, nor permit me to depart alone: but they offered me a snug place beside their fire, made no attempt to deprive me of my weapon, and kindly supplied me with what was probably the sole refreshment which they had to offer—a segar. I was not displeased with this treatment, but sat contentedly enough among them, till their commander arrived.

This person, on whose entrance they all rose, was a young man of very peculiar and striking appearance. His hair and mustachios, like those of Spaniards in general, were coal-black, and his complexion was of that deep olive hue, which the faces of men much exposed to the sun and winds of a southern climate usually obtain. But there was a brightness and penetration in his eye which pierced through the individual on whom it rested; and a strong expression of daring—I might almost call it ferocity, over-

spread his whole countenance. In stature, he did not greatly exceed the middle size, if indeed he exceeded it at all; but his well-knit limbs, full chest, and broad shoulders, indicated a surpassing degree of bodily strength and activity. His dress, too, was abundantly picturesque. A brown cloak, buckled round the neck, fell so far over one shoulder as to expose a rich green uniform beneath it, whilst appended to an embroidered belt, in which, by the way, were stuck a brace of steel-mounted pistols, hung a sabre of unusual size and weight. On his head he wore a richly laced foraging-cap; a pair of tan-leather boots encased his legs; and to complete his resemblance rather to a robber-chief than a soldier, he carried a short rifle over his right shoulder. I have seldom seen a better subject for a painter than the whole group presented by the light of a large fire of wood.

The Spanish officer stopped short the instant he beheld me, and fixing a keen and half-suspicious glance upon me, demanded my quality and business. I informed him on both heads at once, explaining that I had been overtaken by darkness when shooting in the woods hard by, and considered myself fortunate in having arrived at a place from whence a guide might be procured, or, at least, shelter obtained for the night.

"May I believe this fine tale?" said he, in a tone of voice which I was far from relishing. "Here you are, within half-musket shot of the enemy's lines, professing to have lost your way in an attempt to reach Irun."

I could only reply by repeating my assertion, and by reminding him, that I was quite ignorant of the very points of the compass amid these mountains.

The Spaniard was silent for a moment, and then said: "You are an Englishman, I perceive; and the English are in general honest, as well as brave; but there are traitors even among them. Perhaps you are one; perhaps you designed to desert to the enemy."

Indignant beyond measure at this allegation, I would have picked a quarrel with him on the spot, had not a single glance round the room sufficed to convince me, that such a measure could end only in my own destruction. I repelled it, however, in such a way, as to show him, that he had seriously wounded my feelings; nor was the hint lost upon him. His suspicions appeared to subside, and motioning me to resume my seat, he put several other questions to me in more friendly language. At length he became satisfied, and desired to know my wishes. I replied, that I required only a guide as far as the camp above Irun, and that I would cheerfully compensate the person who undertook the office. He then said something, not very courteously, it is true, about abiding where I was till morning; but on my declining the invitation, he did not press it. A non-commissioned officer, whom he named Manillo, was accordingly commanded to see me safe; and without having either given or received a salute from this discourteous warrior, I withdrew. Before going, however, I pulled out a hare and a couple of rabbits from my bag, and gave them to the soldiers, —a present for which these poor fellows appeared exceedingly thankful.

My guide and I continued our journey for some time in silence, till at last, my mind being full of the remarkable appearance, and no less remarkable behaviour of the Spanish officer, I asked him whether or not he knew any thing of his history?

"Yes, sir," replied the man; "I know it all, as well I may; for we were both born in this very valley, and have been friends from our cradles."

"In this valley!" replied I; "did you say in this valley? and that you have been friends from infancy?"

"Even so," answered Manillo, "and might have gone farther; I might

have added that we were brothers, for Francisco was to have married my sister. Was to have married?—He did marry her, though the hell-hounds tore the marriage-tie asunder."

My curiosity was now excited to the highest pitch, and I entreated my companion to gratify it. He complied, though not without the endurance of considerable pain; and the following are the outlines of the story which he told me.

"You see these ruined cottages below us," said he: "they are all that remain of the homes of our fathers." I looked where the soldier pointed; and with the help of the stars which now shone out, beheld eight or ten huts in a hollow beneath. "And now look up," continued my conductor, just as we reached the bottom of a deep cut, or rather an old water-course, in the side of the hill.—"Do you observe that high rock, not far from the summit of the mountain." I gazed upwards, and saw distinctly enough a bold bare cliff, projecting from amid a thick forest of underwood. A strange idea crossed my mind at this moment, and I hastily asked whether there were not a deep hollow beyond the precipice? He assented. "And it is full of human bones," continued I. "Aha!" exclaimed the Spaniard, "have you seen them? Then," added he, violently raising his clenched fist in the air, "you have looked upon the bones of those who butchered our fathers and our children, and violated and murdered our wives and sisters. But you shall hear all.

"Three years have hardly elapsed since the cottages which I lately pointed out to you, were inhabited by eight as poor, but as contented families, as are to be found in Spain. We had no laws, yet there was not a dishonest person amongst us; and, instead of a magistrate, we looked up to and obeyed Senor Albarcho, because he was the oldest and wisest member of the community. Senor Albarcho, you must know, was the father of our present Captain Francisco, and a better man never walked the earth. We had our priest likewise, one of ourselves, whom we all reverenced and respected. Our business was to tend a few goats, which we all had in common: to cultivate a few fields, the fruits of which we shared in common; to hunt bears and chamois, and to make one another comfortable. We were completely shut out from the rest of the world; but that we never regretted, for our priest told us, and we believed him, that there was no real good in the world of which we were not already possessed.

"You will easily believe, that persons thus situated felt rather like the members of one family, than the inhabitants of the same village; indeed, we composed, properly speaking, but one family: that is, we all married among ourselves, and so became connected by ties of blood, as well as of friendship. Well, sir, an attachment had long subsisted between Francisco and my sister Amante, and the 8th of June, 1810, was fixed for the wedding day. We were not ignorant that at this time the country swarmed with foreign troops,—we had even hesitated, more than once, whether we were not bound, as true Spaniards, to take up arms for their expulsion; but our father, as we called Senor Albarcho, protested strongly against it, and we could not go in opposition to his will. We accordingly remained at peace; and as no soldiers came near us, we gradually ceased to believe that King Ferdinand was really driven from his throne.

"I told you that the 8th of June was fixed as the wedding-day of Francisco and Amante. We all accompanied them to church, heard them receive the priest's benison, and followed them home; where the remainder of the morning, and some portion of the afternoon, were devoted to sports and merriment. Oh, what an interruption to that mirth took place! We

had spread out our supper under the chesnut-tree before the bridegroom's door, and were making ready to partake of it, when the sudden appearance of armed men at the bottom of the valley threw us into the greatest alarm. The women fled into the house; the old men stood irresolute, and the young ran for their rifles. But the hand of God was upon us. These were Frenchmen, sir,—bloody, barbarous Frenchmen, who had discovered our peaceful retreat, and came to destroy it for ever. I cannot go on,—imagine what followed, if you can. The miscreants sprang upon our women and our goods; we were too feeble, and too few, successfully to oppose them; and we heard in our retreat, shrieks to which we could not reply, and wailings which we could not soothe."

The Spaniard became here so violently agitated, that his very voice failed him; but recovering his self-command in a few minutes, he proceeded:—

"Nothing now remained for us, but vengeance. We betook ourselves, eighteen in number, to the neighbouring fastnesses, and choosing Francisco for our leader, we became Guerillas. But we went not beyond the precincts of our own valley. No; our cry, day and night, was for vengeance, and to obtain it, we hovered round the ruins of our houses, like beasts of prey. Not a Frenchman strayed from his cantonments who returned alive; and many and many a time have we roused the whole band from their unholy slumbers with our war-shout. Exasperated at this behaviour, the miscreants completed the bloody work they had begun. Every male, and every aged female, who fell into their hands, perished on the first day; now they butchered, and threw out to us, our wives and little ones. But there was mercy even in this; for how could we again receive those whom the dogs had defiled?

"You have seen the hollow on the top of that rock. It is called the Fuente; for tradition says, that it was once a small lake, and that the ravine, across which we passed, was the channel of the river that flowed from it. I know not whether there be truth in this, but its situation is one of the most remarkable in all these districts. You observed how it is enclosed on three sides; on the fourth, there is a fall of many feet; and the rocks stretching out on either hand beyond the fall, render it perfectly inaccessible. At one corner, however, it is separated from the mountain by a chasm of little more than eighteen feet in width: we laid a narrow bridge of plank over the chasm, and made the old lake our fortress. From this point we were in the daily habit of sallying out upon the enemy; and at last we made it the scene of a glorious revenge.

"At the suggestion of our leader, we determined, if it were possible, to lure the monsters into our den, and to destroy them there. For this purpose, we laboured hard at a huge rock, which hung immediately over our bridge, till we had so loosened it, as that a push from the arm of a child would roll it down the gulf. That being effected, we proceeded to carry the rest of our scheme into execution, thus. One morning, as usual, we rushed down upon the valley, and having maintained a skirmish rather longer and more animated than usual, the bloodhounds were so enraged as to pursue us up the hill. As soon as we reached the forest, all except Francisco, who was the object of their bitterest hatred, avoided the old channel, and escaped into the woods. Francisco, affecting to be wounded, made for the bridge. He crossed, and forty-five of the miscreants, including their commander, followed. This was all that we desired. Instantly the crag fell, and striking the planks exactly in the middle, it dashed them down into the abyss, cutting off all hope of escape from those within the Fuente.

"In the meanwhile we had taken our staions on the ridges, and looked down in savage exultation upon our prey. For Francisco we feared nothing, because we knew his intention; and we shouted aloud in order to give him an opportunity of carrying it into effect. We were successful. Whilst the Frenchmen, paralysed with horror, were gazing upwards upon the death which hung over them, Francisco, uttering a loud cry, ran towards the chasm, and with one desperate bound, cleared it. Oh, sir, had you seen the expression of the murderers' countenances then; had you beheld their uplifted hands, and heard their scream for mercy, your blood would have boiled within you, as mine boils now. Our captain answered them. "Mercy!" cried he, "ay, such mercy as ye granted. Look down, fiends, upon the village ye have destroyed! behold the bodies of the aged and feeble whom ye have butchered! listen to the cry of those whom ye have violated!—and now take your reward." This was the signal, and we opened our fire upon them. It was in vain that they ran from side to side, seeking for a place of shelter or escape, or reached the brink of the chasm in hopeless despair. Three wretches only tried the leap, and they were dashed to pieces. The rest died, one after another, as our bullets took effect; and we left them where they fell, that their bones might bleach in the rains of heaven, after their flesh should have been devoured by the eagles."

The Spaniard here ended his story, and to my astonishment I found that we were already in the camp. I offered him money, but he refused it: indeed he seemed like one beside himself with the recollection of the scenes which he had been describing. Having satisfied me that I was at home, he abruptly turned away, and I could hear the boughs and leaves crash before him, as with the speed of a racehorse he rushed down the glen.

[FROM THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.]

A LOVER'S HATE.

I WILL not love one minute more I swear,
No not a minute; not a sigh or tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou shouldst court me to't, and wouldst begin.
I will not think of thee but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
For thy sake woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
And all for thee:—What! wilt thou love me yet?

[SIR JOHN SUCKLING.]

THE INDIAN WIFE.

TAHMIROO was the daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain; and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty; but more to the gentleness, of which that beauty was the emblem. Her's was a species of loveliness, rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexile grace so appropriate to protected and dependant woman in refined countries; her ripe, pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn."

I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet, submissive motion—all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rancé, a young, indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppery of dress might have done little toward gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner, which the Indian never pays to degraded woman, and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, an anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power, which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure, which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more and more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart, as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child.

Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rancé had acquired skill in many graceful arts, which excited the wonder of the savages. He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of savage life, made him a universal favorite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But, conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well frighten him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief. With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised that Florimond de Rancé would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting, and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent, when they passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermillion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes, whenever he saw Florimond de Rancé; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man, and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers, the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet. The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn," of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rancé saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh; but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading, innocent look, which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in former days, and then her heart would leap like a frolicksome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oars, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe, her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oars in unison with her soft, rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sounds of his native land might be dear to him, and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance, to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind, approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor

Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings, on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter, of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that, at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth with the staid majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylphlike joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind round among the eddies, or dart forward, with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "why, oh! why does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that De Rancé wished his daughter should be estranged from her mother, and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrows in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rancé had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter, without removing her from the attraction of her savage home, and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favor his project he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would, at any time, win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tracts after tracts of Tahmiroo's valuable land were sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, whither he had the purpose of conveying his children, on the pretence of a visit, but, in reality, with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders happened to visit the Falls of St. Anthony, just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rancé took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire at one of the convents in

Quebec. The Sioux pleaded with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pleaded in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders, on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her, among the great white folks at the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and, with a natural impulse of tenderness, fell on her mother's neck, and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart!" said her father sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself; but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her. "Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rancé, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's lands," said the Frenchman coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo with a piercing shriek fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain; and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there, after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down at her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed. Her quiet, submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centered; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange and unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men; and the boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded anything like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chiftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shore of the Mississippi, when Florimond de Rancé came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hopes of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire, before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not. It was only when he spoke to her boy, that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. The had a sort of undefined dread that he too would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she wolf, when her young is in danger.

Her fears were not unfounded; for Florimond de Rancé did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of her son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed, before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power, which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and more than once, she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he stooped to lace, and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian Wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he, at the same time, promised a speedy return. He had always been a stubborn boy; and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor, which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request, exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississipi with her, the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rancé was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of the Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the river side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the Stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut, where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed. "He cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it toward the Falls of St. Anthony. "Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons me!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract. Louis de Rancé was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississipi! The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the Falls, they often say, "Let us not hunt to day. A storm will certainly come; for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony." [THE LEGENDARY.]

THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

I LAY, without my father's door,
A wretched dwarfish boy:
I did not dare to lift the latch—
I heard the voice of joy:
Too well I knew, when I was near,
My father never smiled;
And she who bore me turn'd away,
Abhorring her poor child.

A stranger saw me, and he bribed
My parents with his gold;
Oh! deeper shame awaited me—
The dwarfish boy was sold!
They never loved me, never charm'd
The love I could *have* felt;
And yet with bitter tears, I left
The cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seem'd more kind to me,
He spoke of brighter days;
He lur'd each slumb'ring talent forth,
And gave unwonted praise;
Unused to smiles, how ardently
I panted for applause!
And daily he instructed me—
Too soon I learn'd the cause.

I stood upon his native shore;
The secret was explain'd;
I was a vile degraded slave,
In mind and body chain'd!
Condemned to face, day after day,
The rabble's ruffian gaze;
To shrink before their merriment,
Or blush before their praise!

In anguish I must still perform,
The oft repeated task;
And courteously reply to all,
Frivolity may ask!
And bear inhuman scrutiny,
And hear the hateful jest!
And sing the song—then crawl away
To tears instead of rest!

I know I am diminutive—
Aye, loathesome, if you will;
But say, ye hard hearts! am I not
A human being still?

With feelings sensitive as *yours*,
Perhaps, I have been born;
I could not wound a fellow-man
In mockery or scorn!

But some there are who seem to shrink
Away from me at first,
And *then* speak kindly; to *my* heart
That trial is the worst!
Oh! then I long to kneel to them,
Imploring them to save
A hopeless wretch, who only seeks
An honourable *grave*!

[T. H. BAYLEY.]

THE ROBBERS' TOWER.

A TRUE ADVENTURE.

After a long period of debility, the consequence of a dangerous wound received in the great "Battle of the Nations," fought near Leipzig, I found myself so far recruited in the autumn of 1815, as to undertake a long-planned excursion to the residence of a widowed aunt, who lived, with two daughters, on the family estate of her deceased husband, near the sources of the Elbe, in Bohemia. I proceeded by slow journeys, and at noon, on the fifth day after my departure from Berlin, reached a small post town, a few miles from my destination. Here I heard, with inexpressible sorrow, that my aunt had very recently lost her eldest daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, by fever. I had not seen my cousin since her childhood, but my reminiscences of a delightful visit to my hospitable aunt during the happy days of boyhood were acutely roused by this afflicting intelligence; and to save my bereaved relatives from the agonizing necessity of announcing their loss, I folded some crape round the sleeve of my uniform, and, with no enviable feelings, journeyed onward to the house of mourning. About a mile from the little post town my carriage turned a sharp angle on the road, and suddenly one of the finest prospects in this romantic district burst upon me. Between the giant stems of a dozen venerable oaks I beheld a wide and fertile vale, through which the infant Elbe was gliding like a silver serpent. The middle ground was varied by green and swelling hills, crowned with copses of oak and beech, while in the distance towered the vast and awful forms of the venerable giant mountains. On the slope of the highest intermediate hill stood the modern and elegant mansion of my aunt, surrounded by a well-wooded park, above which, on the summit of a dark and frowning rock, appeared the decayed but still imposing castle of my late uncle's ancestors, which retained its ancient and characteristic name of the "Robber's Tower." A large portion of this once extensive pile was now a shapeless mass of stones, over which the giant ivy mantled in green and prodigal luxuriance; but the keep, a round tower of vast dimensions, still defied the tooth of time, and threw up its lofty head with Titan grandeur.

During my slow progress up the hilly roads, I recognized many spots

endeared to me by vivid recollections of former enjoyment, but now they suggested no pleasurable associations; my fancy was haunted by the image of the disconsolate mother, and I could find no relief from depressing anticipations but in the hope that my unexpected arrival would afford at least a temporary relief to the mourners. The afternoon was considerably advanced when I arrived at the house; and my poor aunt, to whom the crape on my arm revealed my knowledge of her recent loss, clasped me in a maternal embrace, and, leaning her head upon my shoulder, sobbed aloud. Her once full and finely formed person was wasted with sorrow and want of sleep, and her expressive features were furrowed with the lines of deep and heart-rending misery. She was the living image of woe and desolation. "Dearest nephew!" she said, at length, in a low and broken voice, "why did you not arrive three weeks sooner? You would then have found me rich and happy in the possession of two daughters; but it has pleased Heaven for wise purposes to sear me to the quick, and to deprive me of a moiety of all I valued in this world: for what has a widowed mother on this earth but her children!" At this moment entered Julia, her surviving daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen; but grief had preyed upon her bloom, and her cheek was fair and spotless as her snowy neck, which rose in delicate proportion from the crape handkerchief which shaded her youthful bosom. She had heard of my arrival, and, while the ready tears started into her large and expressive blue eyes, she permitted me to salute her cheek, but her emotion forbade all audible welcome. Feeling how premature would be all attempts at consolation, I gradually led my aunt and cousin to talk of the departed Cecilia, and had, ere long, the pleasure to see them more tranquil, and able to speak of her with comparative firmness and resignation. From their conversation I gathered that she was perfectly conscious of her approaching death, but was nevertheless apprehensive of premature interment, and earnestly besought her mother to have the vault under the large round tower converted into a sepulchre, and to place there her unscrewed coffin in an open sarcophagus. The tender mother eagerly promised to comply with the last wish of her darling child, and the pall which covered the coffin was daily moistened with the tears of the desolate survivors.

With a view to cheer the spirits of my aunt and cousin, whose health had visibly suffered from long confinement, I proposed a walk round the park. Avoiding the lower road which led to the sepulchre, I conducted my companions up a steep and well-remembered path, which brought us to a higher level of the castle ruins. Here an agreeable surprise awaited me. When I had played a boy about this ancient pile, all approach to the baron's hall and the apartments in the tower was impracticable, owing to the entire destruction of the lower staircases; but with a view to better security of person and property, in case the not distant tide of war should roll through this secluded district, the baroness had ordered the construction of a staircase terminating in a long corridor, which connected the apartments in the great tower with a fine old baronial hall in tolerable preservation, and accessible only by a small door from the corridor, in consequence of the two grand entrances having been blocked up by large masses of ruin. In this noble apartment every trace of decay had now disappeared. A new flooring of polished oak, new furniture of massive and appropriate design, and new casements of stained glass which admitted a soft and chequered light through the tall and narrow windows, proved the tasteful application of abundant means. In each corner of the hall stood a vast iron stove of antiquated form, with the family arms curiously emblazoned; and on the walls hung some large oil paintings, bearing the stains and wrinkles of two or three centuries; but,

having been recently cleaned and varnished, they were still, at some distance from the eye, wonderfully effective. The most striking of these were a wolf hunt, drawn with a display of bone and muscle not unworthy of Rubens; two battle pieces from the days of chivalry; and the catastrophe of a mortal combat between two mailed knights. In the last, especially, the artist had produced an effect as powerful as it was appropriate and true. Observing how much I was struck with this old picture, my aunt told me that a clue to the subject had been found in an old family chronicle, written by the successive castle-chaplains. The prostrate knight was the valiant Bruno of Rothfels, who was killed in single combat about three hundred years since by Gotthard, then lord of the "Robber's Tower." The dying man was unhelmed, and his life-blood, issuing from a wide gash across his throat, had flowed in torrents over his breastplate. The convulsed features and glazed eye-balls of the wounded man told his approaching death, while his clenched right hand was raised towards heaven, as if imprecating his adverse fortune, and his left was grasping the blood-stained grass. I gazed upon this singular picture until I fancied that I saw the sinewy limbs of the wounded knight quivering with convulsive effort, and almost thought I heard the death-rattle in his throat. When I described to my companions the strange impression which this scene of blood had produced upon my imagination, they acknowledged a similar feeling, and begged me to quit a place which they rarely entered, from an invincible reluctance to encounter this painfully effective picture. Returning to the corridor, I observed at its extremity a low arched iron door, secured with a bar of iron and large padlock. Inquiring to what part of the castle it conducted, my aunt informed me that it was the entrance of an old armoury, which occupied the upper floor of a low square tower containing the castle dungeons; and, being massive and fire-proof, she had availed herself of its security to place there some plate and other valuables, until the Austrian deserters and other marauders, who occasionally committed outrages upon private property, had been taken or dispersed by the police. Above the iron door was suspended another old picture which immediately absorbed my attention. A young and lovely woman, in the garb of a nun, was kneeling in prayer before a shrined image of the Virgin. A beautiful infant boy lay dead and bleeding at her feet—wild despair and delirious agony spoke in every feature of the kneeling mother, and contrasted strangely with the lifeless, stony look of the image above. "Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what means this horrid picture?"

"It is a portrait of the hapless Leah," replied my aunt, "the daughter of the dying knight in the baron's hall. Her young affections were secretly given to Gotthard, his opponent, who had in some forest feud incurred her father's hatred. Forced by her despotic parent to take the veil, she broke her vows, and fled with her lover to this castle, where she became the mother of a lovely boy; but when Gotthard had long and vainly sought to obtain for her a dispensation from her vows, her wounded conscience preyed upon her reason, and, in a moment of delirium, she destroyed her infant and swallowed poison. The sad tale of her crimes and her remorse is legibly told in that coarse but powerful picture of some old German master. Soon after this tragic event, the hostile knights met in the forest, and the fatal combat ensued which you have seen depicted in the hall. This distant tale is still a popular legend in our valleys; the peasants will tell you that the unfortunate Leah rests not in her grave, and that the shades of her slain father and unhappy husband wander nightly in this castle. It has long been rumoured, too, that the clattering of swords and armour, the chanting of nuns, and the sound of fearful groans and lamentations, have been occa-

sionally heard here at midnight by the shepherds, when seeking strayed sheep amidst the ruins."

During this detail we had retraced our steps, and at the other end of the corridor we entered the large round tower or keep, from which the whole castle derived its romantic appellation. The spacious circle had been divided into two roomy apartments, of which the outer one had been elegantly fitted up as a parlour of Gothic design. On the wall hung the portraits of my late uncle, and of the lovely girl whose mortal remains reposed in the vault beneath. The picture of my cousin had been painted a few months before her death, and represented a blondine, blooming with health, innocence, and beauty. Her fine auburn hair clustered in glossy ringlets round her angelic features, and a white rose adorned her bosom. The resemblance to her sister was striking, and would have been perfect, had not the darker eyes of Julia given to her lovely countenance a character of greater intelligence and vivacity. "That is my sainted cousin," I said, in a voice subdued by emotion into a whisper.

"Such she was, but two months back;" replied the agonized mother, "and now——"

Her sobs impeded farther utterance; and to change the current of her thoughts, I requested her to shew me the inner apartment, Here I found an elegant bedroom of Gothic design, and commanding from three windows in the half-circle described by the wall, successive and boundless views of hill and vale, of the distant high ground in Silesia, and the lofty summits of the Giant mountains, some of which were capped with snow, and reflected in glowing and rosy tints a splendid sunset.

Fascinated with the picturesque situation of these apartments, and desirous to behold from their windows the glories of a summer morning in this mountain region, I begged permission to occupy this delightful bedroom during my stay. My aunt appeared to find a gratification in the idea, that I should sleep near the tomb of her Cecilia, and willingly consented; promising that she and Julia would join me to an early breakfast in the tower the next morning; and, on our return to the house, ordered my old playfellow Caspar, the game-keeper, to carry my luggage after supper to the castle. Fatigued with several days of travel in a still infirm state of health, I left my aunt and cousin before eleven, and walked with old Caspar to the ruins. The day had been intensely hot; some menacing clouds in the southern horizon indicated an approaching storm, and, as we ascended the staircase leading to the corridor, the deep, low muttering of distant thunder was audible from the mountains.

"And do you really mean to sleep every night in the 'Robber's Tower,' Major?" said the old man, as he placed my portmanteau, sabre, and pistols, on a chair in the Gothic parlour.

"Certainly, my good Caspar! and why not?" I replied.

"I would only say," answered he, "that you must have more courage than I have; and yet a Bohemian gamekeeper is no coward. Many a dark night have I passed alone in the mountain woods, in spite of old Rübezahl and his imps, and the Wild Huntsman to boot; but in this tower I would not sleep alone, for all my lady's broad lands."

"What, Caspar!" I exclaimed, "an old woodsman, like you, afraid to sleep where my aunt and cousins slept every night last summer?"

"Ay, ay, Major!" muttered the old man, "the castle was quiet enough then; but since the death of my lady Cecilia, strange sights and sounds have been heard here; and you may take my word for it, that the Lady Leah, who murdered her child, is not yet quiet in her grave."

The old man then lighted my tapers with his lantern, commended me cordially to the protection of heaven, and departed, leaving me considerably less pleased with my quarters than when I had seen them by the rich and cheering light of sunset. The consciousness of utter solitude, at such an hour, and in such a place, began to infect me with the superstitious fears of old Caspar, and the solemn stillness of the lofty and dimly lighted Gothic room, interrupted only by an occasional and distant roll of thunder, made me feel something very like repentance, that I had exchanged the modern mansion of my aunt for this old robber's nest on a mountain crag. During the struggle which released Germany from the iron grasp of Napoleon, I had stared death in the face too often to fear any danger from human agency, and a liberal education in Prussia had raised me above any apprehension of supernatural sounds and appearances; but as I sat alone near midnight, in this old tower, and recollected my immediate vicinity to the sepulchre, and the baron's hall, the grim picture of the dying Bruno, and the still more appalling portrait of the pallid nun and her bleeding infant, I felt the necessity of banishing from my thoughts a crowd of images which would inevitably murder sleep; and, exchanging my tight uniform for a light dressing-gown, I bolted the door, snuffed my candles, and looked around for a book, with which to beguile an hour, and induce a more tranquil train of thought. In a small recess between the windows I discovered a few books, one of which I eagerly opened, and found a collection of hymns, treating upon death and eternity. I closed it, and opened another entitled, "An Essay on Death." A third was, "The Solace of Old Age and Infirmity." This was a most unpalatable collection for a reader in quest of worldly associations; but at length I discovered a small volume, curiously bound in black velvet, and containing more mundane matter. It was an historical detail of the Order of Knights Templars, printed in ancient black letter, and, according to the title-page, from a rare and curious manuscript of the thirteenth century. Having been always prone to the study of history, this little book would have been a prize under any circumstances; but as the solace of a sleepless night, in this lonely tower, it was above all price, and I sat down with eager impatience to peruse it. Opening it accidentally at the chapter describing the ceremonies of the order, I recognized with surprise and delight the name of a valiant ancestor of my own, whose deeds shine brightly in the history of Germany's middle ages. I knew not, however, that he had in middle life become a knight of this order, until I here discovered a detailed account of an imposing funeral service, performed over his remains at Prague in the year 1190. To be reminded of this great man's death, and to read of his funeral at such an hour, and in a place fraught with sepulchral associations, were somewhat singular coincidences, and with strong and growing excitement, I read as follows.

"The temple walls were covered with black cloth, and on a trestle in the centre of the church was placed the coffin, containing the mortal remains of the departed knight. Nine skeletons stood near the coffin, each bearing a lamp, which threw a dim religious light over the lower part of the spacious edifice, leaving the higher portion in deep shadow. Upon the upper end of the coffin lid, lay a chaplet of white roses, below which were the insignia of the order, and the sword of the deceased Templar; and upon a table near the coffin was a skull surrounded by seven large candlesticks, moulded like sphynxes, but bearing no lights. The Grand Master, followed by seven Knights Preceptors, seven Knights Companions, and seven Squires or Novices, all bearing tapers, and attired in black, with scarfs of crape, now entered the temple, one by one, and silently as shadows. They stood op-

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

" *Seventh Preceptor.* The grave is ready. Commit our brother to his mother earth.

" And again the Grand Master struck the iron cross thrice with his hammer, and the brotherhood knelt around the grave, and kissed the earth in silence."——

At this moment I again heard three knocks more distinctly than before, succeeded, too, by a low sound of mingled muttering and lamentation. I distinguished both sounds with a clearness which no excitement of my imagination could supply, and I observed that the three knocks resembled the ringing sound of iron upon iron. I gazed in alarm at the door which opened on the long corridor, from whence the noise had seemed to proceed, and with growing horror I now heard a clearly audible and long continued sobbing, like the last struggling breath of a dying man. At this instant the thunder again reverberated in long echoes from the mountains—the book dropped from my trembling hand—I felt a sudden shivering of the extremities, and all the blood rushed to my heart, which beat with audible violence. I now fancied that I heard the sound of distant footsteps, and seizing the candle, I approached the door and listened, but no sound was distinguishable. " Nonsense!" I exclaimed, assuming an indifference I did not feel; " 'tis nothing but the rising storm-gust, howling in the long passages and wide chimneys of the castle." I resumed my book and chair, determined to finish the curious recital, and retire to bed. The narrative proceeded thus:

" Then did the Novices remove the coffin-lid, and expose to view the body of the deceased Templar in a white shroud. The hands and feet were tied with cords—the temples were adorned with a chaplet of laurel and vine leaves—on the breast lay a golden cross, sparkling with jewels—and on the heart a bunch of fresh-culled violets.

" ' Brother Novices!' said the Grand Master, ' give heed to my commands, and answer to my questions. What means the chaplet of laurel and vine leaves?'

" *First Novice.* It means that man was born to honour and enjoyment.

" *Grand Master.* Better things await him in a better world. The laurel and the vine decay and perish. Strip the dead of such frail distinctions.

" And the Novices took the chaplet from the temples of the deceased.

" *Grand Master.* What means the sparkling cross?

" *Second Novice.* It means that man striveth after wealth and splendour.

" *Grand Master.* How does man come into the world?

" *Third Novice.* Naked and poor.

" *Grand Master.* Then must he return to his mother-earth, naked and poor as he was born. Strip the dead of such vain adornment.

" And the Novices took the cross from the breast of the deceased.

" *Grand Master.* Why are his hands and feet bound with cords?

" *Fourth Novice.* To shew that in this life man is the slave of sin.

" *Grand Master.* Death has overcome the dominion of sin.

" Release the freed man from his earthly bondage.

" And the Novices did as they were commanded.

" *Grand Master.* What means the bunch of violets on his heart?

" *Fifth Novice.* It is the emblem of humility, and the offering of brotherly love to the departed, who deserved the tribute; because, during life, he was humble and pure in heart. Blessed are such, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

" *Grand Master.* Know ye of a truth that our brother in the coffin is dead, and ripe for the long sleep of the grave?

"*Sixth Novice. (Taking the hand of the dead.)* The flesh cleaveth not unto the bones, nor the skin unto the flesh.—He is dead.

"*Grand Master.* How looks his grave?

"*Seventh Novice.* (*Looking down into the grave.*) Deep—dark—narrow—cold.

"*Grand Master.* Knights Companions of the Order! do the last kind office to the departed, and give him a brother's blessing, for he was one of you.

"And the seven Knights Companions slowly approached the coffin, and placed their right hands upon the head, eyes, face, mouth, heart, hand, and feet of the departed brother, each accompanying this solemn rite with a fervent blessing; after which the Novices replaced the lid upon the coffin, and nailed it with seven nails. Then sang the Preceptors to a low accompaniment from the choir above, the awful words:—

"'*Ne recorderis, Domine! peccata illius, dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem.*'

"After which, all the assembled Preceptors, Companions, and Novices, chanted the *De profundis*, while each in succession sprinkled holy water on the coffin, saying, 'My brother! thou art dead to this world, and livest now in the Lord.'

"Then did the invisible choristers in the gallery begin to chant the *Libera;* and their voices sounded, afar off, like the answerings of departed spirits. Every taper, save that of the Grand Master, was now extinguished, and all the Knights, Preceptors, and Companions, prostrating themselves in the figure of a cross, prayed silently. Meanwhile the Novices gently and slowly lowered the coffin into the grave, and the Grand Master, again raising the iron hammer, struck the iron cross three times, and said, with a deep and solemn unction—

"'I bless thee in the name of the tri-une God—in the name of the ancient and venerable order of Knights Templars—in the name of the Preceptors, Companions, and Novices here assembled"——

Here I was again interrupted by the sound of three knocks near my door, ringing like the blows of iron upon iron, and so loudly audible, that I could no longer doubt the evidence of my senses, nor reason down my apprehensions that either earthly mischief, or, probably, unearthly agency, was busy near me. The knocks were again succeeded by low sounds of lamentation and groans, followed, as before, by a quick and sobbing respiration, which I could compare to nothing but the death-rattle. I struggled hard with a growing suspicion that some supernatural intelligence was at work here, and yet my reason equally rejected the possible contingencies of robbers, or midnight frolics. Thieves would not thus announce their presence, and it was utterly improbable that my afflicted relatives, or their attached and sympathizing domestics, would amuse themselves by trying midnight experiments upon my courage. I had clearly distinguished that these mysterious sounds proceeded not from the sepulchre beneath me, but from the hall or corridor. "Can it be," whispered my excited imagination, "the unquiet spirit of the murdered Bruno, or of his suicide daughter, the unhappy Leah? Or, can it be the shade of my ancestor, the long-departed Templar? Or, it suddenly occurred to me, is it not rather some benighted traveller, attracted by the light in my window, knocking at the gate for admittance? It is, it must be, some helpless wayfarer," I exclaimed, clinging to this preferable solution of the sounds which had alarmed me. Transferring one of my candles to a lantern which I found in the book-closet, I seized my sabre, and was hastening to the door, when suddenly the sound of solemn music floated

through the apartment. The tones were harp-like, and gradually rose with a sublime swell, which, at such an hour and place, seemed to me more than earthly. The soaring swell was succeeded by a gradual and dying cadence, which melted away in the distant night-breeze; I paused and listened in still astonishment—but all was silent. I endeavoured to persuade myself that it was another delusion of my fevered brain, and that the ill-cured sabre-wound on my head had contributed to the successive hallucinations of the night; but the melody had been so distinct and peculiar that I could repeat every note. At this moment I heard the clock of the neighbouring convent of St. Clare sound the midnight hour from the vale below; it was accompanied by a long-drawn wailing gust of wind through the corridor, and the deep toned bell struck on my saddened ear like the knell of some one I had loved and lost. Soon the music rose again as if from the vault beneath, and I distinctly heard the sound of harmonious voices, singing with impressive and perfect modulation, the following words from the fine opening of Mozart's Requiem:—

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

A rich and powerful soprano then sang in thrilling tones the solo—

Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion
Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

After which, all the voices and the harp, in fine accord, and in a louder strain, resumed—

Exaudi orationem meam,
Ad te omnis caro veniet.

I heard every word as distinctly as if the singers had been at my elbow; and, convinced that they were no spirits, but human choristers chanting in the sepulchre beneath me, I opened the window, and saw a blaze of light streaming through the bronze latticed gate of the vault, over a small flower garden, which embellished the approach to Cecilia's tomb. After a brief pause, the solemn strains proceeded, when, unable to repress my curiosity, I called aloud, "Who is there?" But no answer was returned, save from the echoing rocks, which responded—"Who is there—there?" with startling accuracy. Determined to unravel this mystery, I sallied forth with sword and lantern into the corridor, descended the stair-case, and cautiously approached the bronze gate, concealing the lantern under my ample dressing-gown. Screened by a luxuriant hedge of evergreens, I reached a point commanding a view of the interior, and beheld by the light of four tapers, held by as many figures muffled from head to foot in dark drapery, a spacious and lofty sepulchre, in the centre of which, on a marble basement, stood an open sarcophagus, containing a richly-decorated coffin, from which the black silk pall had been partially rolled back. A female form, attired in white and flowing garments, was kneeling on the basement; her hands were folded as if in prayer, and her forehead was reclining on the margin of the sarcophagus. She was a lovely blondine, her hair, of silken texture, and in colour the brightest auburn, fell in graceful abundance over her shoulders; the visible portion of her face was of an ashy paleness, and on her bosom I observed a white rose. The music had ceased before I reached my concealed station, but the dead silence which had succeeded was now interrupted by loud tokens of the approaching storm. A gust of wind shook the mighty oaks on the adjacent slope—the kneeling figure turned her face towards the grating, and by the glare of a bright flash of lightning, I saw the whole unearthly visage. Gracious Heaven! it was the

sainted Cecilia—the white rose in her bosom—in short, the perfect semblance of her portrait in the room above.

The lantern dropped from my trembling hand, and I gazed on this appalling group of figures in speechless horror, aggravated by the howling of the blast, the creaking of the branches, and the endless echoing of the thunder in the mountains. My blood ran cold with nameless apprehensions, but soon the tide of feeling took an opposite direction. Maddened with this inexplicable succession of alarming incidents, I determined to sever at once the Gordian knot, and rushing forward with desperate resolution, I seized and shook the bronze gates with maniacal vehemence, shouting, in the voice of one possessed, "Oh, Cecilia! Cecilia!"

"Jesus Maria!" ejaculated the pallid figure in white, turning upon me a pair of large blue eyes, which appeared glassy and lifeless. In a moment every taper disappeared, and a horrid scream ran through the vault, succeeded by a crash which seemed to shake the massive tower above the sepulchre.

Overwhelmed with terror and surprise at the strange termination of this awful scene, I plunged through the darkness, explored with difficulty my way to the stair-case, and ascended it with headlong velocity. While feeling the way to my apartment along the wall of the corridor, my attention was roused by a noise at the other end, resembling the creak of a heavy door when moving on rusty hinges. Turning round, I saw a faint gleam of light shoot athwart the deep gloom of this long passage, and with inexpressible astonishment I beheld the iron door of the armoury gradually opened, and the lofty figure of a knight in complete armour issue from it, with a naked sword in one hand and a small lantern in the other, which he held up as if to explore the intense darkness of the corridor. Congratulating myself that my person was concealed in the deep shadow, I gazed in utter perplexity and terror upon this spectral figure, until I saw it turn round and retreat into the armoury, the door of which, opening outwards, immediately closed, as if impelled by a spring. Soon as I could regain the power of volition, I returned to my apartment in the tower, more perplexed than ever with the rapid succession of extraordinary and startling incidents which I had encountered in this mysterious old castle. "Surely," I began to think, "if the dead are permitted to revisit this earth, this is the very hour and place in which to expect them." My wonted freedom from all superstitious fancies, still, however, struggled with this thickening evidence of supernatural agency, and, opening the window, I looked out to observe if any light was again visible from the sepulchre; but the moon was obscured by heavy clouds, and all was midnight darkness. During a short interval between the whistling blasts, I thought I could distinguish the sound of a light footstep; and, looking more intently, I saw, by a faint gleam of lightning, a figure in white drapery turn hastily round an angle of the ruins, and disappear under the trees. I was vainly puzzling myself to account for this new incident, when the appalling knocks of iron upon iron, again sounded in the corridor. Rousing by a sudden effort my drooping courage, I hastened to the door, and opening it, listened with renewed horror to the agonizing groans of some dying sufferer. While rooted to the spot with nameless apprehensions, a burst of loud and horrid laughter struck suddenly upon my startled ears. It proceeded, I thought, from the armoury out of which the mailed knight had issued, and the tones had a brazen, gong-like, reverberation, to which no human organs could possibly have given utterance. This monstrous peal of merriment was succeeded was the clash of swords and armour, and I plainly heard heavy blows descending

upon helmets, shields and corselets. No language can describe the perplexity with which I listened to this appalling uproar, which now seemed to resound from the baron's hall; and under the insane impulses of fear, I gradually yielded to a belief that the ghosts of Bruno and Gotthard nightly visited the castle to renew their deadly conflict. "Surely all the powers of hell are in league to-night against me?" I exclaimed, as I retreated into my apartment, barred the door in unutterable anxiety, and began to weigh whether it would not be advisable to return to the comfortable mansion of my aunt, and leave the "Robber's Tower" to its infernal tenantry. Suddenly, however, a suspicion flashed upon me, that this old castle having been for some months unoccupied by the family, had become the haunt of gipsies or robbers, and that the mysterious sounds and appearances which had alarmed me, were the ingenious contrivances of these vagabonds to terrify the servants of the baroness, and thereby retain undisturbed possession of the ruins. Inexpressibly relieved by this more rational view of the extraordinary adventures of the night, and fearless of human agency, I determined to solve the enigma without delay, and seized my pistols with intent to explore immediately the hall and armoury, from one of which the clash of weapons still resounded. My nerves, however, were still unstrung by the terrors I had experienced, and fearing that my unsteady hand would not effectually level a pistol, I took, in preference, my keen-edged sabre, grasped it with feverish energy, and proceeded with a candle into the corridor, determined to enact myself the Castle Spectre, for which personification my tall figure and white drapery were well adapted.

The combat was continued with unabated energy, and the ringing sound of swords and armour now evidently proceeded from the armoury, towards which I was cautiously advancing, when another peal of grating and Satanic laughter made me pause in shivering astonishment. At this moment the storm-clouds, which had been for some time concentrating, burst in fury over the ruins; the rain fell in heavy torrents, and an intensely vivid flash of lightning was instantaneously succeeded by a monstrous burst of thunder, which shook the old castle to its foundations. When the long-enduring reverberations of the thunder had ceased, I approached the armoury and listened at the door, from which I now observed that the massive iron bar and padlock had been removed.

Hearing no noise within, I grasped my sabre more firmly, and, clenching my teeth in angry and bitter determination to unravel, at all risks, this tissue of mysteries, I placed my only remaining taper on the ground, to preserve it from sudden extinction, pulled the door, which opened outwards, and stepped into the armoury, when, behold! by the faint light of two small lanterns, I saw the towering figures of Bruno and Gotthard, in panoplies of steel, and beavers down, crossing their long swords to renew the combat.

Appalled to a degree far exceeding all former apprehensions, I stood in gasping and speechless terror before these colossal spectres, who paused as they beheld me, lowered the points of their tremendous weapons, and remained fixed and motionless as statues. I fancied as I gazed upon them in silent horror, that I could distinguish two human skulls within their barred helmets, and, ejaculating I know not what, I turned round and darted into the corridor, hurling after me the iron door with such force as to detach the picture of the poisoned nun from the wall above, and it fell behind me with a noise which increased no little my consternation. Overturning the candle in my rapid progress, I rushed along the corridor in utter darkness, until I found my speed arrested by some one pulling vigo-

rously at my dressing-gown. Desperation now supplied the place of courage, and with a backward thrust I prunged my sabre-point deep into the body of my pursuer. This defensive blow did not, however, release me from his grasp; and to aggravate my perplexity, I now heard immediately behind me the agonizing sobs and groans which had so often alarmed me during this eventful night. During this climax of horrors, the creaking of the armoury door diverted my attention from the awful sounds at my elbow, and my heart died within me as I beheld the two mailed spectres hastening with long strides and uplifted swords and lanterns towards me.

By the approaching light I now discovered to my infinite relief, that my flight had been arrested by neither human nor superhuman interference, but simply by the iron door-latch of one of the hall stoves, which was supplied with fuel through an aperture in the corridor, as is still the custom in many modern houses throughout Germany. My long dressing-gown had floated behind me as I rushed down the corridor; the projecting latch had caught the lining, and my sabre had pierced no hostile pursuer but the tightly extended skirt of my unfortunate garment. Hastily extricating myself by severing the skirt with a sabre cut, I turned round and desperately faced my grim antagonists, who were now within a few yards of me, and held up their lanterns as if to assist their examination of my features.

Brandishing my sabre, I shouted, "Avaunt, ye hellish forms!" but, to my indescribable amazement, they suddenly paused, exchanged a few words, threw down their swords, and, raising their beavers, shewed me the broad, bluff features of my aunt's gardeners, two old Austrian dragoons, whose tall athletic figures I had scanned with a soldier's eye during my evening walk to the ruins. A ludicrous explanation now ensued, and I heard that in cŏnsequence of the appearance of some marauders in the mountains, my aunt's steward had ordered the gardeners to sleep by turns in the old armoury as a protection to the valuable property deposited there. The old soldiers, whose long campaigning had not much abated their dread of the supernatural, were afraid to mount guard alone in the armoury, and had agreed to watch there together; but, unable to sleep during the storm, had challenged each other to a game at broadsword, by way of killing the time, and, to heighten the joke, had donned two suits of the old armour which hung round the walls of the armoury. The steward was not aware of my intention to occupy the apartments in the tower; and, had the men not seen me previously in the garden with the baroness, a serious, and too probably, fatal encounter would have been the consequence of the critical situation I have described. On farther enquiry, I found that whenever one of these lusty knights had placed an effective blow, they burst into a horse laugh, which, sounding from their capacious throats through the barred helmets, and reverberating through the lofty corridor, had produced the unnatural and gong-like peal which had so much astonished and alarmed me. They acknowledged, too, that they had been no little terrified when they saw a tall figure in white, with a naked sabre, enter the armoury; that, however, they had gathered courage from my sudden retreat, and, beginning to suspect that I was a robber, had pursued and recognised me. I had found, also, a clue to the mysterious sobs and lamentations in the corridor, while endeavouring to separate my dressing-gown from the latch, during which operation the creaking hinges of the stove door, not having been oiled for many years, emitted the wailing, groaning sounds which made by blood run cold. While still examining the stove, another tremendous blast shook the corridor, and the storm-gust, rushing down the

capacious chimney, burst open the heavy iron door, which fell back against the iron catch, and rebounding twice with the shock, explained very naturally the fancied hammer-blows of the Grand Master upon the iron cross: the expiring gust then moving the door more gently on its rusty hinges, made them wail and creak as before; after which the diminishing current rushing through the imperfectly closed door, produced the intermitting, sobbing noise, which my tortured imagination had converted into a death-rattle.

Dismissing the mailed gardeners to their armoury, I retired immediately to bed; and, deferring until morning my proposed investigation of the mysterious incidents in the sepulchre, I slept in defiance of the storm, until roused by a summons from my aunt and cousin to join them in the outer room to breakfast.

When I met my amiable relatives at the breakfast table, I was concerned to observe the lovely Julia still more pallid than I had found her the preceding evening, and expressed my fear that she was indisposed.

"I have passed a sleepless and miserable night," she replied, "in consequence of an appalling incident which occurred last night in your immediate vicinity. Soon after you left us, four nuns from the convent of St. Clara, called upon me on their way to chant a midnight requiem over the dear remains of my blessed sister, and requested me to accompany them on a harp, which is usually left for this purpose in the sepulchre. As I have found a melancholy gratification in this solemn service, which the nuns perform twice every week, when their convent duties permit, I did not allow the still distant storm, nor the cool white gown which had replaced my hot mourning dress, to deter me from an act of duty to the dear departed one. I accompanied the nuns to the sepulchre, and, after they had sung the requiem, I was kneeling in silent prayer against the sarcophagus, when suddenly, the brazen gates of the vault were shaken with a giant's grasp.——I beheld the figure of a colossal woman in white garments on the outside—and a voice shrieked "Cecilia! Cecilia!" in tones so wild and unearthly, that the nuns in terror dropped their tapers, and we fled into the inner vault, pulling the heavy door after us with a shock, which reverberated like thunder, and greatly increased our alarm. There we remained some time in an agony of terror, and in total darkness, until the hoarse voice of the approaching storm warned us to depart, and we fled through the grove to the villa, trembling at the sound of our own footsteps."

It was now my turn to explain the various wonders of the night; and, with a view to cheer my drooping and agitated relatives, I endeavoured to relieve with humourous colouring the extraordinary adventures which had crowded upon me in such rapid succession. I enjoyed the heartfelt gratification to see my efforts crowned with success. The pale and care-worn features of my aunt and cousin relaxed into frequent smiles as I pursued my strange narrative, and the ludicrous climax of my adventure with the two gardeners created even a hearty laugh at my expense. When I had concluded, the lovely Julia repaired the awful damage inflicted on my dressing-gown, and my aunt made me a present of the formidable portrait of the hapless Leah; the removal of which, she said, would alone convince the villagers that the unhappy original no longer walked the castle at midnight.

During a few weeks of delightful intercourse with these intelligent and amiable women, I greatly recruited my injured constitution, and at length succeeded in my earnest endeavours to prevail upon my aunt and her

daughter to quit for some months an abode fraught with melancholy associations, and to pass the autumn and winter under my mother's roof in Berlin.

There I had the delight to see their deeply seated woe gradually yield to the influence of frequent collision with a select and sympathising circle, and assume a more tranquil and cheerful character. There, too, my daily intercourse with the unassuming and lovely Julia rapidly matured my early prepossession into a fervent and enduring attachment; and the following summer I revisited the "Robber's Tower," no longer an emaciated and fanciful invalid, but in the full enjoyment of health and happiness, the husband of my adored Julia, and the joint consoler of her still mourning, but resigned and tranquil parent.

STANZAS.

'Tis past—the fond—the fleeting dream
Of love and hope are o'er,
And darkly steals life's troubled stream
Unto the silent shore.
But still this broken heart of mine
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine,
Till it is laid at rest with thine,
Where grief is felt no more.

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot,
In some far desert plac'd;
To me each scene, where thou art not,
Is but a joyless waste.
Where all around is bright and fair
I only feel thou art not there,
And turn from what thou canst not share,
And sigh to be at rest!

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,
For me her charms are vain:
The heart that once hath lov'd, like mine,
Can never love regain.
The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,
Are pass'd, by me, unheeded by;
And, where thy ruined relics lie,
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath sever'd been,
Since thou hast ceased to be;
Our hearts the grave hath closed between.
And what remains for me,
In this dark pilgrimage below?
A vain regret, a cherish'd woe—
And tears that cannot cease to flow
Whene'er I think of thee.

[FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.]

A TALE OF THE SEA.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony." COLERIDGE.

I SAILED from the Thames in a merchant brig for Jamaica. I was the only passenger, and before I had been many days on board, it struck me that there was something odd both about the captain and crew. They had all very bad expressions of countenance; and when I happened to be upon deck, I frequently observed that they collected in groupes, and seemed to carry on in whispers a mysterious kind of conversation, with which I could not help thinking that I was myself in some way connected. The captain, in particular, was a dark looking man, with a very ugly meaning in his large bright eyes. He seldom spoke, except in monosyllables, and then the tones of his voice almost startled you. He and I had beds in the same cabin, but I soon discovered that he never slept. Whenever I happened to look across from my own birth towards his, I could see, by the dim light of a lamp that burned upon the table all night, his large eyes glaring full upon me, with a most unnatural kind of intelligence in them. I am not naturally of a timid disposition, but certainly I did not feel altogether comfortable. We had favourable winds, however, and ran across the Atlantic without any thing remarkable occurring.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth day I was told that the land we saw, about fifteen miles to leeward, was that of the island of St. Domingo, and that, the breeze continuing, we might expect to reach Kingston in little more than eight-and-forty hours. I retired to rest between ten and eleven with a lighter heart than I had done for some time before; and, with the prospect of so soon again meeting several of my oldest and best friends, I speedily found myself locked in the embraces of slumber, and busily occupied in the ideal world of dreams. Hour after hour passed unnoted by, and day-light was shining full into my cabin before I again opened my eyes. The sun had been long up, but was not visible. It was one of those calm grey days which, in this climate, commonly predict some change of weather. There was that stillness on board the ship which almost always accompanies a calm, for when sailors have nothing to do they are the last people in the world who will do any thing. I did not hear a step over head, and even the steward and cabin-boys I supposed had fallen asleep; for though I called pretty lustily for my breakfast, not a soul came near me. I rose at length, and having performed my toilet with all convenient speed, I got upon deck. I was somewhat surprised not to see a single hand either fore or aft. The very helm was deserted. I went forward to the steerage, but it was empty, and so was every hammock it contained! My pulse began to beat more quickly; I became alarmed and uneasy. I called aloud, but no one answered me. I looked into the hold, but no living thing was to be seen, nay, what struck me as peculiarly odd, there was nothing in the hold at all, except a cask or two of fresh water, though I had been given to understand that the vessel had a full and valuable cargo on board. I went back to the cabin; neither captain nor mate was there. I opened the door of every cupboard and closet, but

it was in vain. Conviction of the truth, though at first its very conception almost bewildered me, inevitably forced itself on my mind;—I was the only human being in the ship. During the night she had been purposely abandoned by her crew, and I was left alone to the mercy of the waves. On the previous evening land had been visible at the distance of five or six leagues, but now, having drifted out of my course, it was nowhere to be discovered.

My feelings can neither be imagined nor described. I was perfectly ignorant of all nautical affairs, and consequently had not the most distant idea of what ought to be done. But this was perhaps hardly to be regretted; for however great my skill had been, what could a single person have done in the guidance and management of so large a vessel? Had a boat been left, I should instantly have entrusted myself to it, and though at a venture, endeavoured to steer in some particular direction; but we had only two originally, and they had both been taken away. I could find no loose timber of which to make a raft, for even a raft I should have considered myself safer in than where I was. There is something that the human mind cannot bear to dwell upon, in the idea that it has lost its power over inert matter, and that however great its intellectual energies, they must all succumb to the mere blind chance which governs an inanimate mass.—I was alone in a great floating castle, to which seemed to be left the power of determining whither it would carry me, and what fate it would assign me. The very bulk of my prison made me the more helpless; besides, I soon discovered that it was, in the sea phrase, water-logged, and, no doubt, abandoned, under the belief that it was speedily to sink. I would have given any thing for the merest little cock-boat with a single oar, for then I should have been comparatively my own master on the wide ocean.

As long as the day-light continued, my situation, though sufficiently solitary, was not so dismal. Light is companionable, and seems to be the natural element of the human soul. But the sun had scarcely set ere I perceived that the waters were not long to continue unruffled. The sails, almost all of which were set, and which I found it impossible to take in, or even to reef, no longer hung motionless by the side of the masts, but, for some time, kept flapping incessantly like the wings of some mighty bird, and then, becoming steadily filled, carried the ship along with them, I know not where. Twilight darkened into night; the moon came out of the sea like a spectre—wan and vapoury—surrounded by a dark assemblage of murky clouds; stronger and stronger grew the wind. The waves, as they went careering by, left in their track a broad gleam of foam that gave to the dark sea an unnatural whiteness. I stood at the stern, with the useless helm in my hand, and almost believed that the whole was a horrible dream, from which, if I did not speedily awake, I might never awake with reason unimpaired. The storm increased; and the vessel, from the quantity of canvas she carried, was tossed like a toy from wave to wave. At length the foremast snapt, and, with all its sails and cordage, fell overboard;—it was overwhelmed among the billows in an instant.

Day returned, but the storm did not abate. The wind was for a while north-west, which blew me back nearly upon the course I had already sailed; but afterwards, shifting several points, it became nearly due north, so that I conjectured it must have been carrying me along the coast of South America, though that coast was no where visible. For several days the hurricane continued, and every moment seemed to bring along with it the

promise of destruction; but though the ship was now a complete wreck, its planks still held together, and I continued to exist. Day after day, week after week, month after month, and, were I to judge by my own feelings, I should say year after year passed on, and I still continued rolling about in my dismasted hulk,—sometimes with fair and sometimes with foul weather, either in the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean—I knew not which. There were, luckily, provisions enough on board, such as they were, to have supported me, I should have thought, for any length of time: but existence was becoming too painful to me to admit of my being able to endure it much longer. Let not man talk of solitude, as long as he can see around him fields, and trees, and mountains. All these may hold communion with his spirit, and, as they vary their garb according to the season, he can read in them lessons of wisdom and improvement. But on the wide and changeless ocean, where human sympathies exist not, and where the very elements seem of a nature uncongenial to man; there, where the eye can see nothing but the rolling waters, and the ear catch no sound but that of the breaking wave—*there* speak of solitude—*there* feel its horrors, feel your affections stagnant within you, and your mental capabilities mouldering away into nothingness. Look at the sun, the clouds, the stars, and ask in the frenzy of despair, why you are the only created thing cursed with the curse of speech? * * * *

It was midnight, and the thunder walked through the air; but its peals were welcome to me, for they sounded like the voice of an unseen giant. The waning moon looked dimly down through the snatches of the hurrying clouds, and the lurid lightning flashed far and wide below, as if in mockery of the pale light of the melancholy wanderer of Heaven. There was alternate gloom and brightness. In the gloom was heard the savage roaring of the thunder-laden winds; in the brightness was seen the tortured ocean heaving in convulsions, and flinging its spray, in impotent wrath, far up into the dark concave. Such scenes had become familiar to me, and had almost lost their terrors. My crazy ship went tumbling on, and I had lashed myself to the remnant of one of her masts, lest I should be swept from the deck as every thing else had been already. Again the moon looked down for an instant, again lightning gushed from the clouds,—good God! a vessel, with all her sails set, bounded past me, and I heard the cries of human beings. Another gleam of moonshine—she was still there! Another blaze of lightning,—she was gone—down—down into the gulph for ever!

The storm passed away, and I was still safe. The wind was in the north, and the ship sailed on. One morning I came upon deck; it was clear, though cold, and the sea, at some distance, seemed peopled with islands. How my heart bounded! I was approaching them! Shipwreck—death was all I desired, provided I met it in an attempt to make the land. I came nearer the islands;—heaven and earth! They were islands of ice! Where was I? I had been sailing south; had I got within the antarctic circle? Ice—nothing but ice. Huge mountains of dreary ice.

> "It was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

I know not how it was, but I sailed far in among those frozen fields. The wind, at length, shifted; and my course was altered. I retraced part of my way, and went more to the east. One night I was in bed, and my vessel was drifting as usual where it pleased. Suddenly, it struck against something with a violent shock and crash. I rushed upon deck; the ship was going to pieces. It seemed to have come upon a reef of rocks. It was calm, and I was a good swimmer. I threw myself into the sea, and, reach-

ing some of the more prominent heights, I scrambled up upon them, and waited till day-light should discover to me my situation. It came soon enough; I was on the highest peak of two or three insulated rocks, not a hundred yards in circumference altogether, that rose up from the fathomless depths of the southern ocean till they reached a little above its surface. Water—nothing but water could be seen around. Here, then, on this unknown rock, which no human eye but mine had ever seen before, it was to be my lot to die. I wonder I did not grow mad at once. I recollect that I lost all belief in my personal identity. I could not conceive it possible that I was the same being, who had once so keenly enjoyed all the pleasures of social and civilized life; who had loved and hated, who had laughed and wept, who had feared and hoped. On a solitary peak in the ocean, what was man? more useless than the sea-weed, more helpless than the bubbles that floated past with the waves.

The ship had disappeared; but some fragments still floated about the rock. I took possession of one of them, and floated away, as I believed, to certain death. Now, talk of solitude!—on a little raft in the untraversed South Pacific. I drifted away and away; but nature was at length exhausted. I stretched myself out at full length, I closed my eyes and became insensible.

When my senses returned, I was on board a French discovery-ship, in a comfortable bed, and enjoying every luxury, and oh! that luxury above all other luxuries—the music of the human voice, when its tones are softened by human affections! I did nothing but weep—weep like a child for a whole week. In two months I was again in England. [H. G. BELL.]

THE FAWN'S LEAP.*

A LEGEND OF THE NATCHEZ.

A LONG peace existing between the Natchez nation (one of the aboriginal tribes of America), and those tribes nearest to their borders, strengthened by a league against the French for mutual protection, led to much friendly intercourse and reciprocal offices of kindness. A casual interview between a young and gallant warrior of one of them, and a Natchez girl, produced impressions which, matured by time, ripened into mutual attachment. Overtures were made to the family of the maiden, and presents exchanged; the union was regarded by all as auspicious to the interests of both nations; the bright moons and beautiful skies of the south never smiled on a happier pair than the warlike Alama and the dark eyed, youthful Xalissa. About this period the arts and gold of the French prevailed over the faith of some of the nations, heretofore united with the Natchez in opposition to the intolerable oppressions heaped upon them by these adventurers. Falsehoods were invented and treacherous designs attributed to all parties in the league, through emissaries and spies secretly sent among them. Complaint and recrimination were followed by aggression and open hostility. The hatchet was unburied, and the runners bearing the red symbol of combat, passed rapidly among the tribes. The first onset was between the Natchez and the native tribe of Alama, and so sudden, that the last interview between him

* From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1830. Philadelphia.

and Xalissa, was broken off by the terrific cry of their respective tribes, summoning the youthful warriors to the work of death. Alama, high in reputation and command, reluctantly obeyed the call. He panted not for the glories or dangers of war, but sighed for days of peace and happiness with his beautiful Fawn. This was the name of Xalissa when translated into our tongue; with it well corresponded her starry eye, fringed with lashes as dark and silky as the raven plume that decked her hair; her slender form, graceful as the neck of the swan, clearing the waters of her own blue lake; and her tiny foot and agile step, elastic as the tread of the young panther upon the quicksands of her native stream. It is unnecessary to dwell on the bloody scenes which ensued, or to detail the various fortunes that attended these destructive wars, stirred up by the fatal policy of the French. So far as the present contest was involved, the Natchez were successful. They had routed their enemies, and taken many captives, who, according to the usages of savage warfare, were condemned to torture. Among them was Alama. All the friendly sentiments heretofore existing between the tribes, were superseded by that settled and deadly hate, characteristic of barbarians. Alama, after fighting with the desperation of a tiger, pierced like a target with a hundred arrows, fell into the power of the Natchez. His wounds, though dangerous and numerous, were not destined to prove mortal. His athletic form, in the vigour of youth and manly strength, had been trained and hardened amidst enterprize and danger; and his soul rose superior to misfortune and suffering. This heroic bearing only exasperated his enemies, and sealed his doom; but under present prostration, he was deemed an unfit object for the extremities of an Indian execution; it was therefore deferred. Xalissa, in the agony of her soul had witnessed his sufferings, but dared not exhibit the sympathies she so deeply felt, or betray an emotion calculated to rouse suspicion, and thus precipitate his destiny. One thing she had resolved upon, notwithstanding the fearful obstructions opposed to her designs, to save or to perish with him! Among the Natchez were certain superannuated women, generally blind or crippled, pretending to supernatural powers, and dealing in charms and witchcraft. These beldames were held in undefined and superstitious awe by young and old. When captives were brought in by the warriors, their misfortunes were aggravated by every insult that the resources of savage ingenuity could suggest; and not the least were the revilings, taunts, and incantations of these hags, to whose power they were subjected preparatory to execution. They dressed themselves in strange and fantastic attire, and wore hideous masks, to heighten the effect of their uncouth and antic ceremonies. They were unquestioned in their proceedings, being avoided by all, through mingled emotions of fear and detestation. Xalissa availed herself of this superstition to effect her designs. Habited in the disguise of these pretended magicians, she came by night to the place where Alama was confined. It was an enclosure, strongly constructed of stakes sunk in the ground, and covered by like materials, firmly set on in the form of a roof. His companions had been successively led out to execution, and he lay alone, in the centre of the prison, bound to a post driven deep into the earth. On the outside, a gallery, composed lightly of cane, and covered with branches, sheltered a numerous guard, and the entrance was constantly occupied by a powerful Indian. These precautions interposed difficulties of no ordinary kind; the approach of Xalissa was, however, unobstructed; the Indian reverently gave way, and she was soon at the side of the prisoner. He had been accustomed to such scenes, and marked the entrance of his supposed tor-

mentor with perfect unconcern. She performed over him various unmeaning ceremonies; she heaped abuse and insult on the victim, cast opprobrium upon his name and tribe, and, kneeling over him, chaunted those low, sad tones, which warn the captive of doom and death. Then she recited the victories of the Natchez, their deeds of renown, and the glories of their ancestors, uttering new imprecations on their foes. At length, however, as the curiosity of the guard subsided, she gradually brought her face nearer to that of Alama, and, taking his hand, addressed him in a whisper, "Let your eyes be open, your tongue still, your face unchanged—I am here to save you! Fear not; I am Xalissa!" The warrior, overcome by love, gratitude, and joy, with a heart bursting to give expression to his emotions, exerted, nevertheless, the control over his feelings so remarkable in the Indian. "Your wounds," resumed the beautiful girl, with her mouth close to his ear, while she was heaving her arms in all the frenzy and eccentricity of the character she had assumed, "your wounds will not suffer you to fly—promise to obey me. To-morrow I will tell you all—promise!" Alama pressed her hand in token of assent, but whispered, as he did so, "My foot is heavy, but my hand is not weak. Cut the thongs that bind me; give me my hatchet; I will yet open our path to the forest."—"No blood must be shed," rejoined Xalissa; "my brother guards you; he must not die by your hand. You have promised! Silence! the Natchez are wary. If I am suspected, we are lost! I will come again!" She now sprang suddenly to her feet, and, rocking her body to and fro, often repeated the same or like mockeries, and then slowly left the prison. Here she wandered about among the guards, who were lying sluggishly around the fire, took their bows in her hands, and pronounced over them certain cabalistic words, at the same time dancing round them with grimaces and frantic gestures. Having thus familiarized herself with those whom she intended to deceive, laid a plan for accomplishing a most important design in relation to their arms, and lulled suspicion asleep, she retired. The following day the same mummery was repeated; and the guard, not only unsuspecting, but exhibiting some symptoms of disgust and weariness at the perseverance of the sorceress, lay indolently about the dungeon, thus enabling Xalissa briefly to unfold her plans. "To-morrow you are doomed to the stake. We must fly to-night. The warrior who guards the door, I have told you, is my brother; his life must be safe—at least till all else fails. We must exchange dresses. I know the passes to the river, which you do not; wounded, you could not escape. I will break the guard! When the Natchez pursue me, take your course to the Humachitto. I will meet you where it joins the Mississippi. Fear not for me—the bow-strings will be charmed! My foot is light. Be silent—obey, and we are safe!" Then, with a wild and unearthly shriek, she seized a firebrand, and, renewing her sybil-like denunciations and incoherent maledictions, her voice sank away, as if from the exhaustion of passion, into coarse and direful tones; the notes were taken up by the guard excited to fury, and the song of death rang fearfully among the surrounding echoes. Xalissa returned at night, prepared to accomplish her hazardous purpose. She had brought with her a vegetable acid, active and powerful in its effects; and with this, in the progress of her pretended witchcraft, she managed to touch all the bow-strings. The savages were passive and unsuspecting, for they regarded her as being supernaturally inspired, and excited to new raptures by the near prospect of vengeance and blood. So soon as all became silent, and the watch-fire sunk down upon the embers, she again seated herself by the side of Alama, and cau-

tiously severed the cords which bound him. She took his bright head-piece, and clasped it on her own brow. She then put her mask upon him, and threw around him the parti-coloured tunic she had worn, at the same time enveloping her little person in his hunting-shirt, stiff with blood from numerous and ghastly wounds. She now took the position he occupied, while Alama, asuming hers, personated the character of the tormentress, while she appeared as the wounded and condemned captive. These changes were effected more silently and rapidly than can be explained by words. Fuel had been added to the fire by the Indians. And, by the time they were accomplished, the flame went up, bright and sparkling, in the midst of a savage but picturesque group, worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Now was the moment for action. Xalissa sprang forward, and, by a blow dealt with all her force, threw her brother from his balance, and passed him. He, not doubting that the prisoner had escaped while the old woman slept, raised a whoop which alarmed all his companions. They seized their bows, and, before Xalissa had passed beyond the light of the fire, twenty arrows were drawn upon her, either of which must have proved mortal; but the charm she employed proved effectual, and the bow-strings snapped into a thousand pieces! They were, of course, relinquished, and the whole band, with a shout of vengeance, pressed hotly on the flying girl. We now return to Alama. The brief communications which necessarily passed between him and Xalissa, and the engrossing interest of the occasion, did not enable him properly to appreciate the motives of this generous girl. All now flashed upon his mind. After his fetters were removed, he might have passed the guard, as she had done, and with no greater hazard; but she dreaded lest Alama, in the struggle for escape, would endanger the life of her brother; or, that stiff from wounds, he would be overtaken in flight. But, if these apprehensions had proved groundless, his ignorance of the passes might involve him in difficulty, or at best, leave him to contend, at fearful odds, with those who could tread blindfold every bayou and deer path of these intricate defiles. On the other hand, disguised as she was, she did not deem it possible that the Indians would suspect any stratagem, and, consequently, the pursuit being drawn upon her, Alama, though wounded, might in a few hours be beyond the fear of danger. So far all had succeeded; and the prisoner left the scene of his sufferings unmolested, and with new sentiments of admiration and affection for the devoted maid. Divesting himself of his encumbrances, he was soon buried in the recesses of the forest, and turned his yet feeble steps to the point designated by her. In the mean time the lovely Fawn, impelled less by fear for herself than anxiety and affection for him, fled before her pursuers. Her light and symmetrical form, borne along as if by the breeze, seemed to flit onward like some bird of night on its noiseless wing. The Indians, in the outset, were in no doubt of overtaking the wounded prisoner, and laughed in scorn at the shallow attempt made to escape, where cunning had not been resorted to, and where physical power or personal bravery could not avail. They were, however, speedily undeceived, and derision turned into utter astonishmont at the spectacle of a wounded and emaciated prisoner, with the speed of a deer, setting at defiance their fleetest runners. With every inducement, therefore, to urge them on, they encouraged one another to new efforts and redoubled exertion. They now rapidly approached the rugged and uneven ground which marks the line of the "Ellis Cliffs." The continual abrasion of the Mississippi undermines huge banks of earth, overhanging here the margin of the precipitous shore, leaving frightful chasms and deep bayous running on a level

with the river, and at various angles to its course, far up into the heights. This, together with the springs, bursting out at various altitudes, and passing through sandy or decaying strata, produces, particularly in the rainy season, a melting and sinking of the soil, and a waving, uneven surface. On the return of the summer suns the soil becomes baked, and is extremely rigid and disagreeable to the feet. It was here that Xalissa, struggling against difficulties and dangers, and beset by enemies active and persevering, found her strength beginning to yield. From the operation of causes just detailed, the pass to the river, formerly used by the Natchez, had been cut off, and another one was now resorted to, though farther and more circuitous. The former ran along a narrow ridge between two deep ravines. Across this a rain gutter had been formed, which, gradually widening, had become a deep and dangerous gulf, deemed impassable by the foot of man, The object of those in pursuit was, therefore, to cut off the retreat of Xalissa by the new route, should she attempt it, and drive her upon one of which they supposed her ignorant, being that abandoned as impassable by reason of the "break." Xalissa, however, knew them both. She strained every nerve to reach the new and safe descent. It was in vain. The poor girl, nearly exhausted, found, as daylight approached, that her brother, the fleetest of the Indians, was gaining upon her, and that, in fact, escape by mortal means was almost hopeless. She, therefore, ceased her flight, and paused as if collecting her powers for some desperate resource. Upon this the Indians, secure of their victim, sent forth a yell of triumph. Xalissa now turned suddenly, and went directly down the deserted pass. In this attempt no interference was offered by the Natchez. On the contrary, when they reached its entrance, and saw her pent up between the highlands and the chasm, without hope of escape either to the right or the left; their joy was uncontrolled, and a savage and exulting cry rang ominously among the cliffs. The enthusiastic girl felt that a moment had arrived, involving her own fate and that of her wounded lover; for her capture must expose the stratagem, and place his fate beyond the reach of hope. Between these probabilities and personal danger, there was, in her mind, no hesitation. She hastily threw off the hunting-shirt taken from Alama, tightened the belt that clasped her person, and with a fearless bound, cleared the appalling gulf, now spreading forth its terrors between her and the astonished and baffled savages! Pausing for a moment to recover from the stunning effect of the leap, she raised her beautiful eyes in adoration to her divinity, whose warm rays were just emerging from the east. To her his rising seemed invested with new glories; perhaps she believed that he contemplated her enterprize with favour, and thus benignly smiled on its success. Be it, however, as it may, she offered to heaven the purest of all sacrifices—the tribute of an innocent and grateful heart; then plunging forward into the forest, she sought the shores of the Mississippi. Every common emotion, which might be supposed to influence the pursuers on such an occasion, was merged in utter astonishment, and they stood lingering on the edge of the precipice, wrapt in silent admiration. They were unwilling, however, to follow the example of courage they had witnessed, and, turning their course to the adjoining pass, rushed tumultuously down. They repaired to the outlet, where Xalissa must gain the level, trusting that the intricacies of the path would impede her flight. But they were too late: a light impression on the waving sand, disappearing almost as soon as seen, was an unequivocal indication of her having passed there on her way to the river. Hopeless of success, but impelled by curiosity, they followed to the margin, and there, on the pros-

trate body of a noble oak, whose gigantic limbs lay far out into the stream, they beheld her standing calm, secure, and unconcerned. Collecting herself for a last effort, she gave the shout expressive of victory, waved her hand in token of defiance, and plunged into the dark and angry stream! The waters closed over her, and they saw her no more! The Natchez returned disappointed and ashamed. Fortunately for themselves, as they conceived, they brought with them the funeral shirt of Alama as evidence of their story. This circumstance, the situation of their bow-strings, discoloured, rotten, and useless, the sudden restoration of their prisoner, his great speed, and unaccountable knowledge of the defiles, and finally, his prodigious leap and sudden disappearance, afforded ample ground for attributing the whole to demoniacal interference and supernatural agency. This construction soothed their own vanity, and, for the moment, satisfied the nation; but so soon as it was discovered that Xalissa had disappeared, no doubt existed that she was privy to the escape; in what way, however, it remained for time to develope. Alama, in the mean while, unobstructed and unpursued, reached the mouth of the Humachitto; and there, upon the bank, trembling with anxiety for his safety, sat his beloved girl! She sprang forward, in her artlessness and affection, and clasped in the arms of the wounded chief, hid her face, radiant with joy, in his manly bosom. They speedily reached the native forests of Alama, where the exalted virtues of Xalissa received additional lustre from this distinguished act of heroism, and where she was amply rewarded, in the affections of her chosen warrior, and the gratitude of a nation. The hostile tribes again became friends, and Alama and Xalissa, with the aged warriors and the youth of both nations, would often assemble upon the heights, which have been described, to amuse themselves in their plays and pastimes; and the scene of the adventure witnessed many a jest at the expense of the Natchez guard. Frequently, too, with wonder and admiration, did they measure the incredible vault that Xalissa had accomplished; and, in honour of her virtue and in commemoration of the achievement, they called it "THE FAWN'S LEAP." [ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.]

ON ——— ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile,
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move and breathe delicious sighs!—

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast.
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above controul,
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary! [S. ROGERS.]

DREAMS AT SEA.

In relating the following dreams, I have been induced to give the name of the dreamer, and those of the other parties concerned, because, from the extraordinary nature of the details, I may be suspected of having had recourse to invention, when I am merely presenting, in the words of another, two facts which it is impossible to doubt. In saying this, I do not, with a late writer, advocate that doctrine which would ascribe to dreams the character of supernatural warning; neither can I, with the happy and complacent facility of Dr. Hibbert and other philosophers, account to my own mind for the remarkable coincidences which characterize the following and similar stories. As regards dreams, it appears to be wisest (I speak for myself) to entertain no hypothesis whatever. We know not the cause of their operation, neither can we, metaphysically speaking, understand the state of our minds whilst under their influence. One of the profoundest things ever put forth by the great mind of Shakspeare is that wherein he says—"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

This for the unbeliever is oneirocriticism; while, for the too credulous, I would just hint that a belief in supernatural interposition should have for its main and indispensable foundation, the appearance of *utility*. Revelations of a mysterious nature, would not, according to our finite capacities, be made, unless advantage could be taken of them either to secure some great benefit, or to avert some great evil. Nature does nothing in vain. But, in this sense, of what use (interesting as they are in narration) were the following dreams of my friend?

January 23, 1830.

My Dear Friend,

You know I am not a superstitious man, and that I can say with the Psalmist, "I have hated them that hold superstitious vanities;" but if you have a mind to make use of the inclosed, you are welcome. They are narratives of simple *facts*, which occurred to me in the course of my service afloat, and have made an impression not easily to be forgotten by

Yours, most truly,

T. M. B——d, *Capt. R. M.*

During the time I was on the Jamaica station, just previous to the peace of Amiens, I happened to dine with the officers of H. M. B. *Galgo*, in Port Royal harbour, the day before she left the island for the Barbadoes station. After dinner, whilst walking on deck, I remarked to Mr. Forest, the master, how very sharp and crank the brig appeared, and that being (to use a trite phrase) all legs and wings like a butterfly, I should not like to belong to her, from a conviction, that if ever she was caught in one of the '*white squalls*' so peculiar to the climate, she would, in all probability, be converted into a wholesale coffin for all hands.

I described to the officers present the narrow escape of H. M. S. *Lark*, Capt. J. W. Loring, only a few months before. The *Lark* was laid on her beam-ends, without a minute's warning; the water entered her larboard main-deck ports, and ran down the hatchways; and the ship was only saved by cutting away the main and mizen masts.

A short time after, being at sea, I dreamt that I saw the *Galgo capsised*

and sink; and, at the moment of her going down, I observed *Forest*, and two or three men, scrambling from the quarter-deck upon her larboard gun-whale. I mentioned the circumstance to my messmates. A few months sufficed to bring the news to Jamaica that my dream had been unhappily verified, and, strange to say, that *Forest* and two men had escaped in the manner as described in my dream, and were picked up, after floating on a spar, surrounded by sharks, for two days and nights.

The names of the other officers of the Galgo I have long forgotten; but the singularity of the circumstance impressed *that* of *Forest* on my mind for ever. I met him in 1808 at the reading room at Hull; he had heard the circumstance talked of, and was rather astonished to receive a verification of it from me in person. He told me, that at the moment of the accident, the night was excessively fine, with light airs, and all sail set—that he had just relieved the officer of the first watch, who was pointing out the canvas set, when the captain, as was common with him, came out of his cabin in his shirt and trowsers—and that he had just exchanged a few words with his commander, when the brig was on her beam-ends—the captain sprung to the main-rigging, exclaiming—"Good God! she's over! I can't swim!" and in a few seconds she was under water.

P. S. I omitted to state, that I belonged to H. M. S. *Arab*, at the time.

On the sixth of October, 1805, having charge of a convoy in H. M. S. Arab, commanded by Captain Keith Maxwell, we picked up in our passage to the coast of Africa, several pipes of excellent port wine, in lat. 38° 2′ N, and long. 13° 21′ W. The casks were covered with barnacles three or four inches long. In the midst of this floating cellar, were found the mizen-mast and top of the *San Rafaeil*, Spanish 74, which had been lost by that ship in action with Sir Robert Calder's fleet on the 22d of July preceding, in lat. 43° 30′ N. long. 11° 17′ W,

After stopping a few days at Madeira, we proceeded in our destined course, and on the 24th made the island of Teneriffe.

On the following night I dreamt that a brig had passed under our lee (larboard) quarter, and had hoisted Portuguese colours—that the captain, first-lieutenant, surgeon, and myself, were looking at her—and that myself and messmates, satisfied that she was a rich prize, had great difficulty in persuading the captain to board her—and that eventually our conjectures proved to be correct.

The next morning at eight o'clock, breakfast being announced, as usual, by one of the gun-room boys, I called from my cabin to inquire the cause of the stir which I had heard upon deck. The boy replied, that the "hands were making sail in chase of a brig with Portuguese colours." I instantly exclaimed, "Hurrah! she's a prize. I've been looking at her all the morning." I described, during breakfast, all the particulars of the dream above related, and added my fears that no luck would result, as immediately after the capture I had found myself in a narrow lane attacked by herds of wild cattle.

The chase was brought-to by a gun. We hove-to just to leeward of her. She was instantly examined and dismissed. The laugh was raised at the dreamer, who in vain insisted that the phantom prize must pass under the Arab's lee, and that the vessel just examined had passed to windward. At this moment the look-out man on the fore-topsail yard sung out, "Sail on the lee-bow."—"What does she look like?"—"Brig, Sir, on the starboard tack." We rapidly neared her. Those I had seen on our little poop, in my dream, gradually gathered on every spot. The vessel passed under the same canvas, her colours flying, and the entire scene appeared such a fac-

simile of my vision, that I could not help exclaiming, *that's* her! *that's* her!"

The breeze had freshened considerably; one of our boats had been stove at Madeira, and another in boarding the previous vessel. Captain Maxwell asseverated that the chase "was *another* d——d Portuguese," and made up his mind not to run the chance of staving another boat by boarding her.

At this moment, when all were looking blank, and smiling at the prophet, a man on the forecastle of the brig began hailing vociforously. A marine, named Antonio Morante, who was a native of Maracaybo, in Spanish America, and who was the sentinel at the cabin-door, ran up the poop-ladder, and exclaimed, "Sare! Sare! that man he say, Sare, that ship be good prize!"

The cutter was out in a few minutes. Cawkitt, our first lieutenant, accompanied by Morante, went on board, and in two minutes we saw the English jack flying over the Spanish flag.

On the return of the lieutenant, we learnt she was a Portuguese vessel, "*La Perola*," from Brazil to Portugal, with an invoice of bullion, and valued at *one hundred and eighty thousand pounds*. She had been a considerable time in the possession of a French prize-master belonging to *Le General Blanchot* privateer. She had been condemned at Teneriffe, as a prize to the privateer, and therefore legally became one to us. The man who hailed was a Portuguese, who having been ill-treated by M. Milan, the prize-master, took this mode of revenging himself.

Mr. Mansel, master's mate, Mr. Hamilton, midshipman, and a quarter-master named Jones, together with several seamen, were put in the prize. Some of the Portuguese were removed to the Arab, and others, with two or three of the enemy, remained on board the "*Perola*." Mr. Mansel was instructed to keep close to the ship, it being Captain Maxwell's intention in the event of the weather moderating, to remove the bullion on board the Arab.

In the evening the gun-room table was chalked over by half a dozen calculators, enjoying, by anticipation, the division of the spoil; and the captain, on leaving the deck for the night, gave the strictest orders relative to the prize. "On no account," said he, "lose sight of *that* jewel. Keep her a little on the lee-bow till morning."

At seven bells the quarter-master lost sight of the prize, and on reporting the circumstance to the officer of the watch, he was directed to *edge* the ship off a little, in hopes of "*sighting*" her again. In a few minutes a voice from the forecastle called out "hard-a-port" (luff), and, almost in the same moment, was heard the contrary cry of *hard a-starboard*—you'll be *over* the brig." In an instant the fatal crash took place—the helmsman had unhappily obeyed the last cry, and the Arab descending from the top of a sea, struck the *Perola* on her weather quarter, "slewing her (in technical parlance) slap round on our starboard side, so that the vessels lay head and stern with each other. Almost thrown from my bed by the violence of the shock, I sprung from the gun-room table up the skylight; the brig was still alongside. Jones, the quarter-master, was heard to hail us, but his exact meaning was lost in the noise of the wind and sea, increased by the unavoidable confusion on deck. Some thought he said, "Mr. Hamilton's overboard!" To me it appeared, "Shall I come on board?" Captain Maxwell replied, "Thomson, I'll send a boat to you directly." "Very well, Sir, very well," was the last we heard.

At this moment it was discovered that Mr. Mansel, the prize-master, had sprang from the brig, and was hanging to our hammock-nettings by his

hands; and previously to the vessels drifting asunder, three of our seamen had also got on board the Arab. Mansel made every exertion to get volunteers in the jolly-boat to save his unfortunate companions, who had already fired four or five muskets in rapid succession. But, alas! before the boat could be cleared of her tackles, the poor *Perola* was seen to fall on her broadside, and instantly disappear, within half a cable's length of the Arab. Lanterns were quickly suspended from the channels, gangway, and taffrail; blue-lights were burnt; rockets let off, and seamen slung themselves over the side, with ropes in their hands, in the anxious expectation of rescuing their unhappy shipmates, whose screams were heard as they rose upon each succeeding "sea" within a few yards of the ship. But vain were our efforts: in five minutes all was hushed, save the mutual roar of the wind and sea. We hovered about the spot till daylight, in the hope of rescuing even a solitary sufferer from a watery grave; but daylight came, and, though the anxious eyes of every being on board were on the strain from the deck to the mast-head, yet nothing, but a few fragments of the wreck, was visible.

Mr. Mansel, it appears, never lost sight of the Arab. He observed us edging down to the brig, supposing us desirous to speak with him; when, finding we kept rapidly approaching in a manner that convinced him of his error, he raised a lantern which he had unhappily concealed under his cloak, or rather his robe, for he was enwrapped in the robe of a priest found on board the prize. The light gave the first alarm to our look-out man; and, almost momentarily, the catastrophe occurred.

For Hamilton, who avowedly detested the sea, I felt much. He was a fine gentlemanly lad, of family, education, and fortune. He was sent to the Arab by the late Sir Home Popham. He was asleep in a small booby-hatch erected on deck, (the brig being filled, cabin and all), and was swept overboard by the Arab's spritsail yard on the first collision.

Mr. Edward Wogan Mansel was a fine, high-spirited fellow as ever trod the deck of a king's ship. We had served together in the West Indies, and again on the Boulogne station, when a circumstance occurred which stamped his character in the squadron, and which (if merit had claims to promotion —particularly as he had served his time) would have immediately raised him to the rank of lieutenant. It was simply this:—

On the 18th of July, 1805, we had been in constant action with a numerous flotilla of the enemy and the batteries which covered them in their attempt to form a junction with the main body at Boulogne. Towards the close of the day, whilst employed "crushing a group of gun-brigs," which had grounded close in with Cape Grisnez, a thirteen-inch shell struck the ship: it knocked away our main cross and tressell trees, destroyed the larboard jeer-block, fell in the booms, and thence in the waist, killing a seaman in its descent. Mansel sprung from the forecastle into the waist—called a couple of hands to his assistance, and in a few seconds launched the mischievous intruder out of the port. The shell was heard by myself and several of the ship's company to burst under water. It would seem that the precaution (especially as the range was singularly short) had not been taken to diminish the length of fuse; an oversight, doubtless, originating in the confusion occasioned by the previous explosion of the magazine. To this may be attributed the success of my gallant friend in getting rid of this dreadful instrument of human destruction.

Mansel's intrepidity made some little noise—the case was investigated and reported, and the Committee of the Patriotic Fund voted him a sword of honour, of the value of fifty guineas, or that sum in money. Mansel

preferred the sword, but subsequently received a cool "*official*," informing him that "*not being a commissioned officer*, he could not receive that emblem of honour, but that the money was at his service." He remained a midshipman until made a lieutenant on the coast of Africa by Captain Maxwell, n 1806. He was subsequently drowned, in the command of the *Patriot* gun-vessel, off Heligoland, when a handsome monument to his memory was erected by the merchants of the place.

"He was as full of valour as kindness—
Princely in both."

T. M. B.

It is lucky for the narrator of the above dreams, that he was not born to dream, or "*confess*" his dreams, in the days of the Lord Chief Justice Hale. Doctor Francis Hutchinson, who, in 1720, so ably replied to Baxter, Moore, Glanville, and other believers in witchcraft, clearly shows that, upon the most absurd testimony that can possibly be imagined, coupled with the professional opinion of "Sir Thomas Brown, the famous physician of his day," the above-named luminary of the *law* convicted and condemned two unfortunate women to death, who, unlike the generality of their "calling," never "confessed" but protested their innocence to the last. The opinion of the celebrated author of "*The Vulgar Errors*," is worthy of note.

"Sir Thomas Brown, of Norwich, the famous physician of his time, was in court, and was desired by my Lord Chief Baron to give his judgment in the case: and he declared—'*That he was clearly of opinion that the fits were natural, but heightened by the devil, co-operating with the malice of the witches, at whose instance he did the villanies.*' The judge," says the writer, "proceeded with such *caution* that he would not so much as sum up the evidence, but left it to the *jury*, with prayers '*that the great God of heaven would direct their hearts in that weighty matter.*' In half an hour the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. After this, my Lord Chief Baron gave the *law* its course, and they were condemned, and died declaring their innocence."

The unfortunate women were executed at Bury St. Edmunds, in the year 1664. [TALES OF A TAR.]

THE FIRST GRAVE.

The following pathetic little poem was written on the circumstance of the first grave being formed in the churchyard of the new church at Brompton: the place was recently a garden, and some of the flowers yet show themselves among the grass, where this one tenant, the forerunner of its population, has taken up his last abode.

A SINGLE grave!—the only one
In this unbroken ground,
Where yet the garden leaf and flower
Are lingering around.

A single grave!—my heart has felt
How utterly alone
In crowded halls, where breathed for me
Not one familiar tone;

The shade where forest-trees shut out
All but the distant sky;—
I've felt the loneliness of night
When the dark winds past by;

My pulse has quickened with its awe,
My lip has gasped for breath;
But what were they to such as this—
The solitude of death!

A single grave!—we half forget
How sunder human ties,
When round the silent place of rest
A gathered kindred lies.

We stand beneath the haunted yew,
And watch each quiet tomb;
And in the ancient churchyard feel
Solemnity, not gloom:

The place is purified with hope,
The hope that is of prayer;
And human love, and heavenward thought,
And pious faith, are there.

The wild flowers spring amid the grass;
And many a stone appears,
Carved by affection's memory,
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all
Is loosed, not rent in twain;
And love, and hope, and fear unite
To bring the past again.

But *this* grave is so desolate,
With no remembering stone,
No fellow-graves for sympathy—
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name—
Whether if, lonely in his life,
He is in death the same:

Whether he died unloved, unmourned,
The last leaf on the bough;
Or if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful:
Though single be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.

It may be weakness of the heart,
But yet its kindliest, best;
Better if in our selfish world
It could be less represt.

Those gentler charities which draw
Man closer with his kind—
Those sweet humanities which make
The music which they find.

How many a bitter word 'twould hush—
How many a pang 'twould save,
If life more precious held those ties
Which sanctify the grave!

L. E. L.

MARIA OF MEISSEN.

The road from Dresden to Meissen passes through one of the most fertile and beautiful vallies in all Saxony. The majestic Elbe flows calmly by your side, the meadows on its banks are clothed with a rich deep verdure, the trees in them are stately and shady, and give an air of protection and repose to the pasturage; nor is there wanting, as you go forward, a pleasing variety in the scenery, produced by rock and underwood. In short, the mind is delighted, soothed, and prepared for sweet impressions.

The unromantic nature of my vehicle was insufficient to destroy the pleasure I felt; and as, in truth, our *eilwagen* was roomy, clean, well padded, and open, barouche-like; and as my companions had mind enough to enjoy the blessing of the scene, I had no great reason to complain—in the end felt very thankful that I chanced to travel in that company.

As we approached Meissen the castle on the rock glittered in the morning sun, and from the monastery, on the neighbouring rock of Afra, a bell was chiming very pleasant to hear. Immediately near us, just at this moment, my eye was diverted to a small detached dwelling, situate in a pretty garden. There was a tall, fine-looking man, apparently of about fifty years of age, walking up and down on the gravel path before the door, with a small pocket volume in his hand. It seemed shut, but I could see where there was a finger between the leaves, and it appeared to me that he was pressing the covers earnestly, and lost in deep meditation, so much so as not to have observed our carriage. At last, as we came quite close, he did; he stopped, turned towards us, put his hands behind his back, and contemplated us with a look of calm, grave benevolence. To my joy the vehicle stopped opposite his gate, and he walked towards it. The conducteur took off his hat with an air, I thought, of great respect, and even reverence.

"I have brought the books you ordered, Sir, all but the spelling-books; you will have them on Monday next."

"O that's right," said the gentleman, "I wanted them sadly." The conducteur lifted out rather a weighty parcel, which was fetched into the house by a very stout fine-looking veteran, with a wooden leg, who came stumping out when he heard the coach stop.

"It's a beautiful day for your journey," he added, as his old servant stumped back with the parcel.

"Very, Sir. Have you any commands for Leipsic?"

"None, I thank you, to-day. Good morning."

"Good morning," rejoined the conducteur, settling himself again in his seat. The carriage drove on.

"Who is that?" asked one of my travelling companions, a young officer of riflemen.

"The Baron Altenberg," replied an elderly thoughtful-looking man, in the opposite corner.

"Oh! is that the Baron Altenberg? I have heard of him; he is one of your Moravians."

"I do not believe, Sir, that you have been correctly informed. He is a friend to the Brethren; nothing more."

"Why, surely he is the great man for Christian education, and for distributing the Scriptures?"

"Yes, he is. He has done and is doing a great deal of good in and about Meissen, where he is very highly respected."

"Is not there some odd story about him?" asked the youth. "He is one of those persons turned mope himself, and would have the whole world turn mourners with him."

"That is by no means his character; on the contrary, when he converses with the youthful and with children, he is particularly cheerful: but it is also true, that he is a man of sorrow. There is a story connected with him which may well account for this; and will show you, young man, that there are griefs which nothing upon earth, nothing in time can cure. This is no place for relating it; but when we reach Leipsic, if you pass the night at the same hotel, I shall very gladly tell it you."

The journey performed, and supper finished, I, who had contrived to seat myself directly opposite the old gentleman, was the first to claim the performance of his promise. He sighed, assented, and, with a nervous but impressive tone, began as follows:—

Maria of Meissen was beautiful even among the beautiful; I knew her well. The women of Saxony are famed for loveliness throughout all Germany; those of Meissen are considered more fair than even the ladies of Dresden; and, by common consent, Maria was distinguished among them by the flattering title of Maria of Meissen. I would not dwell on this had it been her only, or her highest distinction; but, united as it was with a goodness gentle and angelic, with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and with all those graces given to the prayers of her parents and to her own, I do look back upon her as one, who presented, on this our miserable earth, the nearest approach to that which the mind conceives of the angelic aspect.

To this Maria, Baron Altenberg, then colonel of a regiment of Saxon cavalry, was very devotedly attached. Their courtship was not a courtship; it was an intercourse of more than a year's duration: but the word "love" never passed the colonel's lips. They met repeatedly in society; he visited upon an intimate footing at the house of her father, who was a retired counsellor of state, living on a provision, not indeed affluent, but very sufficient to secure all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life. Maria was his only daughter by his first wife: by his second, he had five children. They were, at the time of which I speak, the eldest a girl of sixteen, the rest school-boys. Maria herself was a woman of five-and-twenty; living with her step-mother upon the happy footing of an attached younger sister, and being to the young family a second and more lively mother; for she was a very rare combination of the most animated cheerfulness, and of the most still transparent modesty.

I remember, the night before Altenberg's regiment marched for some distant and active service, meeting him at her father's at a private concert. He was himself a very fine performer on several instruments; a man of exquisite taste; felt music deeply; but did not ever, either by words of extravagance, or passionate gestures, betray his feelings; on the contrary, he was a man of calm, composed, governed manners. He bore the very highest reputation as an enterprising, intelligent commander of horse with his general; while his cool, patient, equable temper,—his mild but firm discipline, had universally endeared him both to the officers and men, who had the good fortune to serve under him. Such a man was Altenberg: I remember, as though it were yesterevening, his sitting down to the piano to accompany Maria in a song. He had very often done the same thing before, and I thought nothing of it. I had often been seated, as I was that night,

in a position, from whence I could command both their faces in profile, for it was always a delight to me to mark the expressive countenance of Maria as she sung. Her eyes were beautifully large, shaped perfectly, and shaded with long and silken lashes more darkly-coloured than her hair, which was very fair, bright, and shining. But how may I paint the beauty of her unconscious gazes; now, as it were, on vacancy; now, raised in search of that heaven, where dwelt her better affections; now, slow and kind around, as she was yielding to the warm request of admiring listeners! Her nose was defined as you rarely see it, save on the statue, and in the painting; her complexion delicate, and, but for now and then fine faint suffusions, pale. I see her now—I hear her now. She sung, as she ever did, melodiously, movingly. I was wrapt in happy contemplation: I had heard Altenberg occasionally sing himself, but not often; that evening, after she had given two or three sweet airs, I heard him say to her, "Maria, we march tomorrow: have you ever heard this little song? Listen." She still stood by him at the instrument—they two together. So low he sung, that no ears but mine caught the words; to the rest of the company it seemed but as something rehearsed low, merely a trial or attempt. Ah me! how well I remember it! his tones, his accompanying touch, and the expression of his fine manly eyes as they turned tenderly upon her.*

"Thou may'st be loved by many,
But not with love by any
One half so true as mine;
Some in their minds may bear thee,
Some in their hearts may wear thee,
But not with love like mine."

She hung her lovely head. I could see the quick mantling of her cheek with honest blushes. She was about to go when he had finished. I heard him say, "Stay, Maria; be seated: this is the most important moment of my life." The apartment was large; the piano at the far end; the company sat apart; they knew not that any one was within hearing. I felt this, and withdrew; but my eyes wandered back. I saw Maria sink gently down on the music-stool by his side; though I could not distinctly see it, I was sure his hand was pressing hers with fondness. I was sure that he was asking that strange and fateful question, which, as it is heard and answered, colours two human lives for their earthly future. I knew by the very movement of her cheek and hair; by the way she rose up, and came back to her place; by the sweet thoughtfulness, that, like a white fleecy cloud upon the moon, veiled with a fresh grace her chaste countenance; by the gaze too of true compassion, which she cast on one of whom she was well aware that he vainly but fondly doted on her; I knew that Altenberg had been listened to, as lovers wish to be, and would be made happy.

Altenberg was a man some twelve or fourteen years older than Maria, a sterling character, a man of solid piety and serene virtue, not parading his opinions, but obeying the spirit which had given him his principles. Therefore, though nothing could be more opposite to his principles than to value his own merits, or attach the slightest importance to his good works, he did as much good as he could, as an appointed means of grace; and he got the good man's reward: he was satisfied from himself. I myself was old enough to be the father of Maria, and though, as my words may have betrayed, I entertained a fond admiration for her, yet was it of an anxious parental character, and I was most heartily rejoiced when I found that she

* I avail myself of this well-known and deservedly popular song. Have the goodness, reader, to fancy Altenberg singing these same words in German.

was avowedly betrothed to so excellent and exemplary a man as Altenberg. He was absent for two years. Ah! how Maria shone as a betrothed! At no period of her life had she tolerated danglers; but in the society in which she lived, and with her charms, it was impossible to avoid unconsciously inflicting those sad sweet wounds on some which they would vainly cherish to their own hurt and her disturbance; and yet, as I look back, how wonderfully she ruled the various spirits that came round about her, by single-mindedness, by simplicity, by maiden composure! She seemed a wife in all "serenity of affection" long before she was one. At last Altenberg and his brave dragoons returned. They marched in, in the month of June, 1813, just after the conclusion of the famous armistice between Napoleon and the allied sovereigns. It was to last two months; and Altenberg urged the father of Maria, who had stipulated that the marriage should not take place till the war was at an end, to consent to their immediate union. If, said Altenberg, we are to have peace, this armistice is the foretaste and spring of it; if not, the war may be long and bloody, and such a quiet breathing-time may not soon again recur. The reasons were weighty; and though Maria never urged them, yet was it easy for her father, in her very silence, to discover her wishes. He consented.

Many a wedding have I seen, but such a one as that of Maria of Meissen never before, nor am I likely to see such a one again. Her image seemed to the inhabitants interwoven alike with their joys and sorrows. The smile of Maria was a sort of light, that when she came abroad and had aught to do in the streets or shops, gave a gladdening influence, and begat good humour and kind words; and her sigh, when she entered the house of mourning or of poverty, lifted a load off the oppressed hearts of those with whom she sympathised, and made them gather out of the heap of their afflictions one white stone—the visit of such an angel—the knowing her—hearing her—being touched by her—soothed—read to—prayed with—relieved by her; and the received hope, that they should know her for ever in another and a better world. It was quite vain, therefore, to attempt a private wedding. All that was done to secure it failed. Before sunrise, on the appointed morning, the sexton, no ways reluctant, was forced to open the doors of the small Lutheran church in the suburb, in which the ceremony was to take place; and, in less than one hour, it was converted into a vast and verdant bower, gay with flowers, and fragrant with perfume.

In Saxony we follow gladly the good old rules; and, whenever we can, we make the most of a wedding. Marriage is honourable—a sainted holiday in life—a day for "mirth and gladness"—a day for "charity and brotherly love—rejoicing and pleasure—peace and society"—a day to be much observed. To return: when the simple procession of Maria's wedding reached the Gate of the Garden of Graves, in which the church stands, twelve virgins of Meissen met it, with baskets of flowers in their hands; and they walked before the bride up the avenue of limes, strewing flowers in her path, and singing a holy hymn.

The church was crowded. According to our custom, the fair locks of Maria were adorned with a coronal of virgin roses; and never did a lovelier bride or worthier bridegroom approach the altar. Their hearts were well allied. It was no hasty love, to bear for its bitter fruit a long repentance. The responses—I hear their tremulous tones even now—when the nuptial-band was tied,—the hymn of that assembled crowd rose slow, and solemn, and prayerful. The holy harmony—the happy sadness—smiles of such strange expression—and sighs—and tears:—that moment is never to be forgotten. At last they came forth, and the bells rung merrily out, and the sun shone. How very bright it shone!

I was not far from the happy couple, as they walked down to the open barouche at the Gate. To look on them was to learn that marriage was a divine institution, a

"Holy order! bliss bestowing,
Heavenborn."---

They seemed as though they were conscious of the presence of the Holy One, who had joined them—as if they solemnly and calmly felt that they were united for ever.

Near the carriage-steps there kneeled two poor families of Moravians, who had been driven from their peaceful settlement by the events of the war, and had found shelter in Meissen through the kind influence and continued service of Maria. They did not look at her, but fixed their eyes intent on heaven. One little girl of these families alone stood up, and came forward, and presented to each of them a small book of music, covered with white silk, containing, as Maria well knew, a selection from the Hymns of the United Brethren. These gifts were received with a reverent delight by both, and with a Christian expression of their thanks.

Home they drove, through blessings, followed by blessings. As they passed the quarter of the troops, Altenberg's second in command had prepared him a parade of honour. His brave dragoons were drawn up dismounted, and saluted him with those swords, peaceably dropped before him, with which there was scarce a man among them not ready to defend him or Maria to the death.

The wedding-feast was on a lawn, with a table for poor guests, and another for children; and the military band of Altenberg's corps, and the vocal music of the best singers in Meissen, did by turns relieve each other. And there was, after the custom, dancing upon the lawn until the set of sun. And so closed the lovely holiday.

Soon after, the regiment of Altenberg was moved into Dresden. There, for a month, I saw them, and was occasionally allowed the privilege of passing an evening with them. How soon—how immediately did Maria fall into the happy, home-loving, domestic wife! The one great holiday passed, she put off the bride—was friend, companion, help.

It may seem strange, to some it may seem a want of feeling, that I should thus dwell upon all the qualities and perfections of one who is now no more: but of a truth it is that her whole life, and all that part of mine wherein it was given me to know her, was soft and sunny;—a season of peace, and pleasant words, and virtuous remembrances.

The memory of her is bright, not sad. I know she is living—somewhere; in holy places beyond our ken. Her taking away was a mystery:—but is there not one event to all? The manner of it strange;—but what matters the where and the when?

She crossed the narrow flood even at the narrowest point—the shadow of the valley of death rested on her but a moment—and it was after every thing that earth could give had crowned her virtuous and submitted wishes, that she was transplanted to bloom in a true paradise.

At the period of which I treat, that great enigma, Napoleon, was in Dresden. He had taken up his residence in the gardens of Count Marcolini, a sequestered spot of shade and beauty, in the suburb of Frederickstadt.

During the whole period of the armistice, there was a glitter and tumult in the city that very ill accorded with Maria's notions of life; but there was peace in the apartments of Altenberg, peace in the sound of his voice, and in the whispers of her own bosom.

"If," (what a word that *if* is!) "if," said Altenberg, "this armistice

should end in a general and happy understanding; if the French retire beyond the Rhine, and this detestable war and unnatural alliance cease, I will resign, Maria, and take that farm of Ulrich's, near Meissen. It is a pretty peaceful spot, and quite large enough for happiness."

"Oh that it may so end!" she replied. "Oh that I might have you all to myself in so sweet a home! I like not these wars—I like not this Napoleon. Don't you remember, my dear Frederic, those beautiful passages we read together the other evening, in Wallenstein?—those achings of the heart of Max Piccolomini after peace and love—that mourning dissatisfaction with which he looks back on the blood and toil in the path he has been treading—those vivid pictures, or visions rather, of countries through which he passed ere the war had reached them?"

I remember the earnest sincerity of her look and tone; nor was Altenberg, though an old and distinguished soldier, at all offended at the citing of passages which went to undervalue the fame he had gotten in many a well-fought field. On the contrary, he replied in the very words of the dramatist—

> "Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
> For the first violet of the leafless spring,
> Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journeyed."

Yes, they were kindred spirits; though, as there they sat, he looked the old accustomed warrior, and she the delicate and tender woman.

Every hour, during this period, there were troops arriving and departing; parades, reviews; streets, squares, walks, full of uniforms, and feathers of all colours waving in the wind.

One day, I recollect, we made an effort and visited the picture gallery; we could not rest in the desecrated spot five minutes—the glory, and the magic, and the charm had fled. There it hung, the famed Madonna; but a crowd of men stood about it, all talking; and iron-heels, and jingling spurs, and steel scabbards, ringing in your ears all the while, "*Bulletin de la grand armée.*"—"*Victoires et conquêtes.*"—"*Vive l'Empereur!*"

We met the emperor as we returned home: Maria had never yet seen him. He was coming up the street of Pirna on horseback, at a foot-pace, several yards a-head of his small suite. He seemed absorbed in thought. Just as they approached, his horse fell with him. Altenberg ran forward to his assistance. He had already disengaged himself, and stood perfectly still and calm. The animal lay some minutes, before Altenberg, with the assistance of one of Napoleon's equerries, could make it rise. Contrary to his usual temper, the emperor manifested no impatience, took no interest in his charger, nor noticed those who were assisting. With a marble cheek, and pressed lips, and a fixed eye, he stood lost to all that was passing around him; until one of his led horses was brought up from the rear of the escort, which, with the same abstracted air, he slowly mounted, and then proceeded forward at a walk, buried deep in some gloomy reflections.

We were all very much struck with this incident. Maria was, for the whole evening, remarkably depressed. "He did not look," she said, "like a man of our earth: he seemed like the subject of some cold spell, destined to the work of death and woe for a season. He is our ally," she added; "but his friendship has brought to our beautiful Saxony the cup of trembling. Oh, Altenberg! my heart misgives me."

"My love," he replied, taking her hand affectionately in his, "you must not be so weak: remember you are the wife of a soldier, and you must not indulge in vague and idle fears. If, and remember there is the same Providence upon the most confused field of battle as in the most

secure and peaceful hamlet, if I am taken from you, you will not be left alone. I leave you not alone, my love. Come, dear, play me one of those sacred melodies,"

"This is good music—excellent!" he continued, reading over the bars. "Come—and the words are yet better; let us sing it."

"Author of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word!
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to thee, O Lord!
When I close mine eyes in slumber,
And my senses are asleep,
Let my waking heart the number
Of thy mercies tell and keep:
Fill me with thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above." *Moravian.*

They sang this hymn together. It soothed us. I left them. The next morning was the day appointed to be kept as the birth-day of Napoleon. There was a brilliant review in the wood of Ostra. Altenberg deputed me, as an old and intimate friend of the family, to accompany Maria in his barouche to the ground. I was present with her when the troops defiled before the emperor. Napoleon passed our carriage, as he returned from an inspection of the line, to take post. He rode at a smart gallop, followed by the King of Saxony, and the princes of that house. We only caught his face for a moment: it looked grave and awful as marble. Though not near enough to mark his features while the troops were defiling past him, the motions of his head and hand indicated fatigue and impatience. He appeared unquiet, and every thing seemed to tire rather than please him.

The assembled force, consisting of all arms, cavalry and infantry, varying in their dress and appointments—cuirassiers, carabineers, dragoons, chasseurs, hussars, grenadiers, voltigeurs, yagers, and a small body of Mamelukes—presented a most magnificent and splendid spectacle, as they broke into columns, and so filed past, with their banners and eagles, standards and pennons, all glancing to the sun and spreading to the breeze. They moved to the animating sound of loud and stirring music. The citizens forgot all care and fear in admiration of the glorious show. I was exceedingly impressed and interested myself, and so was Maria.

The regiment of Altenberg, being in the left wing, was one of the last that marched past; the defilement of the force commencing and closing with cavalry. At the head of a brigade, composed of the cuirassiers of Zastrow and his own corps, rode Altenberg, upon a stately black horse. The day was uncommonly fine and bright; but yet, I know not how it was, certainly Altenberg looked very pale;—soldierly as any there—but sad and grave. And there was something of a sternness in the melancholy of his visage, the expression of which was perhaps increased by the brazen scales of his helmet, which hung down on either cheek, and were fastened by a clasp beneath the chin.

Altenberg gave one glance at the carriage as he rode past. There was a shade of thought came over the expressive countenance of Maria. As the rear squadron of the cuirassiers passed on, and the trumpets of Altenberg's own regiment blew out, I was myself struck with a something peculiar and painful in the tones;—piercing they were—haughty and harsh:—they stirred the bosom with menace, and breathed shrill defiance, as though it were a day of battle. The effect upon Maria was instantaneous: she sunk back, all colour forsook her cheek, her eyes became dim and wandered; and she requested me to order the coach home.

In the evening, Altenberg affectionately rallied her upon her faint-heartedness, and she pretended to laugh at her silly fears. By the next day, the strange and sickly impression on her mind seemed to have entirely yielded to her good sense, to conversation that diverted her thoughts, sunshine, and, above all, to a most implicit trust in the goodness and wisdom of an over-ruling Providence.

On the night of the fifteenth the French ambassador returned from Prague; the emperor left Dresden for Silesia, and war was no longer doubtful.

The morning of the twenty-fourth brought to Maria the first dreaded separation from her Altenberg. That day, and the days that followed, I never can forget. From her faithful attendant, from my own observation at other moments, and from another source, those sufferings of dear Maria, which ended in so calamitous a manner, are minutely known to me.

I visited her soon after breakfast that morning, and from time to time throughout the day. It was rumoured in the city, that the combined armies of Russia and Austria were advancing from the frontiers of Bohemia in prodigious strength; and that the French and Saxon force left for the protection of Dresden was quite unequal to any effectual resistance, though it was well known they would make a brave effort to defend Dresden. The day was long, blank, never ending:—no news from the advanced posts;—bustle and movement in all the streets:—business and pleasure alike at a stand. The inhabitants stood about in whispering clusters; 'twas not a moment for buying and selling, marrying or giving in marriage; contrasting with the anxious vacancy of the citizens was the ready and rough alertness of the soldiery. Here mustered a detachment—there rumbled a train of waggons; here galloped an orderly—there moved a working party;—but no news from the advanced posts—nothing known, but that the enemy was advancing. Maria struggled to be calm, and with success; but she was quite unequal to conversation.

I called on her the next morning at an early hour: she had evidently not slept, and looked very ill. Nothing more was known than the day before;—it was a long blank morning. She could not of course talk much, though I made an effort to engage her in conversation of a hopeful and comforting strain, but her attention was away. Every minute she rose—every minute she walked to the window. I remember the poor angel seemed much distressed, and very nervous this day at the ticking of the clock—and it sounded very solemn: the hand of the clock moved on, tick—tick—tick, a voice unnoted when we are happy, and at ease; but in periods of silent trial, when fear and hope, doubt and suspense are our companions, each vibration reaches to the heart's core.

In the afternoon some prisoners were sent in,—fierce-looking, bushy-bearded Cossacks.

"Is Baron Altenberg well?" I heard Maria call aloud, and I ran to her at the window. "He is well, lady; and the heavy horse will not lie half a league off to-night," replied a soldier of his corps, leading a wounded horse in company with this escort. Maria ran into her chamber, staid a few minutes, and came out again smiling through scarce-dried tears. I persuaded her to take some refreshment, and made her promise me to go quietly to rest: she ate with appetite, and even cheerfulness.

Before the dawn of day on the twenty-sixth was heard that heart-depressing sound, with which we peaceful citizens of Germany are too well and too painfully acquainted—the report of cannon in the direction of Pirna. The sound was dull, and seemed more distant than it was; but it fell heavy upon Maria's heart, and she walked up and down the

room in silence. After a while the firing became louder, quicker, and musketry might be distinguished. There was a cry, "The Prussians are in the *Grossen Garten!*" The inhabitants were clasping their hands in the street, and resigning themselves to the most terrible apprehensions. At the very moment when they expected to see the allies within the walls in arms, and the city at their mercy, column upon column poured over the bridges on the Elbe, and Napoleon, that stern child of destiny, rode smiling at their head; and on every side was heard again, "Vive Napoléon!"—"Vive l'Empereur!" Safety and victory seemed identified with his presence; and Maria, that feared him, and had shuddered at him, thought of Altenberg, and waved her white handkerchief from the window, and cried aloud, "Vive Napoléon!"

For a while her spirits rose. "It will soon be over," we said, and thought, as we saw corps after corps of the finest French troops defiling to the suburbs. The dispositions of the Emperor were soon made, and at the end of about three hours the enemy completed theirs, and made their grand attack. The whole city shook—the cannonade was awful—hundreds of cannon were in hot and incessant play—no pause—death in every discharge—death in every echo; and it lasted on—on—hour after hour. No news from the field, though slightly-wounded men, with bandaged arms and heads, came dropping into the city fast towards evening. Maria and I were at the window: as a party passed by, a shell fell among them; and a young grenadier of the imperial guard, with a bandaged arm, was slain before our eyes in that place that seemed so safe. From this moment Maria would not leave the window. The thought of Altenberg exposed, amid the dread thunder to which she listened, to such a death as this she saw, was not endurable in perfect safety. She seemed glad to feel that there was some exposure, some personal insecurity for her; and she leaned out of the open window, listening to the fearful sounds, and taking no count of time. The merciful night came. The allies, repulsed at all points, retired; the firing ceased; and rain began to fall upon the field of battle, and upon the wakeful and frightened city. It poured in torrents, pitiless and chill. Just after dark came an orderly dragoon; he was not heard till he was already on the staircase: Maria rushed out—no, it was not Altenberg. She had well nigh fainted: "From the Colonel, lady," (and he gave a slip of paper). She dropped upon her knees there, on the staircase, and thanked God, with streaming eyes:—"Maria—all well. Be calm, love, and don't stir abroad.—Altenberg,"

She was very happy: enough could not be done for the soldier that brought news of Altenberg's safety; and he was fed and refreshed as though it had been Altenberg himself. Maria thought all was over; but all night there was a tumult in the streets—waggons in motion, rolling along sullen in the rain, and cursing drivers, and swearing troopers, seeking to make their way past them, and often mingling with these sounds the groans of the wounded brought into the city for help and shelter. She begged me not to leave her—she walked about the drawing-room where we sat. "What," said she, "is it not finished? Shall to-morrow be like to-day? Is this dreadful work to last for ever? Altenberg in it again to-morrow!—who can escape? How shall I endure?"

The morning came—rain falling in torrents—every object, every person in the streets drenched and dripping. About seven, the sound of cannonade, not very loud, nor rapid firing. It came to us, apparently, from a greater distance than that of yesterday, and the report was muffled, as it were, by the heavy and damping rain; but for all this, it was, though less

terrific, yet more mournful, than the loud and roaring thunder of the day before; it spoke equally of death, and the rain fell cold upon the listener's hopes; moreover, time seemed to move slower. Maria was pale as pity: hour after hour crept tedious by—the death-work was going on: her Altenberg, her all, was in the midst of it:

——— "If he lived,
She knew not that he lived: if he were dead,
She knew not he was dead."

About two in the afternoon, while I was absent from her trying to gain some intelligence, it chanced, as her woman told me, that an orderly trooper riding down the street was stopped and questioned near the window by some inhabitant. She caught the word "Zastrow:" "Any news," she asked, "of the Altenberg dragoons, or the regiment Zastrow?"

"Brave news, lady," said the trooper: "they have made the most glorious charges ever seen against an Austrian division near Rossthal, and taken all, save those their swords have accounted for."

"How is Altenberg?—safe and well?"

"I don't know; but there's enough of his brave fellows stretched stiff—as like he, as any: he is always in the thick of the business. I saw him lead up the charge, and break pell-mell through three Austrian squares, one after the other."

Maria, when she heard this, could rest no longer still: she took her cloak, and put its hood over her head and face, and away in all the crowd and the rain for the field of battle.

She had not left the house ten minutes when I returned to it. Alarmed for her safety, I hurried after her; I traced her to the Falcon barrier. I went to the great redoubt near the spot, and I remember seeing Napoleon standing at a bivouac-fire rubbing his hands, and smiling; immediately near him, from the newly-turned earth, protruded the legs and arms of the dead, who had been hastily interred after the combat of yesterday.

I asked one of the orderlies if he had seen a lady pass that way?

The man laughed in my face. "A lady!" said he. "No; I have seen no lady: what should she do here? There are no ladies on this field but such as deal in old clothes, false teeth, and young hair." I went frantically forward. I cannot tell you what I saw, or among whom I passed, it was all so new, so horrid, and so strange to me. I soon came nigh to ground, where troops were before me, advancing and fighting, and where cannon-balls struck and ploughed the earth near me. I felt no fear—I had lost selfishness—I was absorbed in fear and anxiety for another, for a tender timid female, whom I had known from a child. My recollection is but a confused recollection of naked corpses, and pale and bleeding men, that sat upon the ground, and cried for "Water," and called aloud on "CHRIST"—*the Prince of Peace*. Dismounted guns, and broken wheels, the fragments of exploded powder-waggons, and the sulphureous smell, and horses slain stiff, or rolling and kicking in their dying agonies!—Heavens, what a scene! I ran on—on. At last I came upon some muddy and trampled ground near Rossthal—I went forward—I came upon a spot covered with killed and wounded. They were principally cuirassiers and dragoons, and their dead horses, and many Austrian infantry among them slain with the sword: the horsemen had died of gunshot and musketry. None of these were stripped: the horsemen lay in their massive boots, and stained cuirasses, their helmets a few paces off, or yet hanging by the net-scales. Here, in the very midst, in her robe of white, drenched with the pouring rain, lay a female form upon her face, the hands stretched above her naked head. It was Maria: she was quite dead—no wound—not a sprinkle of

blood upon her garments; how or of what she died none may tell—but He that wove the tissue of her tender heart. The silver chord of her sweet life had snapped amid this scene of violence and desolation. There lay immediately by her side the corpse of an officer, so disfigured in face as not to be recognisable, but in form and dress resembling the figure of Altenberg. I had not strength of mind or frame at the moment to do more than to seat me by her side, and watch the precious body till I could find means to remove it.

I tremble as I look back upon the arrival of Altenberg. His brigade, having suffered heavily, had been ordered back into the city, to remain in quarters and refresh. He had learned at his house whither Maria was gone; and he came up to the ground near Rossthal at a swift gallop. I see him in his long white cloak and gleamy helmet, with his pale face of woe, and his fearful gaze, when he alighted and took the body in his arms. "You should not have suffered her to do this," he said to me reproachfully. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth—I could not answer him. He placed the body on his horse—mounted—and held it before him—one of its arms thrown over his shoulder, and the body pressed close to his heart; —and so he rode back at a mournful pace from the city. I walked sad and silent by his side.

I remember, as we passed the redoubt on our return, Napoleon stood by the road-side with Berthier. He recognised the uniform of Altenberg's corps as we passed; and as it rained heavily, and Altenberg held his precious burden beneath his ample cloak, he did not observe by what he was encumbered, and thought him wounded. "Not wounded, brave officer, I hope," said he. "The regiments Zastrow and Altenberg have covered themselves with glory: I shall not forget to recommend you to your king. It is the Colonel Altenberg, is it not?" he added, rather impatient at no reply.

"It *was* the Colonel Altenberg, sire; but he is too badly wounded to render you or his king more service."

He rode on;—Napoleon took a pinch of snuff; but when Altenberg had passed I mentioned his misfortune. The conqueror started, drummed his fingers on the lid of his snuffbox with some emotion, called hastily for his horse, and turned away.

It may seem strange to you, added the narrator, when he closed, that I did not speak to Altenberg this morning, in passing; but though we are true friends, and our friendship is cemented by the one only-abiding principle—a love to the Redeemer, the Prince of Peace—though we correspond, and occasionally meet, yet, to this hour, the sight of me greatly affects him; and as I could not stop, and was at the moment in a public vehicle with strangers, I withdrew myself from his regard. Upon the whole, Altenberg has grieved down this blow wonderfully. He has applied to the right Physician—he has found the right balsam;—he is an instrument of blessing to many around him;—he is a Christian—a quietist—and loves peace. [TALES OF THE WARS OF OUR TIMES.]

A CHARACTER.

As thro' the hedge-row shade the violet steals,
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals;
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own. [ROGERS.]

VANDERDECKEN'S MESSAGE HOME,

OR THE TENACITY OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

Our ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been water-logged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two P.M. we had a squall, accompanied by thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously a-head. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all aback, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double-reefed mainsail and foretopsail till dusk; but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out a-head, for the weather was so hazy, that we could not see the cable's length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something; and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also the bows, and appeared startled, and at first said nothing. But presently one of them cried, "William, go call the watch."

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unseasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, "Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but a-head."

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows there was a whispering.

One of them asked, "Where is she? I do not see her." To which another replied, "The last flash of lightning shewed there was not a reef in one of her sails; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will never carry her into port."

By this time, the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanour, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George. He overheard one of the men asking another, "If he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her?" To which the other replied, "I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?"

The first speaker replied, "They give different reasons for it, but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy

years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows; the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, "May I be eternally d—d if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment!" And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that Bay: for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side, to put letters on board, but no good comes of them who have communication with him."

Tom Willis said, "There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered: "We cannot trust to that, if Vanderdecken sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the mean time, the noise of the waves against the vessel, could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being relighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased: and soon a vivid flash of lightning showed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes, top-gallants and all."

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillise the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the meantime, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, showed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his birth, came on deck, and, with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause

of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together, the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the fore-top-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis, to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to look out a-head. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their births, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to re-appear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat."

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and showed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?" The men looked at each other without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, "What do you want? or what devil has blown you here in such weather." A piercing voice from the boat, replied in English, "We want to speak with your captain." The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close alongside, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued, weather beaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking steadfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine."

The stranger replied, "We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us to do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, "Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again!—We must see our friends again." When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about: but we must see our friends again."

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "We have lost our count; for our almanack was blown over board. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends."

To which the chaplain replied, "Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed, are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the church-yard."

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands, and appeared to weep; and replied, "It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a rain drop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if that were to die elsewhere. But in the mean time, we only ask you to take these letters.

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment, said, "This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, "One of our men, here, says that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the Flying Dutchman, said, "It is impossible, I cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank-note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head dress."

Tom Willis hearing this, said, "It is most likely that her head now lies low under a tomb-stone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank-note?"

The stranger replied, "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man, of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking-house was gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards amissing.—But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much beloved-and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemer mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she alive still, there is no fear that Vanderdecken would ever get home to disturb her."

On hearing this, the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take the letters, he would leave them; and looking around he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and the rest of the crew, successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this, he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed, but the parcel still lay upon deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter bag? Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the mean time the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle case, pouring out a large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered the glass to him, saying, "Here, Charters, is what is good in a cold night." The chaplain declined drinking any thing, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw it overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor when they are left to throw them out of the ship."

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with the letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirring though the air. There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favorable change which soon took place in the weather, to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under weigh again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their births.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride.*

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high;
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die!

He went with the Lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone,
And his Father-land.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after days,
Like a watch-fire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
Midst all high thought,
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride!

[MRS. HEMANS.]

* See the Sword-song, composed on the morning of his death.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

MANY years ago, during the reign of the Emperor Charles V, a noble gentleman, Count Antonio Fregoso, was governor of the city of Verona in Italy. The Count was a widower with one daughter, whom he passionately loved, and so entirely trusted, that, yet a girl of seventeen, she enjoyed the most perfect liberty and controul over her own actions. She was beautiful, with dark full eyes and fair cheek which yet glowed with the roseate hue of health and happiness. Single offspring of the rich Fregoso, she had many lovers, and among them there were none whom she esteemed as truly loving her, but rather suspected the whole crowd to be moved only by the desire of possessing the richest heiress in Italy. Such ideas endowed her with a strange mixture of pride and humility; she disdained a mercenary band who paid the lowly services of love for the sake of her wealth and rank; and she felt that her heart contained a treasure of affection, unexpended yet, but which she would gladly bestow on one of whose disinterested love she could feel secure. While she haughtily turned away from her many suitors, she was humbled in her own eyes by the belief that her individual merit had failed to attract one truly loving her heart.

A young French knight had lately been added to her train of admirers. The Chevalier Montreville was of a noble but impoverished family, and beholding the object of his passionate idolatry surrounded and vainly courted by the chiefest nobles of her native land, he shrank into himself, fearing to share the disdain he found to be the portion of all who spoke to Ippolita the language of love. The proud girl, herself yet unaware of the cause, marked his appearance in her cortège with pleasure, and watched his movements with something like anxiety. His clear blue eyes seemed incapable of expressing anything but truth—his voice had persuasion in its tone; how was it that that voice alone had never expressed love for her? This question was too soon answered. A moonlight festival—a momentary division from all others—an unwonted gentleness in the lovely Italian's manners, made Montreville forget his prudence and his fears. A word, a pressure of the hands—how were they answered? Ippolita had respected his silence—she replied contemptuously; nay, the unexplained internal conflict of her feelings made her answer even angrily: she commanded his absence, and his future silence on so displeasing and barren a subject.

Some weeks after, Ippolita and many of her companions of either sex were riding on the banks of the Adige. Montreville was there; he had not dared infringe the orders of his lady, nor urge again his suit; yet he did not despair. Nay, in spite of his disappointment, he felt sustained by his own integrity, and shewed no sign of depression. He fancies that he loves me, thought Ippolita—no, I am wrong; he does not even imagine such a sentiment; his conduct is dictated by the basest motives, and he has not the art of even casting a veil over them:—she turned her eyes contemptuously on him:—yet could any vile feeling lurk in so frank a countenance? She felt the blood glow in her cheek. How prove to herself whether the love he pretended were true or feigned?

The conversation turned on the subject of love. Many of her suitors spoke with enthusiasm on the subject, wishing to gain thus the confidence of Ippolita; but she turned all their high-flown expressions into ridicule,

and, with unaccustomed bitterness, forgot her usual courtesy in her tauntings. Montreville listened silently. Impatient of this shew of coldness, she turned suddenly towards him, asking—"And what does our French visitant say to our Italian eloquence? 'Words, and not deeds,' are a lover's motto; think you not so, Chevalier?"

Montreville's countenance lighted up with a glow of pleasure at this address:—"Since," he cried, "you, Madam, deign to permit me to speak on the subject of love, I shall not, I trust, be found a worse pleader than these gentlemen for its sacred cause." Then he entered on a description and a defence of the passion, so glowing, so fervent, and so sincere, that while his bright eyes flashed fire, and his cheek burnt with enthusiasm, the lids of Ippolita's dark orbs half veiled them, and the blush of confusion stained her cheek. He had described the adoration of the lover for his mistress—he descanted on his tenderness—then he spoke of his devotion—his readiness to sacrifice his life for her smile:—towards the end of his harangue Ippolita somewhat recovered herself; and when he paused, as if concluding, she turned to him with a smile of mockery, saying, "Fine expressions, these, Chevalier, and they the more confirm my saying, 'words not deeds.' For my part, I never saw any of these furious fire-eating lovers who really ever burnt and were consumed. Sigh they may—and lament, and strive to weep; but when a test should be made—the fires goes out, and—oh miracle!—the fuel remains unconsumed!"

"Madam," replied Montreville, "that I love you I have confessed, and you have not deigned to believe me, nor will you open your eyes to the burning affection that consumes me. If for a moment you could become aware of the feeling that devours me, your goodness would lead you to pity me. Since by your permission I now speak, may I not say that a fire possesses my heart, which not all the waters of the Adige, that flows beneath the bridge we are now crossing, could even allay, far less extinguish?"

"Nay, the trial has not yet been made," said the proud girl, with a scornful laugh; piqued at being thus challenged to believe, and acknowledge her belief in a passion whose existence she had denied:—she continued, "the time is opportune—the waters flow icy cold at your feet, yet not colder than your heart; will you not prove their power over it?"

It was nearly the end of the month of October; the change of season was already severely felt, and the north wind that blew added to the cold. When the lover heard this proud and cruel girl invite him to throw himself into the water, hurried away by youthful and rash passion, and blinded by his ardent desire of proving his truth, he replied fervently—"Most ready am I to obey you—most happy to find a way of proving my sincerity." Then, without pause, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, he forced the noble barb he rode to leap from the bridge into the swift and foaming river. The Adige is very deep, and rapid, and difficult of navigation, especially near the bridges, on account of the gulphs and whirlpools; and now, on account of recent rains, it was swollen and tempestuous. The horse, weighed down by the burthen of his rider, sank at once to the bottom, and then, like a ball which rebounds from the ground on which it has been flung, he rose again to the surface, with the youth still in the saddle. Then he began, with pant and strain, to breast the water transversely towards the shore, guided by Montreville; and, gaining somewhat on the current, he drew near the banks. The youth, who still kept his seat, turning his head towards his proud mistress, cried with a loud voice,

"Behold, lady of my heart, behold, I am in the midst of the waters! yet bathed as I am by their icy waves, I feel no cold; and feeling them all around me, they in no way allay the fever of my love, but the rather my true heart burns with a purer and steadier flame in despite of their chilling influence."

His companions, who were still on the bridge, remained astonished and frightened, and overcome by the sight presented to them by the courageous and undaunted Montreville, they stood as if senseless, speechless, and wonder-stricken. The youth, who gazed more intently on the beautiful Ippolita than on the course of his horse, reached the banks of the river; but in a place where a high wall rose immediately at its edge, so that he was unable to land. He was obliged therefore to direct his horse towards a spot where the sloping bank promised a safe exit from the river. Desiring to turn his horse with the rein, spurring him at the same time, the water, striking his sides violently as he turned, and rushing between his legs, threw him over, so that the ardent Montreville, notwithstanding all his exertions, lost his stirrups and his seat; but still keeping hold of the rein, thus leading his horse, he came again to the surface of the water. At this frightful and pitiable spectacle, all the persons assembled on the bridge and on the banks began to cry aloud for help. Montreville did not lose his presence of mind, yet as soon as he rose on the water he became aware of the peril of his situation; so, loosening and casting from him his cloak, he quitted his horse's rein, leaving him to guide himself instinctively to a place of safety, he addressed himself for swimming, and though his dress was cumbrous, and his heavy sword was belted to his side, yet he strove gallantly with his watery enemy. There were no boats near, nor was there any person who would risk his life by endeavouring to aid him; but all who beheld him assisted him only by their cries. The women, weeping and trembling for fear, stood overcome by terror, watching the event of this rash and perilous enterprize. The proud Ippolita, who before had never given credit to the existence of so true a passion, softened by so horrible and fearful an event, and deeply compassionating her hapless lover, bathed in tears, cried aloud for help, and passionately entreated the standers-by to go to his assistance; but, as I have said, no one dared make an attempt to save him, which would have put their own lives in similar peril to the one he encountered. Montreville was an excellent swimmer, and had been accustomed to such hardy and even dangerous pastime; so that when he saw his dear mistress weeping bitterly, and demonstrating by her manner her fears on his account, he held himself entirely and overpaid for all that he had risked; and such delight filled his heart, that his strength increasing with his joy, the idea of danger was entirely forgotten. So, swimming with undaunted heart, and dextrously cutting through the opposing waves, each moment he gained on his enemy, and approached a feasible landing-place; and though impeded by his heavy garments, and weighed down by his sword, yet he contrived to cast from him the waters, and so to conquer their effect, that he reached the sloping bank, and, getting on land, hastened in safety towards the spot where his lady and her companions were. His horse following in his master's wake, also gained the landing-place, and was led away by the Chevalier's servants.

Love and truth the while achieved a complete victory. Ippolita felt her whole heart dissolve in pity and compassion for her lover, so that to have saved him from the waves she would most willingly have put her own life in similar peril; but knowing no means whereby to assist him, she called aloud for help, weeping the while and frantickly wringing her hands. When

Montreville had landed, wet as he was, he respectfully approached the lovely girl, saying, "I am returned, dearest lady, such you behold, my heart still burning with unconquerable love—devoted in life and death to your service."

Ippolita was surrounded by the flower of the Italian nobility; she stood bright in loveliness, power, and youth; but pride was extinguished in her bosom: thus as he stood—the water dripping from his garments—his hair shedding a thousand dew-drops—his cheek which had glowed with enthusiasm, now become ashy pale from his over-exertion,—thus, as he humbly and gently presented himself before her, she cast herself into his arms exclaiming, "Love, you have conquered!—Montreville, you have won me—I am yours for ever!"

[COMPANION.]

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

[MRS. HEMANS.]

THE CONSCRIPT BROTHERS.

It was in the dark and smoky room of an alehouse, the walls stained by the dirt of years, that three young men were seated at a table. Their coarse and scanty meal stood untasted before them. Their muskets rested against the wall and their knapsacks lay on the floor. The storm beat furiously against the window. The rain had penetrated through the dilapidated building, and gave a still more desolate appearance to the miserable apartment.

It was the evening before the battle of Waterloo. A terrible conflict was expected. Many a soldier of Bonaparte's army was fired by the prospect, and waiting with all the impatience of military ardor for morning to arrive.

Not so our young conscripts. They had been torn by the imperial mandate from the bosom of their family, from the culture of the sunny vineyard, from the tranquil and simple pleasures that the *paysans* of France enjoy, and forced into military duty. There was no struggle for freedom to animate them; no anticipation of better days. Their little village had been desolated by their own countrymen, and their father robbed of his three sons by the most cruel despotism. They could not join in the shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* for they felt only the effects of his blasting and selfish ambition.

"Our poor father!" said Conrad, striking his hand on the table.

"Our poor sister!" said Philip, while Edward, the youngest, who yet retained the slight form and fair complexion of boyhood, uttered a convulsive sob.

"Cheer up, my boy," said Conrad, "if we must fight, let us fight like men, and die like Christians.' At that moment the landlord entered, conducting a soldier.

"Who talks of dying?" exclaimed he, as, full of animation and gaiety, he seated himself at the table; then, casting his eyes around, "for shame, landlord," said he, "can you give the defenders of your country no better rations than these? Do you not boast of your generous wines? Bring them forth! Don't stint us of Burgundy and Champaigne. Well may these poor fellows talk of dying, when famine and thirst stare them in the face."

The landlord, who had long groaned under the heavy demands of those who had quartered upon him, muttered his dissatisfaction.

"Away!" exclaimed the soldier, "do you not know you have the honor of entertaining Fortunatus himself? Now look! whenever I take off my cap and shake it thus, wealth pours from it:" and several pieces of money actually fell upon the table.

"God bless your honor," exclaimed the landlord; "may you often take it off in my house."

"Go, then, poor devil," said the soldier, throwing him a few franks, "and bring us the best you can find."

The landlord bowed low and disappeared. "I do in my very soul pity these poor fellows," said the soldier, turning to his comrades; "they are oppressed by the soldiery, and obliged to entertain and feed them without recompense, and get nothing but curses in return, which it must be acknowledged," said he, again surveying the table, "such fare deserves."

It was not long before things wore a different aspect. The bright and sunny hue of the stranger's mind began to illumine even the dismal room of the alehouse. The landlord spread a much better repast upon the table,

and, in honor of Fortunatus, placed a second smoky lamp directly before him. As the light glared upon his youthful and manly countenance, Edward suddenly rose and seized his hand.

"Brothers," said he, "this is the very soldier who saved me from digrace yesterday, when the dragoon stood over me."

"Ah! is it you, my brave fellow?" exclaimed his protector; "it was your mettle that saved you, for if you had not shown that honour was dearer than life, you might have been thrashed like a poltroon for all me. But come!" added he, filling the glasses round, and not forgetting the obsequious landlord, "we are all a peg too low!"

Glass after glass exhilirated the company, and the eyes of the young Conscripts began to sparkle.

"I wish," said Conrad, as he felt his blood warm, "that I went heart and hand in this cause."

"Poh!" said the new comer, "it is not for us to reason. We have nothing to do but fight. Let us drink *Vive l'Empereur!*

"I cannot," said Conrad; "my father is a royalist."

"Well, then," exclaimed the good natured soldier, "let us drink to the girl we love best! Come!" said he to Edward, who had filled his glass, "give us her name."

"My sister Alice," replied Edward, with animation.

A shout of laughter from the soldier abashed the youth. "I don't care for any other girl," said he, coloring deeply.

"It is true," said Conrad; "he is a mere boy. He has always been brought up with his twin sister Alice."

"But come, Philip," said he, turning with an arch expression to his second brother, "you can help us out."

The blushes of Philip were of a still deeper hue than Edward's. At length, however, in a low voice he said, "Lucile."

The soldier had narrowly observed him. "By my soul," exclaimed he, "I believe you have all lived upon mother's milk, and just escaped from the nursery."

"I hope," said Conrad, proudly, "you will see that we do not shrink from our duty to-morrow."

"In the mean time," said the soldier, "let us all drink a bumper to our sister Alice."

The brothers smiled. There was something in the light-hearted, fearless gaiety of the new comer that animated their own spirits. They soon lost the reserve and awkwardness of strangers, and conversed with ease and freedom.

The father of the Conscripts, Jean de Castellon, inhabited a cottage that had descended from sire to son on the mother's side. It was one of those luxuriant spots cultured by the breath of heaven. Yet Jean's labour was not spared. All that patient industry requires to give affluence and utility to natural beauty, he had done. His barns opened their vast folding-doors to receive the harvest of autumn; his agricultural utensils were of the best kind, and in the finest order, and no traveller passed without remarking on the taste and neatness of his dwelling.

The death of Jean's wife was the first calamity he had experienced. He was several years older than she, and had been a husband rather after the patriarchal order than that of modern French gallantry. But though he required great deference, it was willingly paid, and nothing disturbed the harmony of their union. At her death Jean had exercised the paternal care of father and mother in an exemplary manner. His two oldest boys were

already able to assist his labors, and Edward and Alice were his constant companions.

Years had passed in this tranquil state, and the father daily felt his cares lightened by the aid of his sons. It was at this period that a detachment of soldiers entered the village for Conscripts. Their short stay was marked by plunder, and they bore away in triumph Jean's eldest born, Conrad. The succeeding year Philip was marked out and enlisted as a soldier. Edward still remained, nor did it enter the old man's head that they could rob him of all; but when the decisive battle was to be fought, when the best blood of France was to be spilt like water, and Napoleon gleaned, for the last desperate effort of his ambition, the hope of the nation, then the father was deprived of all. Yet still some form was preserved. No youth under sixteen was to be forced into the service—Edward had passed that age a few days before. The kind-hearted villagers exhorted Jean to make use of evasion. They promised to stand by him; but when he was put upon oath, he not only told the day, but the very hour of his son's birth, and the only favour he could obtain, was, that his two boys might fight side by side.

Such was the history of the Conscripts, nor was it uncommon. A late historian says, "No distinction was made. The son of the widow, the child of the decrepit and helpless, had no right to claim exemption. Three sons might be carried off in three successive years from the same desolated parents. There was no allowance made for having already supplied a recruit."

Fortunatus, now the companion of the brothers, was no Conscript. He had voluntarily enlisted in the French army, and he believed their arms invincible. He was full of amusing anecdote, and assured them that he had fought in several battles.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "I don't like to fight in cool blood; but when I hear the sound of the trumpet and the drum, and the music of the cannon, it is a different thing. I have never yet lost life or limb. From my childhood I was called Fortunatus, because I have been remarkable for my good luck; but my real name is Frederick de Lancey."

"I wish," said Philip, thoughtfully, "I felt as secure as you do, that only one of us would escape to-morrow with life; but when I think of our poor father and sister Alice, my heart dies within me."

"If that is all, my dear boy," said the soldier, "give yourself no uneasiness. I never knew more than two of a family shot in one battle; and the other may return to comfort his father."

A sudden thought seemed to strike Conrad. "Have you a father?" said he to the soldier.

"No," replied he, the expression of his countenance suddenly changing; "my father died in my arms, and left me without a relative in the world."

"And yet you call yourself Fortunatus?" said Edward.

"And why not?" replied he; "was I not happy to have been on the spot when my dear father breathed his last? Oh, it was the most fortunate moment of my life. I have no one now to mourn for me, and if I die to-morrow I shall not draw a tear from a human eye. I am without kindred, a citizen of the world, and may, possibly, as I pass along, administer to the enjoyment of my fellow beings, but I cannot diminish their happiness."

"I am thinking," said Conrad, "if we three should fall, you might be a son to our father."

"And a brother to Alice," added Edward.

"Most willingly would I," said the soldier; "but would they receive me? Who will vouch for my character?"

"I will," said Edward, with animation; "you stood my friend because I was oppressed. I had no other claim upon you. I will write an account of the whole affair to my father. He is generous and will confide in you.

"And I," said Conrad, "have a commission that will prove you are no impostor. Look," said he, "it is the picture of my mother. I always wear it next my heart. She was as good as an angel, and I feel as if no evil could come where she is. You shall deliver this to Alice, and tell her I sent it."

"Be it so!" exclaimed De Lancey. "If I survive you, I will seek out your father and offer my services. If I die, I bequeath to the survivors my knapsack and its contents. You will find a hundred Napoleons in it. It is all I am worth, and now let us to bed and sleep till morning."

"Not yet," said Conrad; "we must do all that is to be done this evening. Good landlord! bring me pen and ink, and you shall be our witness." He then wrote—

"DEAR AND HONORED FATHER!

"When you receive this letter your three sons will be no more. Frederick de Lancey is the bearer of it. He has done our dear Edward a signal service, and I have thought him trustworthy to convey to Alice the picture of my mother. My heart bleeds when I think of you, without one prop for your old age, save our innocent and helpless sister. We are all satisfied De Lancey would be a faithful son to you if you will permit him to be. In case of his death to-morrow—and the chances of war are alike to all—he has bequeathed to us all he is worth, and it is the earnest wish of my brothers as well as myself, that if he should be the only survivor, you would adopt him; and if he and sister Alice should fancy each other, that he may become a son in reality.

"In case he is the sole survivor, I bequeath him all my part of the inheritance, and my brothers do the same—always in deference to you—entreating you will consider this as our last will and testament.

"CONRAD DE CASTELLON.
"PHILIP DE CASTELLON.
Witness, "EDWARD DE CASTELLON.
"JEAN PIPON, Landlord of the Plucked Hen."

The letter was sealed and directed to the father. Then Conrad taking the miniature, which was fastened to his neck by a black ribbon, pressed it to his lips, and his brothers did the same.

De Lancey was lodged in the room with the Conscripts. In a few moments his breathing denoted that he had sunk into that calm and tranquil sleep that belongs to health of body and mind. Philip and Edward, too, forgot for a while their gloomy presentiments, and slept quietly. But not so Conrad. He felt a responsibleness pressing upon him that he could neither avert or control. The rain continued to pour in torrents, and the wind shook the miserable dwelling to its foundation. Amid the tumult of the elements, the clattering of horses' hoofs, the shrill notes of the trumpet, and the heavy roll of the drum, might be distinguished. New companies were entering the village, and the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* still resounded in his ear. Conrad gazed upon his sleeping brothers, and his soul melted as he thought of them on the field of battle.

The morning dawned upon his unclosed eyes, when, with that weariness, which seems almost like perverseness, nature could resist no longer, and

he fell into a slumber. He was awakened by the voice of his brothers, and, starting up, found De Lancey already gone. The brothers gave each other a long and close embrace, and hastened to their ranks.

The weather was yet unsettled. A thick mist enveloped the country around, and as the armies approached each other, neither friends nor foes could be distinguished. It was not till late in the morning that the clouds dispersed, and the sun broke forth in all its splendor. The dense and heavy vapors separated, and the clear blue sky was seen in distant perspective. At length even the fleecy clouds rolled away, and all was calm and tranquil in the heavens, forming a striking contrast to the scene below. The two armies were engaged in desperate contest. The once fertile valley and vine covered hills, lay blended by the smoke of the cannon, and confused shouts rent the air.

How many mothers, widows, and orphans, have wept for that day! How many beheld the 'brave and beautiful' go forth to battle! Years have passed away, and memory still asks, 'Where are they?' Amidst the tumult of war one scene of private distress was passing. Seated on a little hillock, and supporting his youngest brother's head upon his lap, sat Conrad de Castellon, His pale countenance and knit brow, discovered the agony of his feelings. Nor was it wholly mental. His leg had been shattered by a cannon ball, but it was only of Edward he thought. 'Oh! for a drop of water,' he exclaimed, 'one draught might save him!' But who would stop in the full career of victory to administer to the wants of one dying man, when thousands lay around? The French army were in the full career of victory. 'On, on, to Brussels!' rung on every side.

"Is there no human aid?" said Conrad, and he rested his brother's head against a prostrate soldier, and strove to rise; but it was impossible, and he fell back with a groan and fainted. He was roused by the voice of De Lancey. "Up, comrade!" said he, "the horse are advancing; you will be trampled under foot." Conrad pointed to his disabled leg, and the lifeless boy that lay before him. He was, indeed, lifeless. The spirit had passed away, and the stiffness of death had succeeded to the last pressure of his brother's hand.

"We can do nothing for him," said De Lancey; "he is gone. But I may save you," and, taking the soldier in his arms, he bore him to a place of safety, and laid him on the turf.

"My brother! my poor Edward!" exclaimed Conrad, "must he be trampled under foot?" Once more De Lancey rushed back, seized the slight form of the Conscript, and placed it by the side of his brother, then, joining in the shout of 'On to Brussels! *Vive l'Empereur!* mingled in the battle.

It was late at night when the soldier cautiously sought the spot where he had left Conrad. He found him still watching by his brother.

"I have secured a place for you in a waggon," said De Lancey. "You must go to the Hospital of St. Catharine. You will be taken good care of."

"I cannot leave him," said Conrad, still clinging to his brother; "my poor Edward!"

"He is better off than we are," said the soldier, "for he does not live to see the disgrace of our army. All is lost! And well it might be," continued he, indignantly, "when they forced boys like this from the arms of their mothers;" and he parted the curls of his hair, and the moon shone on his white forehead. "I pledge you my honor," continued he, "that I will see him buried where vultures cannot reach him. I will convey you to the waggon, and return to this spot again. To-morrow I will see you at the Hospital, where I hope to find you doing well."

Faithful to his promise, De Lancey joined him in the morning. The surgeon had already passed judgment on the wounded soldier. A violent fever had set in, and amputation of the limb, which would have been his only chance, would now hasten his end—he must die.

"Let it be so," said Conrad, "my father will yet have a staff for his age if Philip lives; if not, remember your promise."

De Lancey staid by his friend till he breathed his last, and then took every means to ascertain whether Philip had survived the battle. His enquiries proved fruitless, but from several circumstances he felt sanguine in the belief that he was not among the slain, and naturally concluded he must have returned to his father. He regretted that he could not have restored the picture to him. "It will cost me a journey, now," said he, "but I will wait till Philip has been at home a few weeks." As time weakened his impressions his resolution grew fainter; for, it must be confessed, Fortunatus was not one of those that thought it good to go to 'the house of mourning.' He had, from his youth upward, been the subject of perpetual change, and had seen death in too many forms to be startled at it—but the tears of a father and a sister he knew not how to encounter. A cloud had obscured his brow for a few days after this event, but it was soon dissipated, and he again became the happy, light-hearted Fortunatus.

With the gay and thoughtless, time passes unmarked. It was nearly a year after the battle of Waterloo, when De Lancey was travelling through the little village in which he had been introduced to the Landlord of 'The Plucked Hen.' He stopped to pay him a visit, but the host was changed. The room, the table, the seats, all remained the same, and so forcibly called up the recollection of his promise to the brothers, that his conscience smote him for the delay. He went immediately to visit Edward's grave. He had taken the precaution to identify it by two Lombardy poplars, which he had planted opposite, and twisted into an arch over the grave. They were twigs that he had cut from a neighbouring tree, but they had taken root, and were now covered with foliage. The grass had grown over the grave with a luxuriance that made the spot striking, from the desolation that still remained around it.

By sunrise De Lancey had proceeded many miles on his way to Patière, where Jean de Castellon resided. It would have been a long and weary foot journey for one with less health and muscular strength; but it was his favorite way of travelling, and, he was fully of opinion, much less fatiguing than riding. And then, too, he could stop when he pleased and converse with all the good humoured pleasant people he met, and make acquaintances where he thought they were worth making. Nothing, in fact, could be pleasanter than De Lancey's mode of travelling. He was too much accustomed to his knapsack to find it any burden, and he had provident virtue enough to secure himself means for every comfort a foot traveller could desire. His little modicum had increased during the past year, and, though in the thoughtless benevolence of his heart, he sometimes gave a few franks injudiciously, yet he always said, in some way or other, they brought back their full interest.

When he entered Patière he enquired for the house of Castellon, and was directed to a whitewashed cottage, surrounded by venerable trees. It was in the month of June, and every shrub and flower was in its first fragrance. An old man was sitting on a bench before the door. De Lancey approached him with a respectful air, and, taking off his hat, said, "Monsieur de Castellon?"

"The same," he replied.

"I would ask," said the soldier, hesitatingly, for Philip.

"And why for Philip?" said the old man, sternly, "why not for Conrad, my eldest born, and Edward, my youngest?" De Lancey made no reply. "Come," said he, "with me, and I will show you all I know of them."

He arose from his seat and walked slowly to a little wicker gate. He entered it and proceeded by a footpath to a hillock planted with trees. The soldier followed in silence. It was the family burying-ground. Three simple gravestones, with the names of the brothers inscribed on each, were placed side by side. De Lancey's question was answered. Philip had never returned from the battle of Waterloo.

"I knew," said he, with emotion, "the fate of Conrad and Edward; but I had hoped Philip had escaped."

"Not one," said the father, clasping his hands, "not a remnant was left."

"I was a fellow soldier," said De Lancey. "I was quartered with them the evening before the battle."

"A soldier in Bonaparte's army?" said the old man, extending his hand. "Then you too are a Conscript?"

"No," said De Lancey, "I was no Conscript. I enlisted voluntarily." The father withdrew his hand and turned coldly away.

"I have a commission from your son Conrad," said De Lancey, "but it is for your daughter, and I must deliver it to her."

As they approached the house Alice met them at the door. The sight of a soldier revived painful recollections, and a cloud came over her bright and blooming countenance.

De Lancey started at the strong resemblance she bore to her twin brother. There was the same tranquil expression of sweetness and innocence that had lingered on his face, even after his death.

He put his hand into his bosom and withdrew the miniature. "This," said he, "I promised your brother Conrad to deliver to you if I was the survivor." Alice took it, gazed upon it for a moment, and rushed into the house.

The Father, with an air of authority, desired De Lancey to come in. The soldier proceeded to inform him of all the circumstances which related to the deaths of his two sons. "Of Philip," said he, "I know nothing. When I last saw him he had received no injury, but was in the heat of battle, and fighting with a bravery worthy of Napoleon himself."

"No more of that," said the old man, with bitterness. "You say," continued he, "Conrad died in your arms."

"He did," replied the soldier, "and he had every comfort, and the best of medical advice; and as for attendance, it would not be becoming for me to say much about that, but I never left him, night nor day, as long as he lived. I could not have done more for him had it been the Emperor himself."

The last words were uttered in a low voice, and seemed to have escaped him without his consent. The father, however, did not remark them.

"I hope," said he, "my son died like a good Protestant."

"I don't know any thing about that," replied De Lancey, "but I am sure he died like a Christian."

"This is a Popish country," said the old man; "I hope he had no father confessors about his bed."

"Not one—not a limb of them," said the soldier.

De Castellon was a Swiss, and entertained a horror of the Roman Catholic religion.

"You say," said he, "that my poor Conrad died like a Christian. Then he confessed his sins to his Maker, and died in the fear of God."

"I don't know," said De Lancey, "what he might confess, for that was an affair between his Maker and himself; but as to fear, I saw nothing that looked like it, for when he was dying, he said, "I did not expect to meet my dear Edward so soon, but I am going home, after all."

"You must stay with us a few days," said the old man, his heart melting at the thoughts of his sons.

"Most willingly," said De Lancey, "if you will give me some employment. I do not love idleness, and about a place like this, a pair of hands can't come amiss."

It was amusing to see with what facility the soldier adopted the habits and employments of the farmer. His services grew every day more and more important to De Castellon. A treaty of amity seemed to be formed between them, and Bonaparte was never alluded to on either side. A sentiment of delicacy had prevented De Lancey from delivering the letter of the brothers, for he knew the contents, and that they related wholly to himself.

The intercourse between Alice and the soldier was friendly and confiding. He learned from her how he could best assist her father in his labors, and how he could be most useful to herself; and they soon ceased to regard each other as strangers. His present mode of life was to the soldier like a new existence. To exchange the noise and bustle of a camp for the serenity and stillness of the country; to feel his time and his mind occupied without the feverish excitement of contest, was alone delightful. But when, added to this, he felt for the first time the power of woman, her innocent and affectionate smile, the sanctity of her virtue, her habitual sacrifices in the arrangements of domestic life, and her habits of temperance, of order, and of purity, he shrunk from the recollection of past scenes. This feeling he expressed to Alice, whom he sportively called his pet lamb, with his usual frankness.

"What a forlorn creature," said he, "I have hitherto been! I have had nothing to love or to watch over—I can but just remember my mother—and yet, when my head has been throbbing with pain, I have sometimes wished I could lay it in her lap, as I used to do when I was a child. But this was only the thought of a moment, and I banished it as unmanly, for I only considered myself ennobled by the ferociousness with which I fought for my country."

"Well," said Alice, smiling, I suppose you would fight again if you could find a leader."

"No," he replied, "not if I can find employment any other way. My views are changed. I have a thousand associations which are new to me. I think I am going back to childhood again. The flowers have the same fragrance that they used to have when I was a boy, and the world seems to me to be just created. I desire no greater happiness than to live with you and your father as I do now, and you have only to say the word, and I will turn my sword into a pruning knife."

It was by such language, uttered almost without thought, that the young couple began to promise endless faith to each other.

"But I am afraid," said Alice, after an impassioned burst of feeling from her lover, "that my father will never consent to our being married."

"And why not?" said the sanguine Fortunatus. "Where can he find a more devoted son-in-law—one that will do a harder day's work, or raise a finer crop of wheat? Besides, Alice," said he, smiling affectionately, "you have been bequeathed to me. I never would have told you about the thing, if you had not voluntarily given me your heart, but now you shall know the whole."

It was the first time that he had alluded to the letter. Alice listened to the explanation, without participating in his sanguine expectations. She knew her father was tenacious of his projects, and that he favoured the suit of her cousin Pierre.

With the confidence of a warm and generous heart, De Lancey repaired to De Castellon with the sealed letter in his hand. He took it and read it through, then turned a steady eye on the soldier.

"Why have you not delivered it before?" said he.

"My motives," replied De Lancey, "may not have justified this delay; but I knew the contents of the letter, and I knew, also, that I had no right to expect from you the same confidence in a stranger that your sons had felt."

"And what now has altered the case?" said the father.

The soldier blushed deeply; "I don't know why I should hesitate to speak," said he. "It is the confidence your daughter has placed in me. She has permitted me to ask your consent to our union. I have something to begin the world with. I have health and activity. I will serve you with the fidelity and affection of a son, and if, as it may be the common course of nature, Alice should be left alone with me, I will shield her from every evil."

The eagerness with which he spoke had prevented his attending to the emotions that were struggling in the old man's countenance.

At length he exclaimed, "I see it all. I am no longer a dupe. My poor boys were victims to this fatal legacy. Out of my sight! Away, wretch!"

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed the soldier, with astonishment.

"Ask your own vile heart?" replied De Castellon. "It seemed to me beyond the usual chances of war that three sons should fall in one battle. But you could tell us how it was; you could describe their last agonies, and have now come to reap the reward of your treachery!"

De Lancey for a moment stood petrified. It was but a moment.

"Old man," said he, "were you my equal in age, or were you any other that you are—but I do wrong to reply. Farewell! we meet no more."

Alice had repaired to a little arbor that her lover had reared for her, and that was already covered with the quick springing vines of a luxuriant climate, to await the success of his communication. Many a foreboding doubt assailed her mind, when she cast her eye upon his agitated countenance.

"I come," said he, "to take leave of you for ever."

It was in vain that Alice intreated him to delay his departure from the village.

"My father may relent," said she. But he was resolute.

"Had it been common reluctance," he replied, "I would have borne with it. I would have crouched like a slave for your sake; but to be suspected of the basest of crimes!—Alice, I wish not to shock you by repeating what has passed. If your father tells you, I shall be justified in your opinion. Farewell! dearest and best; henceforth this world is a wilderness to me. I care not which way I steer my course. With anguish I speak it—we can meet no more."

Bitter, indeed, was the parting. For the first time, the hitherto happy Fortunatus felt the true pang of sorrow. The tenderness of friendship had refined and softened his heart, and given it an unwonted susceptibility. Till now, he had met the evils of life with an unsubdued spirit. He had faced danger and death in every form; but the tears that he drew from

Alice, and the affection he had awakened in her bosom, were spells that changed the life current of his heart.

With slow and lingering steps he quitted the village, wholly unlike the being that had entered it three months before, and inquired for the house of De Castellon. Where was now his new-born enthusiasm for every object in nature? With a listless step be trod on the sweet-scented wild flowers, as if they were the dry and worthless leaves of autumn. He realized, as many have done before, that it is the light of the mind that throws over nature her verdant and prismatic hues; that gives to the music of the birds its sound of gladness; to the lofty cataract its thunder of eloquence; and to the murmuring waterfall its sweet, low notes of sympathy.

It was not, however, in the constitution of the soldier to cherish melancholy. When he first quitted the village, with his heart swelling with anguish, and his head throbbing with indignation, he felt as if all ties were broken with the human race; but, as he walked slowly on, his pulse beat more temperately. By degrees he answered with something like gaiety to the greeting of the peasants, who accosted him as he passed. The feeling of mortification, which the horrible suspicions of De Castellon had engendered, began to dissipate.

"He is an old man," said he, "blasted and withered by the breath of heaven: I will think of him no more. But Alice! may I perish if I forget thee!"

For his future lot he had no anxiety. With his sword he knew he could carve out a living, but the same sentiment came over him that had operated with so many of Napoleon's soldiers—"Wherefore should we fight? We have no Emperor to fight for?" and he resolved to quit France and seek his fortune elsewhere. There is an energy, a feeling of resource, of mental power, that is invincible. He who is born with the determination to succeed, will realize that "nothing is impossible."

Love, with men, is a recreation and a passion. With women, it becomes a part of their existence. Let not her, who has once given herself up to its reveries, hope to break the spell that is wound around her. Sickness, poverty, and age may, to the eyes of others, render the object worthless; but the sensibility of woman possesses an alchemy that turns all to gold. It is in vain for friends to reason, for the world to scoff—her destiny is to love on.

Years had passed away. The head of the old De Castellon was white with time. The youthful and girlish figure of Alice had assumed the serious and maidenly deportment of maturer life. Yet any one might have seen that the rose on her cheek had withered before its time. A paleness had settled there, but it was the complexion of sentiment and thought; there was nothing of the sickly hue of melancholy. Her cousin Pierre had many times renewed his suit, and at last had consoled himself with a less cruel fair one. All Alice had asked of her father was to take care of him, to be the comfort of his old age, and when that was past to lay down beside her mother's grave, and have strewed on her own, as was the custom of the village, a few emblematical flowers, as a token that the lowly tenant had died in "single blessedness."

The internal arrangements of the cottage retained all their comfort and neatness; for though Alice had lost some of the superfluous activity of youth, enough remained for all the useful purposes of life; but the external appearance had gradually changed. The edges were untrimmed, and implements of agriculture lay unsheltered on the greensward before the door. The hills and pastures were no longer crowned with luxuriance. All looked as if the master's hand was wanting.

It was a cold evening in November that Alice and her father were seated by the fire. There was an air of comfort in the little apartment that female ingenuity knows well how to give. The floor was covered with a carpet of her own manufacture; and her father's arm chair had been stuffed and rendered commodious by her own contrivance. There was the debility of age and sickness in his appearance, and a crutch lay beside him. Alice read aloud or worked, alternately, as best suited her father. She had just taken her book when the sound of wheels stopping at the door arrested their attention. A man hastily entered, and stood for a moment gazing at the inhabitants; then, rushing forward, he knelt before the old man, exclaiming, "My father! my father!"

De Castellon was bewildered, but not so Alice. "It is my brother!" she exclaimed, and hung upon his neck. When the father began to comprehend the scene—that it was, indeed, Philip restored to him, he inquired for Conrad and Edward.

The countenance of Philip changed, and he said "I only am left to tell you." In the same expressive language the father replied, "Now, then, let me die, since I have seen the face of my son!"

Providence has wisely decreed that the sensibilities of life should be blunted by age, and the effervescence of feeling pass away. The old man became calm, and at his usual hour desired Alice to read a chapter in the Bible. Amid tears and sobs she read aloud, but every word called forth the bursting emotions of her heart, and her soul was kindled by living fire from the altar. When she ceased, a low, fervent prayer from the lips of the father followed; and then Alice performed her usual office of putting him to bed, and was again at liberty to throw herself into the arms of her brother. Their conversation was long and deeply interesting. He told her that after the battle of Waterloo he was conveyed, among the wounded, to a small farm house, and found that his life was considered worth preserving by the English, among whom he now was; that when sufficiently recovered he was put on board a small vessel, bound for the West Indies; that they were taken by Spanish pirates, and himself with three others put on shore on the coast of South America; that he had earned, by daily labour, a pittance that kept him from starving, but he had still to contend with weakness and depression. "But now," continued he, "Alice, comes the best part of my story. I was one day working on the wharf, when a vessel arrived, and a young man sprung on shore that I immediately recognised as a fellow-soldier at the battle of Waterloo."

He stopped and looked earnestly at her—the blood rushed to her cheeks.

"Yes, sister," said he, fully comprehending her emotion, "it was our friend Fortunatus. I learnt from him all that had passed. From this moment I felt new energy; my whole nature was changed. He loaded me with kindness. You know his happy faculty of making friends. Several of the officers, who had quitted France and repaired to this country, recognised the brave and warm hearted soldier. Fortune showered her gifts upon him, and at the end of three years after our first meeting we have returned once more; I, with little more than I carried with me; but my companion rich enough to purchase our whole estate, which, as it proved, we unfortunately bequeathed to him."

"Then he is in France?" said Alice, faintly.

"He is," replied Philip, "and he loves you as well as I can see you do him; but he will not come here. He cannot forgive my father for his horrible suspicion."

"Then he does not love as I do," said Alice, ingenuously, "or all would be forgiven."

"No, Alice," replied Philip, "men never love as women do. They have various motives which operate; but next to his country and his honor, a man may love his mistress."

"I am afraid you have forgotten poor Lucile," said Alice, reproachfully.

"Perhaps she has forgotten me," replied Philip.

"Oh! no," said Alice, "it was but the other day she came up here and sat down by your grave stone, and wept bitterly, and said she never should forget you."

"Well," replied Philip, "I have returned the visit, for I called to see her on my way here, and informed her that I was alive and well."

"I see," said Alice, smiling, "you were right. A man may love his mistress next to his country, and his honor before father or sister. But tell me, my dear brother, how could you remain so long in a strange country, away from us, and not send us word you were living."

"As to remaining there," said Philip, "there was not much choice in the business. I was taken up on suspicion, and had to work with a chain round my leg; and what good would it have done you to know the miserable condition of your brother? After the arrival of De Lancey, his plan was best—that we should return together, as soon as he had accomplished the object of his voyage."

It was not difficult for the young people to persuade the father, humbled as he was by years, infirmities, and sorrows, how much he had mistaken the character of the soldier. An acknowledgement was all that De Lancey asked, and it was no sooner sent than he hastened to the spot. There is little more to add. He purchased a neat cottage, about half a mile from the family mansion. It was arranged with simplicity and good taste. The same marriage ceremony united Lucile and Philip, and De Lancey and Alice; but their residence was changed. Alice resigned her station to Lucile, and removed to the home her husband had prepared for her.

The two cottages may yet be seen embowered in honeysuckle and grape vines. Before the doors are often sporting rosy-faced children; and Alice has given to her two eldest boys, Conrad and Edward, the names of her Conscript Brothers. [FROM "THE LEGENDARY."]

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstacy!
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

A SKETCH FROM THE SCOTTISH BAR.

MR. JEFFREY.

NEXT to the great Unknown, Mr. Jeffrey is, undoubtedly, the most prominent and admired character in Scotland. In Edinburgh, he is, in a manner, idolized. Walter Scott is his countrymen's ornament; Francis Jeffrey, their champion—their tower of strength. I had not been long in Edinburgh, before I became curious to *see* whether the tongue of this distinguished individual was as powerful as his pen—whether he was equally great as a popular advocate, and an "Edinburgh Reviewer." An opportunity for doing this presented itself in the late important trial of Cooper *versus* the Marquis of Bute. Jeffrey was retained by the noble defendant, and was expected to make a powerful and splendid effort to save a hopeless cause. On entering the Jury Court, Lord Chief Commissioner Adam was seated on the bench, and Mr. Robertson was opening the plaintiff's case. A little behind him sat the Great Unknown, with his slovenly black gown, his huge walking-stick, and a pile of MS. before him; and on his right sat Jeffrey! I do not think I removed my eyes from him for nearly half an hour. But how shall I in words adequately picture him, whom every artist, from Sir Henry Raeburn downwards, has uniformly failed in representing? Sir Henry exerted his utmost skill, but to no purpose: he produced a work, beautiful for its colouring and proportion; but the spirit and life and character of the original were wanting; it was not Jeffrey. The first thing that struck me as peculiar in Mr. Jeffrey's appearance, was the absence of a wig. On inquiry, I found that, for some reason or other, he has uniformly refused to wear one. Let the reader fancy himself standing in front of a gentleman busily employed in writing; of short stature—say, five feet and an odd inch or too—dressed in a plain suit of black, his slight figure enveloped in a black gown, hanging negligently over his shoulders; over and above all, wearing a pair of heavy tortoise-shell spectacles; and he will have a tolerably accurate notion of Mr. Jeffrey, as he sits day after day in the Jury Court at Edinburgh. To descend, however, a little more to particulars. As to his forehead, although some have characterized it as "superbly intellectual," I confess I could not discover in it anything remarkable. Considering that the head is small, the forehead is certainly full and well developed, especially in those parts which the phrenologists have been pleased to allot to ideality; but, as a forehead, it cannot be called either very lofty, or very capacious. When he looks up, it is furrowed all over with anxious wrinkles. His hair, short and thick, and once black, is now of an iron-gray colour, and unaffectedly combed forwards towards each temple, while the crown of the head is rather bald. His complexion is dark; and his features small, regular, and, when viewed in profile, rather handsome: his dark eyes are very brilliant and penetrating. Mr. Jeffrey's countenance is evidently that of a thinking man, and is never destitute of expression. That expression, however, did not appear to me to be power—such as frowns in the rougher lineaments of Mr. Brougham—but acuteness, energy, and vivacity. If I am not mistaken, there appeared, also, a settled expression of nervous irritability, or dissatisfaction, brooding over his features. On the present occasion, he was sedulously employed in taking notes of the facts and evidence of the case, not at all discomposed by all around him. When I reflected that I was gazing on *Jeffrey*, in that slender, quiet, unassuming individual, apparently inferior in consequence to all his

bustling brethren, I could scarcely persuade myself that my eyes were contemplating so far-famed a literary autocrat; or that so much power, so much bitter and searching sarcasm, so much refined subtlety, so much brilliant wit, in a word, so much versatility of parts, could, to use a homely English phrase, be packed in so small a compass.

Although the leading counsel of the noble defendant, and pitted against the formidable solicitor-general, Mr. Jeffrey did not manifest any symptoms of anxiety. He did not cease writing, except for one moment, when he suddenly rose and put a question, which exceedingly discomfited a very fluent witness. He then resumed his pen; and continued apparently indifferent to what was going on. The solicitor-general had been on his legs for about an hour, answering several objections which had been started by one of the opposite counsel. As soon, however, as Mr. Jeffrey perceived him drawing to a conclusion, he collected his papers, which lay scattered on every side of him, and began to chew hastily some small lozenges, with which his left waistcoat pocket is always filled. After swallowing a cup of coffee, he moved on towards the jury, and stood within a yard or two of the foreman. Taking off his spectacles, he put them into a case, slowly and deliberately, and commenced speaking with the most perfect ease and *nonchalance*; he might have been addressing a friend at dinner. There is something very attractive in his voice and manner of speaking. His lively and intelligent eye glances freely around him, and his motions, though few, are graceful and natural. The only thing that appeared to detract from his perfect agreeableness (one has a right to be fastidious about such men as Jeffrey) was a certain mincing and over-refined Anglicism of intonation and phraseology, which seemed too artificial to be pleasing. He uniformly pronounces, for instance, the vowel *i*, with the quick and sharp round of the English word *eye*, as in the word *idea*: "I can't conceive," is his favourite expression. For some time he spoke with a rather a pensive and thoughtful air, which seemed to me extremely prepossessing, as indicating a consciousness of the difficult struggle he was commencing, and that he was marshalling into array all his resources. He kindles as he proceeds, slowly, but perceptibly, into a less and less subdued vivacity and animation; nothing, however, of boisterousness of voice, no ungainly attitudes or motions, are ever to be detected in Mr. Jeffrey, even in the moments of highest excitement. There is perceptible throughout, the power, precision, and calmness of the thoroughly practised intellectual gladiator. I had heard much of his extraordinary fluency, but, truly, the half of it was not told me. Though I have listened to celebrated speakers in my time, I never heard any that rivalled the delightful fluency of Jeffrey; reminding one, at every step, of the mellifluous line of Horace,

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

Though every sentence he uttered was worded with sufficient accuracy, and rounded with sufficient polish, to appear admirable in print; though at one time his declamation was chaste and elegant, occasionally glowing with the richest flowers of rhetoric, and then, manly, bold, and spirit-stirring; now the honey of dulcet sentiment turned into the gall of bitter irony and fierce invective:—though, throughout, his phraseology was choice and appropriate, yet the eloquent speaker never once faltered or hesitated during a speech of three hours and a half—never appeared the least confused, embarrassed, or exhausted. I soon saw how much I had erred in thinking him indifferent to the interests of his client, by his apparent remissness during the earlier stages of the trial. The exquisite adroitness

with which he strung together whatever had fallen from the opposite side capable of being tortured into a discrepancy or contradiction—the acuteness with which he detected and exposed the most artful fallacies—the calm, confident, and masterly style in which he contrived to make "the worse appear the better side," and plucked all the weaknesses of his own case from the recollection of the jurors, to replace them with those of his adversaries; all this convinced me, that he had concentrated the whole powers of his mind on whatever had transpired during the trial, and afforded an apt illustration of the beautiful language of the late Mr. Canning, when speaking of a first rate ship of war:—"Though apparently passive and motionless, yet silently concentrating the force to be put forward on an adequate occasion." I never before hung on the lips of a public speaker with such delightful suspense, unwearied for the long space of three hours and a half: his tones are so various, his allusions so extensive—in a word, his resources so inexhaustible, that he is never monotonous or tedious.

How I pitied the poor jurors! The solicitor-general had marshalled on his side a strong phalanx of law, so that when he sat down, each looked on Jeffrey as a man in the forlorn hope, with not a leg to stand on. Their faces were turned towards him with an air of listless expectancy, approaching to indifference; but as the speaker proceeded, I could perceive their features quickening into excitement and uneasiness, as though indicating a suspicion that they had jumped rather too quickly to a conclusion. Jeffrey perceived his advantage, but did not suffer it to hurry him. He kept his keen eye fixed on that of the foreman; and continued speaking with such a calm and convincing air as seemed to insure conviction. He called for a cup of coffee, and on its being brought, took it into his hand, stirred it with the utmost indifference and sang froid, and continued sipping a little at short intervals. He looked as if he were at breakfast in his own study. Strangers, attornies, jury, advocates, and the judge, all gazed on him with fixed earnestness, and he sipping and speaking, and speaking and sipping, as if he were dictating at home to an amanuensis. He would occasionally fold his arms on his breast, and say, "Now gentlemen of the jury, let us pause for a moment or two, to look about us, and see where we have got to," and then, with a few emphatic pauses, recapitulate his leading arguments, and thus keep them full in the recollection of his hearers. The facts of the case were shortly these:—The late Lord Bute had appointed a Mr. Cooper, a theological student at Glasgow University, to be private tutor to his son, and after a few years, in compensation for his services, had presented him with a bond of annuity for life. Some time afterwards, his lordship procured Mr. Cooper some livings in Wales, to the amount of 300*l.* a year, and in 1811 Mr. C. surrendered to his lordship the bond of annuity. In 1820 he died; and the present action was brought by the father of the deceased, to claim from the present Marquis the annuity due from 1811 to 1820 inclusive. The case was tried on the two following issues: was the deceased sane or not, at the time of giving up this bond?—and was the obligation extinguished by its surrender? The great point which the plaintiff's counsel laboured to establish, was the insanity of Mr. Cooper, at the time of giving up the bond; and, certainly, evidence was adduced which was irrefragable. It was, however, wonderful to see the confidence and apparent sincerity with which Mr. Jeffrey undertook to grapple with the whole body of the obnoxious testimony, and explain away the most incontrovertible manifestations of madness, into any thing but madness. He had a reason ready for every thing. One circumstance adduced in strong corroboration of the alleged insanity of the plaintiff

was, that he one morning leaped from his bed, with nothing on but his shirt and night-cap, and sallied forth with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, in pursuit of a—hen, which he chased thrice round the garden. This was a desperate fact, and stoutly sworn to; but our counsellor "found nothing in it indicative of madness"—and, after convulsing the court with laughter by a ludicrous caricature of this insane exploit, instructed the jury to look at it in no other point of view, than as the frolicksomeness of an eccentric young man! A further proof of Mr. Cooper's insanity was, that during his residence at Pembroke College, Cambridge, he groundlessly fancied himself the aversion of the whole University—shunned by the students and hated by the tutors—and, in consequence, abruptly took his departure.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury," continued Mr. Jeffrey, folding his arms on his breast, and standing in an easy and negligent attitude, "we come to another of the card-built castles of our opponents. Mr. Cooper, conceiving himself an object of ridicule to both students and tutors, abruptly leaves Cambridge; and is, therefore, forsooth, if we are to admit the clever casuistry of my learned friend (Mr. Robertson), insane. Why, gentlemen, every man who does a very absurd and unaccountable action, with his eyes open, may be called, to a certain extent, insane; that is, not of a sound, well-ordered mind. But with regard to this Mr. Cooper, I am apt to think his conclusions were not quite so chimerical and groundless, as to his being an object of curious speculation and droll remark to those around him. I will go so far as to say, that if I or Mr. Robertson were at Cambridge, and received similar treatment to that which Mr. Cooper received, we should be apt, at least I know I should, to decamp without much ceremony. It is, I say, very possible that Mr. C. might be shunned at Cambridge, and therefore feel inclined to run back to dear Scotland, and her consolations. This, I am apt to imagine, shows rather sagacity and spirit, than madness. Let it be remembered that Mr. Cooper went to Cambridge at a comparatively late period of life, when he would be no meet companion for his lighthearted juniors. And in what character did he mingle with the gay, spirited, and high-bred crowd, at an English University—with the bright tribes of Eton, Harrow, and Westminster? What did he appear to them, other than a great, gloomy, hulking, Scotch Dominie, wandering about like a 'a statue stepped from its pedestal to take the air,' having nothing in common with the vivacious youngsters around him, but his cap and gown? And then again, when the fastidious ears of the Etonians would be shocked by hearing the strains of Virgil or Horace shouted in the rich Northern brogue, and ghastly guttural intonations of Mr. Cooper, not unaccompanied, perchance, with a false quantity to add to its attractions; is there, I ask, any thing extraordinary in supposing them to be amused with these, and similar *gaucheries* of the raw Caledonian? Nothing more natural, I am sure, gentlemen:—the simple fact of the case is this: Mr. Cooper was very eccentric—a Scotchman—an elderly eccentric Scotchman; and his companions were very free and quizzical, and the consequence is unavoidable. He was fair game for them; and not being able to stand the chase, he took to Scotland again for shelter. Now was not this the very best thing he could do?—I think it would have been a much more unequivocal symptom of insanity, had he remained at Cambridge. I cannot, therefore, but admire the ingenuity and hardihood of my learned friend, in grounding on this part of Mr. Cooper's conduct, a plea of insanity. Had I, in short, as I said before, been in Mr. Cooper's circumstances, I am sure I should have taken a similar

step; but to be brought in *mad* for it, oh, it is preposterous!" I am conscious that this is but an imperfect attempt to embody in words the subtle, etherial and evanescent spirit of Mr. Jeffrey's wit and sarcasm. Had my reader been present at the delivery of the above passage, and witnessed the ease, readiness, and spirit with which it was uttered, he would have been charmed indeed. After having been speaking for rather more than three hours and a half, Mr. Jeffrey sat down, apparently no more hurried, heated, or exhausted, than if he had been merely whispering a word or two across the table; sipped the remainder of his cup of coffee, drew on his spectacles, and recommenced writing as before. Most of the auditors left the court; and after a sitting of six or seven hours more, the Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Though the court did not break up till midnight, Mr. Jeffrey was at his place the next morning to conduct another equally arduous and much more complicated case.

In company Mr. Jeffrey is, as a friend styled him, "a glorious creature." His buoyant spirits never flag, his intellectual energies never droop. He is acute, eloquent, and communicative to the last. Without being that odious thing, a professed talker, he is the life of the select circle in which he moves, the centre of attraction, the mirror of courtesy. You cannot advance any thing differing in any respect from his opinions, without being sure of a brilliant and often unanswerable reply. It is worth committing the fault, for the sake of the punishment. I cannot conceive a higher treat than to see Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Coleridge brought together, and engaged in a metaphysical struggle.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

No man can be long in Mr. Jeffrey's company without a consciousness of being in communion with the concentrated spirit of the age. It is a man's own fault if he part from him without instruction; without amusement he cannot.

[FROM THE LONDON UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.]

THE NAUTILUS.

LIGHT as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appear'd this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself *alive*.
Entranced in contemplation vague yet sweet,
I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

[MONTGOMERY.]

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

Weak and uninitiated are they who talk of things modern as opposed to the idea of antiquity; who fancy that the Assyrian monarchy must have preceded tea-drinking; and that no Sims or Gregson walked in a round hat and trowsers before the times of Inachus. Plato has informed us (and therefore every body ought to know) that at stated periods of time, everything which has taken place on earth is acted over again: there have been a thousand or a million reigns, for instance, of Charles the Second, and there will be an infinite number more: the tooth-ache we had in the year 1811, is making ready for us some thousands of years hence; again shall people be wise and in love, as surely as the May-blossoms reappear; and again will Alexander make a fool of himself at Babylon, and Bonaparte in Russia.

Among the heaps of modern stories, which are accounted ancient, and which have been deprived of their true appearance by the alteration of colouring and costume, there is none more decidedly belonging to modern times than that of Vertumnus and Pomona. Vertumnus was, and will be, a young fellow, remarkable for his accomplishments, in the several successive reigns of Charles the Second; and, I find, practised his story over again in the autumn of the year 1680. He was the younger brother of a respectable family in Herefordshire; and from his genius at turning himself to a variety of shapes, came to be called, in after ages, by his classical name. In like manner, Pomona, the heroine of the story, being the goddess of those parts, and singularly fond of their scenery and productions, the Latin poets, in after-ages, transformed her adventures according to their fashion, making her a goddess of mythology, and giving her a name after her beloved fruits. Her real name was Miss Appleton. I shall therefore waive that matter once for all; and, retaining only the appellation which poetry has rendered so pleasant, proceed with the true story.

Pomona was a beauty, like her name, all fruit and bloom. She was a ruddy brunette, luxuriant without grossness; and had a spring in her step, like apples dancing on a bough. (I'd put all this into verse, to which it has a natural tendency; but I haven't time.) It was no poetical figure to say of her, that her lips were cherries, and her cheeks a peach. Her locks, in clusters about her face, trembled heavily as she walked; the colour called Pomona green was named after her favourite dress. Sometimes in her clothes she imitated one kind of fruit and sometimes another, philosophizing in a pretty poetical manner on the common nature of things, and saying there was more in the similes of her lovers than they suspected. Her dress now resembled a burst of white blossoms, and now of red; but her favourite one was green, both coat and boddice, from which her beautiful face looked forth like a bud. To see her tending the trees in her orchard (for she would work herself, and sing all the while like a milk-maid)—to see her, I say, tending the fruit-trees, never caring for letting her boddice slip a little off her shoulders, and turning away now and then to look up at a bird, when her lips would glance in the sunshine like cherries bedewed,—such a sight, you may imagine, was not to be had every where. The young clowns would get up in the trees for a glimpse of her, over the garden wall; and swear she was like an angel in Paradise.

Every body was in love with her. The squire was in love with her; the attorney was in love with her; the parson was particularly in love. The

peasantry in their smock-frocks, old and young, were all in love. You never saw such a loving place in your life; yet somehow or other the women were not jealous, nor fared the worse. The people only seemed to have grown the kinder. Their hearts overflowed to all about them. Such toasts at the great house! The Squire's name was Payne, which afterwards came to be called Pan. Pan, Payne (Paynim), Pagan, a villager. The race was so numerous, that country-gentlemen obtained the name of Paynim in general, as distinguished from the nobility; a circumstance which has not escaped the learning of Milton:

"Both Paynim and the Peers."

Silenus was Cy or Cymon Lenox, the host of the Tun, a fat merry old fellow, renowned in the song as Old Sir Cymon the King. He was in love too. All the Satyrs, or rude wits of the neighbourhood, and all the Fauns, or softer-spoken fellows,—none of them escaped. There was also a Quaker gentleman, I forget his name, who made himself conspicuous. Pomona confessed to herself that he had merit; but it was so unaccompanied with anything of the ornamental or intellectual, that she could not put up with him. Indeed, though she was of a loving nature, and had every other reason to wish herself settled, (for she was an heiress and an orphan), she could not find it in her heart to respond to any of the rude multitude around her; which at last occasioned such impatience in them, and uneasiness to herself, that she was fain to keep close at home, and avoid the lanes and country assemblies for fear of being carried off. It was then that the clowns used to mount the trees outside her garden wall to get a sight of her.

Pomona wrote to a cousin she had in town, of the name of Cerintha.—"Oh, my dear Cerintha, what am I to do! I could laugh while I say it, though the tears positively come into my eyes; but it is a sad thing to be an heiress with ten thousand a-year, and one's guardian just dead. Nobody will let me alone. And the worst of it is, that while the rich animals that pester me, disgust one with talking about their rent-rolls, the younger brothers force me to be suspicious of their views upon mine. I could throw all my money into the Wye for vexation. God knows I do not care two-pence for it. Oh Cerintha! I wish you were unmarried, and could change yourself into a man, and come and deliver me; for you are disinterested and sincere, and that is all I require. At all events, I will run for it, and be with you before winter; for here I cannot stay. Your friend the Quaker has just rode by. He says 'verily,' that I am cold! I say, verily, he is no wiser than his horse; and that I could pitch him after my money."

Cerintha sympathized heartily with her cousin, but she was perplexed to know what to do. There were plenty of wits and young fellows of her acquaintance, both rich and poor; but only one whom she thought fit for her charming cousin, and he was a younger brother, as poor as a rat. Besides, he was not only liable to suspicion on that account, but full of delicacies of his own, and the last man in the world to hazard a generous woman's dislike. This was no other than our friend Vertumnus. His real name was Vernon. He lived about five miles from Pomona, and was almost the only young fellow of any vivacity, who had not been curious enough to get a sight of her. He had got a notion that she was proud. "She may be handsome," thought he: "but a handsome proud face is but a handsome ugly one to my thinking, and I'll not venture my poverty to her ill-humour." Cerintha had half made up her mind to undeceive him through the medium of his sister, who was an acquaintance of hers; but an accident did it for her. Vertumnus was riding one day with some friends, who had been rejected,

when passing by Pomona's orchard, he saw one of her clownish admirers up in the trees, peeping at her over the wall. The gaping, unsophisticated admiration of the lad made them stop. "Devil take me," said one of our hero's companions, "if they are not at it still. Why, you booby, did you never see a proud woman before, that you stand gaping there, as if your soul had gone out of ye?" "Proud," said the lad, looking down:—"a woudn't say nay to a fly, if gentlefolks wouldn't teaze 'un so." "Come," said our hero, "I'll take this opportunity, and see for myself." He was up in the tree in an instant, and almost as speedily exclaimed, "God! What a face!"

"He has it, by the lord!" cried the others, laughing:—"fairly stuck through the ribs, by Jove. Look, if looby and he arn't sworn friends on the thought of it!"

It looked very like it certainly. Our hero had scarcely gazed at her, when, without turning away his eyes, he clapped his hand upon that of the peasant with a hearty shake, and said "You're right, my friend. If there is pride in that face, truth itself is a lie. What a face! What eyes! What a figure!"

Pomona was observing her old gardener fill a basket. From time to time he looked up at her, smiling and talking. She was eating a plum; and as she said something that made him laugh, her rosy mouth sparkled with all its pearls in the sun.

"Pride!" thought Vertumnus:—"there's no more pride in that charming mouth, than there is folly enough to relish my fine companions here."

Our hero returned home more thoughtful than he came, replying but at intervals to the raillery of those with him, and then giving them pretty savage cuts. He was more out of humour with his poverty than he had ever felt, and not at all satisfied with the accomplishments which might have emboldened him to forget it. However, in spite of his delicacies, he felt it would be impossible not to hazard rejection like the rest. He only made up his mind to set about paying his addresses in a different manner;—though how it was to be done, he could not very well see. His first impulse was to go to her and state the plain case at once; to say how charming she was, and how poor her lover, and that nevertheless he did not care twopence for her riches, if she would but believe him. The only delight of riches would be to share them with her. "But then," said he, how is she to take my word for that?"

On arriving at home he found his sister prepared to tell him what he had found out for himself,—that Pomona was not proud. Unfortunately, she added, that the beautiful heiress had acquired a horror of younger brothers. "Ay," thought he, "there it is. I shall not get her, precisely because I have at once the greatest need of her money and the greatest contempt for it. Alas, yet not so! I have not contempt for any thing that belongs to her, even her money. How heartily could I accept it from her, if she knew me, and if she is as generous as I take her to be! How delightful would it be to plant, to build, to indulge a thousand expenses in her company! O those rascals of rich men, without sense or taste, that are now going about, spending their money as they please, and buying *my* jewels and *my* cabinets, that I ought to be making her presents of. I could tear my hair to think of it."

It happened luckily or unluckily for our hero, that he was the best amateur actor that had ever appeared. Betterton could not perform Hamlet better, nor Lacy a friar.

He disguised himself, and contrived to get hired in his lady's household

as a footman. It was a difficult matter, all the other servants having been there since she was a child, and just grown old enough to escape the passion common to all who saw her. They loved her like a daughter of their own, and were indignant at the trouble her lovers gave her. Vertumnus however made out his case so well, that they admitted him. For a time all went on smoothly. Yes: for three or four weeks he performed admirably, confining himself to the real footman. Nothing could exceed the air of indifferent zeal with which he waited at table. He was respectful, he was attentive, even officious; but still as to a footman's mistress, not as to a lover's. He looked in her face, as if he did not wish to kiss her; said "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am" like any other servant; and consented, not without many pangs to his vanity, to wear proper footman's clothes: namely, such as did not fit him. He even contrived, by a violent effort, to suppress all appearance of emotion, when he doubled up the steps of her chariot, after seeing the finest foot and ancle in the world. In his haste to subdue this emotion, he was one day nigh betraying himself. He forgot his part so far, as to clap the door to with more vehemence than usual. His mistress started and gave a cry. He thought he had shut her hand in, and opening the door again wth more vehemence, and as pale as death, exclaimed, "God of Heaven! What have I done to her!"

"Nothing, James,"—said his mistress smiling; "only another time you need not be in quite such a hurry." She was surprised at the turn of his words, and at a certain air which she observed for the first time; but the same experience which might have enabled her to detect him, led her, by a reasonable vanity, to think that love had exalted her footman's manners. This made her observe him with some interest afterwards, and notice how good looking he was, and that his shape was better than his clothes: but he continued to act his part so well, that she suspected nothing further. She only resolved, if he gave any more evidences of being in love, to dispatch him after his betters.

By degrees, our hero's nature became too much for his art. He behaved so well among his fellow-servants, that they all took a liking to him. Now, when we please others, and they shew it, we wish to please them more: and it turned out, that James could play on the *viol de gamba*. He played so well, that his mistress must needs enquire "what musician they had in the house." "James, Madam."—A week or two after, somebody was reading a play, and making them all die with laughter.—"Who is reading so well there, and making you all a parcel of mad-caps?"—"It's only James, Madam."—"I have a prodigious footman," thought Pomona. Another day, my lady's maid came up all in tears to do something for her mistress, and could hardly speak. "What's the matter, Lucy?" "Oh James, Madam!" Her lady blushed a little, and was going to be angry.

"I hope he has not been uncivil."

"Oh no, Ma'am, only I could not bear his being turned out o'doors!"

"Turned out of doors!"

"Yes, Ma'am; and their being so cruel as to singe his white head."

"Singe his white head! Surely the girl's head is turned. What is it, poor soul!"

"Oh nothing, Ma'am. Only the old king in the play, as your ladyship knows. They turn him out o' doors, and singe his white head; and Mr. James did it so natural like, that he has made us all of a drown of tears. T'other day he called me his Ophelia, and was so angry with me, I could have died."—"This man is no footman," said the lady. She sent for him up stairs, and the butler with him. "Pray, Sir, may I beg the

favour of knowing who you are?" The abruptness of this question totally confounded our hero.

"For God's sake, Madam, do not think it worth your while to be angry with me, and I will tell you all."

"Worth my while, Sir! I know not what you mean by its being worth my while," cried our heroine, who really felt more angry than she wished to be: "but when an impostor comes into the house, it is natural to wish to be on one's guard against him."

"Impostor, Madam!" said he, reddening in his turn, and rising with an air of dignity. "It is true," he added, in an humbler tone,—"I am not exactly what I seem to be; but I am a younger brother of a good family, and"———

"A younger brother!" exclaimed Pomona, turning away with a look of despair.

"Oh those d—d words!" thought Vertumnus: "they have undone me. I must go;—and yet it is hard."

"I go, Madam," said he in a hurry:—"believe me in only this, that I shall give you no unbecoming disturbance; and I must vindicate myself so far as to say, that I did not come into this house for what you suppose." Then giving her a look of inexpressible tenderness and respect, and retiring as he said it, with a low bow, he added, "May neither imposture nor unhappiness ever come near you."

Pomona could not help thinking of the strange footman she had had. "He did not come into the house for what I supposed." She did not know whether to be pleased or not at this phrase. What did he mean by it? What did he think she supposed? Upon the whole, she found her mind occupied with the man a little too much, and proceeded to busy herself with her orchard.

There was now more caution observed in admitting new servants into the house; yet a new gardener's assistant came, who behaved like a reasonable man for two months. He then passionately exclaimed one morning, as Pomona was rewarding him for some roses, "I cannot bear it!"—and turned out to be our hero, who was obliged to decamp. My lady became more cautious than ever, and would speak to all the new servants herself. One day a very remarkable thing occurred. A whole side of the greenhouse was smashed to pieces. The glazier was sent for, not without suspicion of being the perpetrator; and the man's way of behaving strengthened it, for he stood looking about him, and handling the glass to no purpose. His assistant did all the work, and yet somehow did not seem to get on with it. The truth was, the fellow was innocent and yet not so, for he had brought our hero with him as his journeyman. Pomona, watching narrowly, discovered the secret, but for reasons best known to herself, pretended otherwise, and the men were to come again next day.

That same evening my lady's maid's cousin's husband's aunt came to see her,—a free jolly maternal old dame, who took the liberty of kissing the mistress of the house, and thanking her for all favours. Pomona had never received such a long kiss. "Excuse," cried the housewife, "an old body, who has had daughters and grand-daughters, aye, and three husbands to boot, God rest their souls; but dinner always makes me bold,—old and bold, as we say in Gloucestershire,—old and bold; and her ladyship's sweet face is like an angel's in heaven." All this was said in a voice at once loud and trembling, as if the natural jollity of the old lady was counteracted by her years.

Pomona felt a little confused at this liberty of speech; but her good-nature was always uppermost, and she respected the privileges of age. So,

with a blushing face, not well knowing what to say, she mentioned something about the old lady's three husbands, and said she hardly knew whether to pity her most for losing so many friends, or to congratulate the gentlemen on so cheerful a companion. The old lady's breath seemed to be taken away by the elegance of this compliment; for she stood looking and saying not a word. At last she made signs of being a little deaf, and Betty repeated, as well as she could, what her mistress had said. "She is an angel for certain," cried the gossip, and kissed her again. Then perceiving that Pomona was prepared to avoid a repetition of this freedom, she said, "But lord! why doesn't her sweet ladyship marry herself, and make somebody's life a heaven upon earth? They tell me she is frightened at the cavaliers and the money hunters, and all that; but God-a-mercy, must there be no honest man that's poor? and mayn't the dear sweet soul be the jewel of some one's eye, because she has money in her pocket?"

Pomona, who had entertained some such reflections as these herself, hardly knew what to answer; but she laughed, and made some pretty speech.

"Ay, ay," resumed the old woman, "Well, there's no knowing." (Here she heaved a great sigh). And so my lady is mighty curious in plants and apples, they tell me, and quite a gardener, lord love her, and rears me cart-loads of peaches. Why, her face is a peach, or I should like to know what is. But it didn't come of itself neither. No, no; for that matter, there were peaches before it; and Eve didn't live alone, I warrant me, or we should have had no peaches now, for all her gardening. Well, well, my sweet young lady, don't blush and be angry, for I am but a poor foolish old body, you know, old enough to be your grandmother; but I can't help thinking it a pity, that's the truth on't. Oh dear! Well; gentlefolks will have their figaries, but it was very different in my time, you know; and lord! now to speak the plain *scripter* truth; what would the world come to, and where would her sweet ladyship be herself, I should like to know, if her own mother that's now an angel in heaven had refused to keep company with her ladyship's father, because she brought him a good estate, and made him the happiest man on God's yearth."

The real love that existed between Pomona's father and mother, being thus brought to her recollection, touched our heroine's feelings; and looking at the old dame, with tears in her eyes, she begged her to stay and take some tea, and she would see her again before she went away. "Ay, and that I will, and a thousand thanks into the bargain from one who has been a mother herself, and can't help crying to see my lady in tears. I could kiss 'em off, if I warn't afraid of being troublesome; and so God bless her, and I'll make bold to make her my curtsey again before I go."

The old body seemed really affected, and left the room with more quietness than Pomona had looked for, Betty meanwhile showing an eagerness to get her away, which was a little remarkable. In less than half an hour there was a knock at the parlour door, and Pomona saying "Come in," the door was held again by somebody for a few seconds, during which there was a loud and apparently angry whisper of voices. Our heroine, not without agitation, heard the words "no, no," and "yes," repeated with vehemence, and then "I tell you I must and will; she will forgive you, be assured, and me too, for she'll never see me again." And at these words the door was opened by a gallant-looking young man, who closed it behind him, and advancing with a low bow, spoke as follows:—

"If you are alarmed, Madam, which I confess you reasonably may be at this intrusion, I beseech you to be perfectly certain, that you will never

be so alarmed again, nor indeed ever again set eyes on me, if so it please you. You see before you, Madam, that unfortunate younger brother (for I will not omit even that title to your suspicion) who, seized with an invincible passion as he one day beheld you from your garden wall, has since run the chance of your displeasure, by coming into the house under a variety of pretences, and inasmuch as he has violated the truth, has deserved it. But one truth he has not violated, which is, that never man entertained a passion sincerer; and God is my witness, Madam, how foreign to my heart is that accursed love of money, (I beg your pardon, but I confess it agitates me in my turn to speak of it), which other people's advances and your own modesty have naturally induced you to suspect in every person situated as I am. Forgive me, Madam, for every alarm I have caused you, this last one above all. I could not deny to my love and my repentance, the mingled bliss and torture of this moment; but as I am really and passionately a lover of truth as well as of yourself, this is the last trouble I shall give you, unless you are pleased to admit what I confess I have very little hopes of; which is, a respectful pressure of my suit in future. Pardon me even these words, if they displease you. You have nothing to do but to bid me—leave you; and when he quits this apartment, Harry Vernon troubles you no more."

A silence ensued for the space of a few seconds. The gentleman was very pale; so was the lady. At length she said, in a very under tone, "This surprise, sir——I was not insensible—I mean, I perceived—Sure, sir, it is not Mr. Vernon, the brother of my cousin's friend, to whom I am speaking?"

"The same, Madam."

"And why not at once, sir—I mean—that is to say—Forgive me, sir, if circumstances conspire to agitate me a little, and to throw me in doubt what I ought to say. I wish to say what is becoming, and to retain your respect." And the lady trembled as she said it.

"My respect, Madam, was never profounder than it is at this moment, even though I dare begin to hope that you will not think it disrespectful on my part to adore you. If I might but hope, that months or years of service—

"Be seated, sir, I beg;—I am very forgetful. I am an orphan, Mr. Vernon, and you must make allowances as a gentleman" (here her voice became a little louder) "for anything in which I may seem to forget, either what is due to you, or to myself."

The gentleman had not taken a chair, but at the end of this speech, he approached the lady, and led her to her own seat with an air full of reverence.

"Ah, Madam," said he, "if you could but fancy you had known me these five years, you would at least give me credit for enough truth, and I hope enough tenderness and respectfulness of heart (for they all go together) to be certain of the feelings I entertain towards your sex in general, much more towards one, whose nature strikes me with such a gravity of admiration at this moment, that praise even falters on my tongue. Could I dare hope that you meant to say anything more kind to me than a common expression of good wishes, I would dare to say that the sweet truth of your nature not only warrants your doing so, but makes it a part of its humanity."

"Will you tell me, Mr. Vernon, what induced you to say so decidedly to my servant (for I heard it at the door) that you were sure I should never see you again."

"Yes, Madam, I will; and nevertheless I feel all the force of your enquiry. It was the last little instinctive stratagem that love induced me to play, even when I was going to put on the whole force of my character and my love of truth! for I did indeed believe that you would discard me, though I was not sure of it as I pretended."

"There, sir," said Pomona, colouring in all the beauty of joy and love, —"there is my hand. I give it to the lover of truth; but truth no less forces me to acknowledge, that my heart had not been unshaken by some former occurrences."

"Charming and adorable creature!" cried our hero, after he had recovered from the kiss which he gave her. But here we leave them to themselves. Our heroine confessed, that from what she now knew of her feelings, she must have been inclined to look with compassion on him before; but added, that she never could have been sure she loved him,—much less had the courage to tell him so, till she had known him in his own candid shape.

And this, and no other, is the true story of Vertumnus and Pomona.

[THE COMPANION.]

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles thro' her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh.
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

Ah soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought!
That hand shall strew thy summer-path with flowers;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

[S. ROGERS.]

JOHN ANDREW GORDIER.

John Andrew Gordier, was a respectable and wealthy young man, born at Jersey, in the early part of the eighteenth century, of inoffensive life and correct manners.

Having been attached for several years to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, in the island of Guernsey, he had surmounted those difficulties which always increase and strengthen the passion of love, and the day for leading his mistress to the altar at length was fixed.

After giving the necessary directions for the reception of his intended wife, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, he sailed for Guernsey.

The impatience of love, on such an occasion, need not be described; hours were years, and a few leagues ten thousand miles. The land of promise at length appears; he leaps on the beach, and, without waiting for refreshment, or his servant and baggage, sets out, alone and on foot, for that house which he had so often visited.

The servant, who quickly followed, was surprised at being informed, that his master had not yet arrived: having waited in anxious expectation till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the poignancy of their feelings and the circumstances of the case: messengers were sent, at the dawn of day, to examine and inquire in different quarters, without success.

After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate Gordier was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance appeared on which to ground suspicion, or even conjecture, concerning the perpetrator of so foul a murder.

The regret of both families for a good young man, thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery in which it was enveloped; the anguish of the young lady was not of a species which relieves itself by external effusion and loud lamentation; she never shed a tear, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek,—she pined in thought.

Her virtues and her beauty having excited general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant of the island, to become her suitor, in hope that a second lover might gradually draw her attention from the lamented catastrophe of her first.

In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with repeated and strong declarations that she never would marry Galliard, he was occasionally admitted; but the unhappy woman found it difficult to suppress a certain involuntary antipathy which she always felt whenever he approached her.

Such was the ardour of passion, or such the fascinating magic of her charms, repulse only increased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits, frequently endeavouring, but in vain, to prevail on the unfortunate lady to accept a present from his hands.

It was remarked by her friends that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she positively and firmly refused; adding, with a correctness of sentiment and a propriety of conduct not always observed by women on such occasions, that it was base, dishonourable, and mean, to receive favours from a man whose hand she never would accept.

'But Galliard, by earnestness, assiduity, and *by exciting pity*, the com-

mon resource of artful men, had won over her mother to second his wishes; in her desire to forward his suit, she had, during the night, fixed the trinket in question to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbade her, on pain of maternal displeasure, to remove this token of unaccepted love.

The health of the fair mourner had been considerably impaired by her sufferings, and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her with the tenderest affection, crossed the sea to visit her, to offer her every assistance in her power, and, what in such cases is always the most soothing consolation, to mingle tears with hers.

The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, called forth a thousand melancholy ideas in her mind; she recounted many little incidents, which lovers only consider as important, to the old lady, who fondly enquired into, and anxiously listened to every minute particular concerning her beloved son.

It was during one of these conversations, that the afflicted female sunk in a convulsion on the floor; and while her relations were conveying her towards a sofa, their terror was considerably augmented, by observing, that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier were instantly caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch-chain, that well-known token of her son's affection, which, with a loud voice, frantic gesture, and disordered countenance, she declared, *her son had purchased, as a gift for his mistress, previous to his last departure from Guernsey.*

With a dreadful look, in which horror, indignation, wonder, and suspicion, were alternately mingled, she repeated this extraordinary circumstance, as well as the agitated state of her feelings would permit, to the victim of affliction, during the interval of a short recovery.

The moment the poor sufferer understood that the splendid toy she had hitherto so much despised, was once in the possession of Gordier, the intelligence seemed to plant new daggers into her heart; she made an effort to press it to her lips, her eyes, for a moment, exhibited the wild stare of madness, stung to its highest pitch, by the envenomed dart of horrible conviction; then crying out, "Oh murderous villian!" she expired in the arms of an attendant.

After such a discovery, it seems scarcely necessary to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination: Galliard, enamoured of, and envying Gordier the possession of his mistress, had evidently way-laid him from the port, murdered, and plundered him of the trinket; hoping, that after his death, he might possess a jewel far more precious.

On being charged with the crime, he denied it, but with evident confusion and equivocation; and, while the injured family were dispatching a messenger for the officers of justice, he confirmed their suspicions by suicide, and an impious letter left in his apartment.

These circumstances produced considerable surprise and alarm in both islands, and afforded Mr. Jephson materials for his splendid and elaborate tragedy, Julia, or the Italian Lover, which I saw and perused with interest and approbation.

Yet a severe critic accuses him of introducing into his drama, persons, who, without at all forwarding the business of the piece, appear to be brought in, merely to say fine things, and who, instead of rousing attention by strokes of nature and interesting incident, sicken the ear and eye, by pompous sentimental dialogue, by *strut, whiskers, and gold fringe.*

Yet, after the paths of tragedy have been, for ages, so industriously explored, I cannot help allowing the author his degree of merit, as a successful treader in the footsteps of Shakspeare.

SCOTTISH COURTSHIP.

In a pastoral district of Dumfries-shire, there lived, about ten years ago, a young shepherd, whom, for the sake of particularity, I shall call Robert Thompson. His father rented one of the large sheep farms into which that part of the country is divided; and his son was entrusted with the "looking of the hill," and the care of his several shepherds.

Robert was young, and, from the age of seventeen, his time passed joyfully along, under the influence of a first love. The object of his attachment was half a year younger than himself, and a truly beautiful creature. No fabled Sylvia or Delia ever had any right to compare with her for sweetness of temper, a handsome form, dark locks, and darker eyes, and a face which made every other maiden envious who beheld it. Her name also was a sweet one, at least to a Scottish ear—Agnes Hawthorn. She lived at a distance of four miles into what may be called the interior of the pastoral district, where her father rented also a large sheep farm, bordering, on the one side, with that of Mr. Thompson. Houses are always thinly scattered in a country of that description, but those of farmers in particular; and, with the exception of one that intervened about midway betwixt them, Mr. Hawthorn and Mr. Thompson were nearest neighbours to each other. Two high mountains, with a deep valley between, reared themselves in opposition to Robert's nightly visits to his fair one; but he was an adept in the art of surmounting such obstacles, and, aware of the endearments that awaited him beyond them, he valued not the mosses, the streams, or the rocks that lay in his path, or whether the night was a clear or a gloomy one.

No place can be desert where a beautiful woman resides; and upon this principle, though the houses around the dwelling of Agnes Hawthorn were "few and far between," hardly a night passed over her head on which her dwelling was not beleaguered by a host of wooers. But Robert Thompson was the "apple of her eye." To him alone she would withdraw the curtain of the window, in order to whisper that her parents were not yet sleeping sound enough to permit her to unbar the door, or to ask him if no other youth was lurking near, who might discover her exit from, or his entrance into, the house. This was a most necessary precaution, and one which Robert never failed to use upon every visit—always *encompassing* the house once or twice before he approached the window, and never *pattering* upon the glass until he had satisfied himself that no human eye was privy to his movements. But men see not, like cats or owls, in the dark; and Robert, with all his vigilance, was one evening so unfortunate as to be discovered, by a party of three other shepherds, who, though all come a-wooing for their "ain hand," had clubbed together for the purpose of watching, when they found their several efforts to gain admittance, or even an answer to their entreaties, in vain.

A peat stack, as is common in such places, was built against one of the gables of the house; and upon a *daiss* of it, which was brought a good way down by frequent subtractions for the fire, the watchful triumvirate slyly perched themselves. The colour of the peats and of their clothes happened to be so similar that discovery was almost impossible; and there they had the pleasure, or rather the mortification, of seeing their successful rival in a short while make his appearance, and, after completing his customary search, gain admittance at the door. They had no certain knowledge, however, of the person whom they had seen, for a plaid totally concealed

him, from the crown of the head to the knees. But whomsoever he might be, they were resolved for once to turn the sweets of his courtship into bitterness.

No sooner had the door been cautiously closed, and all within sunk into perfect stillness, than the whole three, with a heavy *tramp*, advanced to the window; and, wetting the tips of their fingers, and rubbing them repeatedly along the glass, kept up a squeaking noise—so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance. The lovers were, by this time, seated at the parlour table, with a candle burning before them. A large oaken press, displaying on its front the rude carving of former times, stood behind them in a corner, from which the young and innocent Agnes had taken, in the open simplicity of her affection, a new silk handkerchief, on which, with nice art, she had sewed the name of her Robert; and this she had just presented to him, and breathed a wish that he would wear it for her sake. Robert had pressed the sweet lips by which the wish was uttered, and was cradling her head upon his breast, and vowing how much, for her sake, he valued the present, when the sound of the spies without interrupted him.—"Do you hear that?" said Agnes, starting. "Can it be the tread of men, or do you think it is some of the cattle that lie without?"

"I saw nobody when I came in. It must be some of the cattle." The loud squeaking upon the glass of the window instantly resolved their doubts. "You have been observed," said Agnes, alarmed. "Some men were here before you came, and tapped long at the window without my answering them; and they have no doubt been watching, and now mean to be revenged."

"It can only be me that they wish to molest," replied Robert, with an encouraging smile; "and," added he, rising and casting his plaid over the left shoulder, and knotting it beneath his right arm, "if I can only get out to the *bent*, they'll be fleeter than any person I have yet seen if they catch me."

"Stay," said Agnes, clinging to his arm. "They may cause a stone, or perhaps a shot to overtake you, if their feet fail them in the chace. And who knows but they may be ready at the door to seize you, the moment it is opened?"

"But then your father and mother will be awakened; and I would rather run the greatest risk without, then be taken by them within."

"I have many a bye corner where I can hide you till all danger is past. Do stay, I beseech you!"

"No, no. The consequences to you might be worse than you are aware of; and I will never seek my own safety at the hazard of yours. I will make my escape in spite of them."

Agnes had no time to reply, for the noise which the fellows were now making without, had already caused a stir in the bed-chamber of her father and mother. "What's a' this din about?" had been twice demanded, in a half-sleeping tone, by Mr. Hawthorn; and Mrs. Hawthorn was heard to be out of bed, and rummaging about in search of a candle. Robert pressed the hand of his Agnes in silence, and, snatching his thick hazel staff, proceeded to the door, which he quietly and quickly opened, and was out upon the hill-side in an instant. The three spies, who expected no such thing, and who were congregated around the window at a short distance from the door, stood for a moment gazing upon one another with astonishment, before they recovered presence of mind to start in pursuit. "He's out! he's out!" was their first exclamation; when away they darted after him, each casting over his shoulder the end of his plaid, and holding his cudgel hori-

zontally by the middle in his right hand. A low hill, with a gentle aclivity, lay before the house of Mr. Hawthorn, over which was the path that Robert, every night, trod to visit his daughter; and in this direction he now led out his pursuers, in his way homewards. He had gained about twenty paces on first starting, and it was evident, as he ascended the hill, that he was capable of still increasing the distance.

With what joy did Agnes behold him, as she stood trembling in the threshold of the door, stretching away, like a deer, before his pursuers, and setting their cries and menaces at defiance! The house looked towards the south; the moon had about an hour previous risen opposite to where Agnes was standing; and, by her pale cloudless light, the anxious maiden was enabled to mark, with considerable precision, the motions and progress of her lover, and of those who followed him. But, as they neared the summit of the hill which formed her horizon, the figures of the whole became more indistinct, and their respective distances less discernible. The hill was level for a short breadth on the top; and as Robert, from the moment of his setting foot upon the edge of this table-land, appeared, at a distance, to be standing while passing over it, Agnes beheld, with inexpressible anguish, the forms of his three foes emerging in the weather-gleam, and apparently approaching him, until at last the whole group melted away like apparitions beyond the horizon.

"He's caught! he's murdered!" was her first exclamation, as she sprang from the door, and ran with unconscious speed towards the summit of the hill. Her parents were by this time a-foot, with two shepherds and a female servant, who rushed out also on hearing the wild cry of Agnes, whom they fancied to be in bed. But their surprise, and the bewilderment of mind which people feel, on being suddenly roused from profound slumber, prevented them from perceiving the course which the hapless girl had taken, until distance rendered her invisible. Then a sad and unavailing search through and around the premises, was all they could resolve upon.

Agnes, in the meantime, had run, or rather flown, to the opposite side of the hill, at the foot of which lay a deep linn, with a burn leaping along its rocky bottom, at a depth of many fathoms from the edge of the precipices that on either side overhung it. The water was murmuring solemnly through the stillness of the night; the low breeze was sighing plaintively among the hazels and *rowan-trees*, that waved like spectres beneath the moon-beams over the hideous chasm which their foliage partly concealed; and as, on reaching the summit, no mortal was visible to the eye of Agnes, the impressiveness of the scene hushed at once the tumult of her feelings, and awakened her to a sense of her lonely situation. Her limbs, which but a little before seemed possessed of more than human swiftness, now felt the palsying effects of their late efforts, and her spirit, subdued by apprehension for her lover's fate, and by the awe which crept upon her in the midst of her solitude, completely annihilated her energy. She fainted and sunk upon the hill side, where nearly half an hour passed over her before recollection returned.

"I will search for him in the linn," were the first words she uttered to herself, as she rose from the spot on which she had fallen, and proceeded feebly to execute her purpose. "Surely," said she, in a half audible voice, while descending to the bottom of the chasm, by a steep and difficult path which she had chanced to discover—"Surely nothing unearthly will harm me in this awful place, since spirits know the errand on which I am come!"

"Nor nothing human either, my dear girl;" said a person at her side in a low voice, who rose up from a crouching position, and caught her in

his arms. Agnes shrieked, but the sound was inaudible: for the unknown, anticipating such a result, had thrown a fold of his plaid over her mouth. "For the love of heaven, my angel, be silent!" said the stranger, whispering in her ear, and folding her in a still closer embrace. "Do you not know your Robert? I thought my whispering had been more familiar to you. But how, in the name of wonder, have you come here?" This was a question which Agnes was in no capacity to answer; for this discovery had so wrought upon her feelings, that for a long time she lay utterly speechless upon his breast. At length she recovered so far as to be able to articulate "I came to seek for you. Oh, let us leave this, and return home; I am dying with fatigue and terror."

"We will, shortly; but we are watched at present; and how you have got in here unnoticed is perfectly miraculous. Do you perceive the point of that rock opposite, which almost overhangs us here on this side of the burn?" "I do," was the reply.—"Well," continued Robert, "one of the fellows is perched there, to trace me, if possible, within the linn, for they saw me entering it, and seem to be perfectly aware that I am at no great distance. The other two are stationed above us on this side; and unless we can find some way of getting out either above or below the place where you entered, we must assuredly be taken. We are safe enough so long as we remain here, however, for they know what advantage I have over them should they offer to descend. This pool at our feet should receive the whole three, were they to approach me."

Agnes was convinced of their danger; but from having got in unmolested, she was of opinion that to get out in the same manner was possible, and she therefore urged her lover to the undertaking. "I look upon my own danger as of no consequence," was Robert's reply to this entreaty; "indeed, until you appeared, I regarded the whole affair as a matter of amusement. But now, with my dear Agnes under my protection, the case is altered. I cannot think of placing you in danger, where the odds is so much against me."

"They will not harm a woman," returned she; "and neither shall they you, if prayers and tears have any avail, should we happen to be caught."

"Before you utter prayers or shed tears for me," said Robert proudly, "I shall be past the power of hearing them. Come! for you are in so faint and agitated a state, that there is as much danger in remaining here, as in facing the mean fellows who have shewn so much enmity towards me."

With his arm round her waist to support her, he now left his hiding-place, and with some difficulty reached the brow of the linn. "Ho, watch there!" cried the spy from the opposite side; "I see him; he's beside you." A moment's time was not to be lost. Robert placed the fainting Agnes on the ground, and springing forward upon the two fellows as they started from their lair, he with one push precipitated them both over the precipice into the deep pool beneath.

"Curse you for a murderer!" exclaimed their companion across the linn, while the loud plunge of the hapless wights half drowned his voice, "You have killed them! Their blood be on your head!"

"I have only ducked them well, as you should also be;" replied Robert in a half-merry and half-angry tone. Then snatching up his Agnes, who was not yet so far recovered as to know what had passed, he made for the top of the hill with all possible speed. When there, a cry or two brought the whole of Mr. Hawthorn's distressed family around him, to whom, as they proceeded towards the house, he related the whole of the adventure, and frankly avowed his love for the fond and faithful Agnes. The parents

were unable to reprove the romantic pair, while rejoicing at the recovery of their daughter; and though Mrs. Hawthorn once or twice endeavoured to knit her brows, and utter something of a "serious and weighty nature," she was obliged to content herself with remarking: "Weel, weel, bairns, young fouk maun hae their daffin out; an' if ye like ane anither as ye say, dinna keep ye'r meeting ony langer secret to be rinnin' ye'rsel's into *pliskits* o' this sort again." Her advice was gratefully received and faithfully followed; and in a few months more, Robert had only to remain by his own fireside when he wished to enjoy the company and conversation of his Agnes.

[FROM THE DUMFRIES MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WHY do I weep?—to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,—
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!
The flowers I lov'd to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have play'd
Thro' many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather'd grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and wo;
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless,—yet I go!
Lips, that have lulled me with your strain,
Eyes, that have watched my sleep!
Will earth give love like *yours* again?
Sweet mother! let me weep! [MRS. HEMANS.]

THE SMUGGLER.

I SPENT the whole of last summer, and part of the ensuing winter, on the Hampshire coast, visiting successively most of its sea-ports and watering-places, and enjoying its beautiful diversity of sea and wood scenery, often so intermingled that the forest-trees dip down their flexile branches into the salt waters of the solent-sea; and green lawns and heathy glades slope down to the edge of the silver sands, and not unfrequently to the very brink of the water.

In no part of Hampshire is this characteristic beauty more strikingly exemplified than at the back of the Isle of Wight, that miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely in the parent Isle, of which it is so aptly denominated "The Garden."

Early in August, I crossed over from Portsmouth to Ryde, purposing to fix my head-quarters there, and from thence to make excursions to all such places as are accounted worthy the tourist's notice. But a guide-book is at best an unsympathising companion, cold and formal (though not quite so tiresome) as the human machine that leads you over some old abbey, or venerable cathedral, pointing out, indeed, in its dull drowsy tone, unvaried to all visitors, the principal monuments or chapels, but passing by unnoticed a hundred less outwardly-distinguished spots, where feeling would love to linger, and sentiment find inexhaustible sources of interest and contemplation.

For lack of a better, however, I set out with my silent guide, but soon strayed wide of its directions, rambling hither and thither, often tarrying days and hours in places unhonoured by its notice, and perversely deviating from the beaten road that would have conducted some more docile tourist, and one of less independent taste, to such or such a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, or summer-house, or pavilion, built on purpose to be visited and admired. But I did not shape my course thus designedly in a spirit of opposition to the mute director, whose not unserviceable clue led me at last among the romantic rocks and cottages of Shanklin, Niton, and Undercliff. It led me, indeed, to those enchanting spots, and to their beautiful vicinity, but to entice me thence was more than all its inviting promises could effect; and, finally, I took up my abode for an indefinite time in a cottage of native grey-stone, backed by the solid rock, and tapestried in front with such an interwoven texture of rose and myrtle, as half hid the little casements, and aspired far over the thatched roof and projecting eaves.

Days, weeks, months slipped away imperceptibly in this delicious retreat, and in all the luxury of lounging felicity. Mine was *idleness*, it is true—the sensation of perfect exemption from all existing necessity of mental or corporeal exertion—not suspension of ideas, but rather a festival of mind, during which the wild vagrant thought was at liberty to wander at will beyond the narrow boundaries, within which, the cares, and claims, and business of this world, too often restrained her natural excursiveness.

Summer passed away—the harvest was reaped and gathered into the barns—the hazel-hedges were despoiled of their last clusters of nuts—autumn verged on the approach of winter—and I still tenanted the rock cottage. No where are we so tenderly made sensible of the changes of the season, as in the sea's immediate vicinity—and the back of the Isle of Wight is, of all stations on the coast, that where this common remark is most forcibly illustrated. Completely screened from the north by a continuous wall of high

rocky cliff, its shores are exposed only to the southern and westerly winds, and those are tempered to the peculiar softness always—almost always perceptible in sea-breezes—on a mild autumn's day, or bright winter's morning, when the sun sparkles on the white sands and scintillating waves—or on the waveless mirror of the deep blue sea—on the sails of the little fishing-boats, that steal along-shore with their wings spread open like large butterflies—on the glancing silver of the sea-gull's wings, as she dives after her finny prey, or flashes upward though a shower of feathery foam—or on the tall grey cliffs, tinted with many-coloured lichens. A lounger on the beach will hardly perceive that the year is in its "sear and yellow leaf," or already fallen into the decrepitude of winter. And when his awful heralds, the unchained elements, proclaim aloud that the hoary tyrant hath commenced his reign—when the winds are let loose from their caverns, and the agitated sea rolls its waves in mountainous ridges on the rocky coast—when the porpoise heaves up its black bulk, and disports itself with uncouth gambols amidst the foam of the shallower waters—when the cormorant's scream mingle in harsh concord with the howling blast. Then!—oh then! who can tear himself from the contemplation of a scene, more sublimely interesting than all the calm loveliness of a summer prospect? To me, its attractions were irresistible; and besides those of inanimate nature, I found other sources of lively interest in studying the character and habits of the almost amphibious dwellers on that island coast. Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the character of seafaring men—even of those whose voyages have extended little beyond the windings of their own shores. The fisherman's life, indeed, may be accounted one of the most incessant peril. For daily bread, he must brave daily dangers. In that season when the tiller of the ground rests from his labours—when the artisan and mechanic are warmly housed—when the dormouse and the squirrel sleep in their soft woolly nests, and the little birds find shelter in hollow trees and banks, or migrate to milder regions, the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements, for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced familiarity with danger, that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf, together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood, insurmountable perseverance, almost heroic daring, and, generally speaking, a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of deportment towards the females and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fishermen, that these men are forward in effronting danger. The temptations held out by contraband traffic, too often allure them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the most fearful risks in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains. Of late, this desperate trade has extended almost to a regularly organised system; and in spite of all the preventive measures adopted by the government of the country, it is too obvious that the number of these "free traders" is yearly increasing, and that their hazardous commerce is more daringly and more vigorously carried on. Along the Hampshire coast, and more particularly the Isle of Wight, almost every seafaring man is concerned in it to a greater or less extent. For the most part, they are connected in secret associations, both for co-operation and defence; and there is a sort of freemasonary amongst them, the sign and tokens of which are soon discernible to an attentive observer, and one whose unofficial character awakens no distrust on their part. "The Custom-house Sharks," as they call them, are not their most formidable foes,

for they wage a more desperate warfare (as recent circumstances have too fatally testified) with that part of our naval armanent employed by Government on the preventive service. Some of the vessels on those stations are perpetually hovering along our coasts; but in spite of their utmost vigilance, immense quantities of contraband goods are almost nightly landed, and nowhere with more daring frequency than in the Isle of Wight.

In my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round, became known to me. I have at all times a peculiar pleasure in conversing with this class of people—in listening with familiar interest (to which they are never insensible) to the details of their feelings and opinions, and to the homely history of their obscure lives and domestic cares.

With some of my new acquaintances, I had ventured to expostulate on the iniquitous as well as hazardous nature of their secret traffic; and many wives and mothers sanctioned, with approving looks and half-constrained expressions, my remonstrances to their husbands and sons. These, for the most part, listened in sullen, down-looking silence, (not, however, expressive of ill-will towards me,) or sometimes answered my expostulations with the remark, that "Poor folks must *live;*"—that half of them, during the war, had earned an honest livelihood in channels that were now closed against them. They were turned adrift to shift for themselves, and must do something to get bread for their little ones. "And after all," they would generally conclude, "while the rich and great folks, and some of those that *made the laws*, too," (their ladies and daughters at least,) "were pleased to encourage their trade, it was a plain case they could not think much harm of those that carried it on."

This last was a stinging observation—one that generally silenced me for the moment, while it gave fresh fervency to my earnest wish, that the penalties of the law could be enforced ten, twenty, nay, an hundred fold, on those rich and great ones, who, in the mere wantonness of vanity, luxury, or idleness, tempted these poor creatures to offend, and subjected them to the severe, but necessary awards, of retributive justice.

Among these poor families was one, at whose cabin I stopped oftenest, and lingered longest, in my evening rambles. The little dwelling was in a manner wedged into a cleft of the grey rock, up which, on every little shelf-like platform, the hand of industry had accumulated garden-mould, and fostered a beautiful vegetation; and, immediately before it, a patch of the loveliest greensward sloped down to the edge of the sea-sand, enamelled with aromatic wild thyme, and dotted, nearest the ocean, with tufts of thrift, centaury, and eringo, and with the gold-coloured blossoms of the horn poppy. The romantic appearance and peculiar neatness of the little cabin, had early attracted my attention, which was further interested by the singular appearance of its owner. He was a large, tall man, of about sixty, distinguished by an air of uncommon dignity, and by an accoutrement, the peculiarity of which, combined with his commanding carriage, and countenance of bold daring, always brought the Buccaneer of old times to my remembrance. He wore large, loose trowsers, of shaggy, dark blue cloth; a sort of woollen vest, broadly striped with the same colour, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and girt in below with a broad leather belt, in which a brace of horse-pistols were generally stuck, and not unfrequently an old cutlass; and over his shoulder was slung a cross-belt of broad white knitting, to which was suspended a powder-flask, a leathern pouch, and often a short, thick duck-gun. A dark fur-cap was the usual covering of his head; and his thick, black, curling hair, was not so much intermingled with grey, as

streaked here and there with locks of perfect whiteness. Add to this costume, a fortnight's growth of grizzly, stubborn beard, (the crop was seldom of less standing,) and such was the *tout ensemble* of this uncommon personage. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, however, his ostensible employment was the harmless one of a fisher of the deep,—though, to all appearance, not very zealously pursued; for, in the day time, he was oftener to be seen lying along the shore in the broad sunshine, or sauntering by the water's edge, or perched like a sea-fowl, immoveable for hours, on some commanding station of the crag, always with a pipe in his mouth—a meerschaum pipe—(uncommon luxury for an English boatman!) and a spy-glass ever in his hand, or at his eye. He was oftener to be seen thus, or cleaning the lock of his gun under the shadow of some projecting cliff, than busied with the trawling-net, or the eel-spear, or the hook and line, in his little boat, or mending her sails, or his nets, by the cabin door. At almost all hours of the night a light was seen burning within the cottage; and the master of the family, with his son, was invariably absent, when, as it often chanced with me, I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot to my own habitation.

At such an hour, I was sure to find the female inmates, (the wife and daughter of the man I have been describing,) in a state of evident perturbation, for which it was easy to assign a sufficient cause; but I had remonstrated in vain with the infatuated husband and father, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women.

Richard Campbell was not a native of the Isle of Wight, nor one trained, from his youth up, "to go down to the sea in ships, and occupy his business in deep waters."

For many generations his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the north of England. Himself had been bred a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, which had pointed, from his very cradle, to a seafaring life; and his hours of boyish pastime and youthful leisure, were spent on the salt element, close to which, at the head of a small bay or inlet, lay his paternal farm. Just as he had attained his twentieth year his father died, leaving him, (an only child,) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations.

The temptation was strong. Tumultuous wishes and roving thoughts were busy in his heart; but "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He staid to comfort her old age, and to cultivate his little inheritance; partly influenced by his attachment also to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand in wedlock was, shortly after, its richer recompence.

The widowed mother continued to dwell under her son's roof, tended like Naomi, by a daughter-in-law, as loving and dutiful as Ruth, but happier than the Hebrew matron, in the possession of both her children.

Many children were born to the young couple, "as likely boys and girls as ever the sun shone upon," said the wife of Campbell; from whom, at sundry times, I collected the simple annals I am relating. "But God was very good to them. He bade their store increase with their increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to crave for it. She never grudged her own labour; and a better or a kinder husband than she was blessed with, woman never had. To be sure he had his fancies and particular ways; and, when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the salt waves, (the worse luck!) for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat, shooting wild fowl, in the wild winter-nights. But no harm ever came to him; only their eldest

boy, their dear Maurice," (the mother never named him without glistening eyes,) "took after his father's fancy for the sea, and set his heart upon being a sailor." And the father called to mind his own youthful longings, and would not controul those of his child; especially as he had yet another son, a fine promising lad, who took kindly to the farming business, and already lightened his father's labour. The mother heard all, and "spake not a word though her heart was fit to break," for her son's choice was sanctioned by his father's approbation, but sorely she grieved at parting with her first-born, (what feelings are like those of a mother towards her first-born?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and dutiful child, and she had reared him with such care as only mothers can bestow, through the perilous years of a sickly infancy. But the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a boyish heart into his son's enterprising hopes; and at last the youth (who could not rest satisfied with her silent acquiescence) wrung from her a faltering and reluctant consent. And when she shook her head mournfully at his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts for her and all his sisters, he coaxed a half smile into her tearful looks, by concluding with—"And then, mother! I will stay quiet at home amongst you all, and never want to leave you again.'—"My Maurice sailed away." said the mother, "and from that time every thing went wrong. Before he had been gone a month, we buried my husband's mother, but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at her loss, though we felt it sorely, and so did all our little ones, who had learnt to read the bible on her knees."

In addition to his own land, Campbell cultivated several acres which he rented of a neighbouring gentleman, whose disposition was restlessly litigious, and Campbell's being unhappily fiery and impetuous, disputes arose between them, and proceeded to such lengths, that both parties finally referred their differences to legal arbitrement. After many tedious, and apparently frivolous delays, particularly trying to Campbell's irritable nature, the cause came on, and sentence was given in favour of his opponent; and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion, that justice, impartial justice, was unattainable in the land of his fathers.

This fatal prejudice turned all his thoughts to bitterness—haunted him like a phantom in the fields—by his cheerful hearth—in his once peaceful bed, in the very embraces of his children, "who were born," he would tell them in the midst of their innocent caresses, "slaves and bond-servants in the land where their fathers had been free men."

In this state of mind he listened, with eager credulity, to the speculative visions of a few agricultural adventurers, who had embarked their small capitals on American adventure, and were on the eve of quitting their native country to seek wealth, liberty, and independence, in the back settlements of the United States.

In an evil hour, Campbell was prevailed on to embark his fortunes with those of the self-expatriated emigrants.

The tears and entreaties of his wife and children availed not to deter him from his rash purpose, and the unhappy mother was torn from her beloved home, where her heart lingered with a thousand tender reminiscences, and most tenaciously of all, in the affecting thought, that if ever her absent sailor returned to his native country, his first steps would be directed to the once happy dwelling of his parents, where the cold looks of the stranger would be all his welcome.

The ship on board which the Campbells were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly goods, performed two-thirds of

her course with prosperous celerity: but as she neared her wished-for haven, the wind, which had hitherto been uninterruptedly favourable, became unsteady, then contrary, so that they lost sea-way for many days. At last a storm, which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation, burst forth with tremendous fury. Three days and nights the vessel drove before it; but on the fourth the masts and rigging went overboard, and before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the general hurry and confusion, when all hands were employed in hacking away the encumbrances and getting up jury masts, the leak remained undiscovered, till the water in the hold had gained to a depth of many feet; and though the pumps were set to work, and kept going, by the almost superhuman exertions of crew and passengers, all was unavailing, and to betake themselves to the boat was the last hurried and desperate resource. Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into the long-boat, already crowded with their fellow-sharers in calamity, and was preparing to send down his youngest son and daughter, and to follow them with their mother in his arms, when a woman, pressing before him with frantic haste, leapt down into the overloaded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning creatures mingled with the agonizing shrieks of parents, husbands, and children, from the deck of the sinking ship. One other boat was yet alongside; and Campbell was at last seated in her, with his two remaining children and their unconscious mother, who had sunk into a state of blessed insensibility, when the drowning screams of her lost little ones rang in her ears. Five and twenty persons were wedged in this frail bark, with a cask of water and a small bag of biscuit. An old sail had been flung down with these scanty stores, which they contrived to hoist, on the subsiding of the storm, towards the evening of their first day's commitment, in that "forlorn hope," to the wide world of waters. Their compass had gone down in the long-boat, and faint indeed were their hopes of ever reaching land, from which they had no means of computing their distance. But the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them; and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them was descried on the verge of the horizon. It neared, and the ship proved so be a homeward-bound West India trader, on board which the perishing creatures were received with prompt humanity; and on her reaching her appointed haven (Portsmouth), Campbell, with his companions in misfortune, and the remnant of his late flourishing family, once more set foot on British earth. He had saved about his person a small residue of his property, but wholly insufficient to equip them for a second attempt, had he even been so obstinately bent on the prosecution of his Transatlantic scheme, as to persist in it against (what appeared to him) the declared will of Providence. Once, in his younger days, he had visited the Isle of Wight; and the remembrance of its bowery cottages, and beautiful bays, were yet fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks put him in possession of a neat cabin and small fishing-boat; and for a time, the little family was subsisted in frugal comfort, by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the Island, their daughter (matured to lovely womanhood) married a respectable and enterprising young man, the owner of a pilot-vessel. In the course of three years, she brought her husband as many children; and during that time all went well with them. But her William's occupation, a lucrative one in war-time, exposed him to frequent and fearful dangers; and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a foundering sloop, his own little vessel perished in the attempt, and the

morning's tide floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach, watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the grey-clouded dawn.

The forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge in her father's cabin; and he and his son redoubled their laborious exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims; and the poor family but just contrived to live and struggle on, barely supplied with even the coarsest necessaries. When temptation assails the poor man, by holding out to his grasp the means of lessening the hardships and privations of those dear to him as his own soul, shall we deal out to him hard measure of judgment, and make more indulgent allowance for those who, without the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding?

Campbell (having first been seduced into casual and inconsiderable ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers who carried on their perilous trade along the coast—and from that time, though comparative plenty revisited his cottage, and even seasons of temporary abundance, the careless smile of innocent security no longer beamed on the faces of its elder inmates. Margaret struggled long, with well-principled firmness, against the infatuation of her husband and son; but flushed with success, emboldened by association with numbers, and finally rendered by habit quite insensible to the moral turpitude of their proceedings, they resisted her anxious remonstrances; and at last, heart-sick of fruitless opposition, and shrinking from the stern rebuke and angry frown of him who had been for so many happy years the affectionate partner of her joys and sorrows, she first passively acquiesced in their unlawful traffic, and in the end was brought to contribute her share towards its furtherance, by secretly disposing of the prohibited articles.

During my residence in the Isle of Wight, I had become acquainted with two or three families resident within a few miles of the spot where I had taken up my habitation. With one of these, consisting of a widow lady and her two grown-up daughters, I had been previously acquainted in London, and at other places. They had been recommended by the medical adviser of the youngest daughter, who was threatened by a pulmonary affection, to try the effects of a winter at the back of the Island; and I was agreeably surprised to find them inhabitants of a beautiful villa, "a cottage of humility," at about three miles' distance from my own cabin at the under cliff. They were agreeable and accomplished women; and a few hours spent in their company formed a pleasing, and not unfrequent variety in my solitary life; and, in the dearth of society incident to their marine retreat, my fair friends condescended to tolerate, and even welcome the eccentric old bachelor with their most gracious smiles.

One November evening, my ramble had terminated at the Villa; and I had just drawn my chair into the cheerful circle round the tea-table, when a powdered footman entered with a very knowing look, and spoke a few words, in a mysterious half-whisper, to his lady, who smilingly replied aloud, "Oh, tell her to come in; there is no one here of whose observation she need be apprehensive." The communication of which assurance quickly ushered into the room my new acquaintance, Margaret Campbell. An old rusty black bonnet was pulled down so as almost to shade her face from sight; and her dingy red cloak (under which she carried some bulky parcel) was strained tight round a figure that seemed endeavouring to contract itself into the least possible compass. At sight of me she started and shrunk back, dropping her eyes with a fearful curtsey. "Ah, Margaret!" I exclaimed, too well divining the secret of her darkling embassy. But the lady

of the house encouraged her to advance, saying, "Oh! never mind Mr.——, he will not inform against us, though he shakes his head so awfully. Well! have you brought the tea?"—"And the lace, and gloves, and the silk scarfs?" chimed in the young ladies, with eager curiosity sparkling in their eyes, as they almost dragged the precious budget, with their own fair hands, from beneath the poor woman's cloak. "Have you brought our scarfs at last? What a time we have been expecting them!"—"Yes indeed," echoed Lady Mary; and depending on your promise, I have been quite distressed for tea. There is really no dependence on your word, Mrs. Campbell; and yet I have been at some pains to impress on you a due sense of your Christian duties, amongst which, you have often heard me remark (and I am sure the tracts I have given you inculcate the same doctrine) that a strict attention to truth is one of the most essential. Well! where's the tea?" "Oh my lady," answered the poor woman, with a humbly deprecating tone and look, "if you did but know what risks we run to get these things, and how uncertain the trade is, you would not wonder that we cannot always oblige our customers so punctually as we would wish. I've brought the scarfs and the other things for the young ladies; but the tea—" "What, no tea yet! Really, it is too bad, Mrs. Campbell; I must try if other people are not more to be depended on; and, indeed, my maid has lately recommended to me a friend of hers, who is, she assures me, the most punctual creature in the world, as well as a very serious person, and desirous, besides, of subscribing to my penny collection for the conversion of the Hindoos, which you know I have never succeeded in getting you to do regularly, though I gave you that affecting tract, with the pictures, about Jaggernaut; and, in short, Mrs. Campbell——" "Indeed, indeed, my lady, we have tried hard to get the goods for your ladyship, and your ladyship may stop the last three weeks for Jiggernaut out of the payment for the scarfs, and you shall have the tea a bargain; but there's such a sharp look-out, now, and the Ranger has been cruizing off the island for this week past, and our people haven't been able to get nothing ashore; and yet I'm sure my husband and son have been upon the watch along the beach, and in the boat, these three nights, in all this dreadful weather; and to-night, though it blows a gale, they're out again, God help 'em!" And the poor woman cast a tearful shuddering glance towards the window, against which (sounding wildly through the triple barrier of blinds, shutters, and the thick rich folds of the crimson curtains) a tempest of wind and sleet drove uproariously.

The lady condescended to be appeased by these assurances, that the foreign luxury should be obtained for her that night, if human exertions, made at the peril of human life, could succeed in landing it. The silks, &c. were examined, and approved of by the young ladies, and finally taken and paid for, after a world of haggling about "the price of blood!" as the purchase-money might too justly have been denominated, and after deducting from it, by their mamma's direction, Margaret's arrear of three-pence to her ladyship's Hindoo collection.

Mrs. Campbell received her money with a heavy sigh, and humbly curtsying, withdrew from the presence, not without (involuntarily as it seemed) stealing an abashed glance of my countenance, as she passed me. She was no sooner out of the room, than her fair customers began expatiating with rapturous volubility on the beauty and cheapness of their purchases, an inconsistency of remark that puzzled me exceedingly, as, not five minutes before, while bargaining with the seller, they had averred her goods to be of very inferior manufacture, and exorbitantly dear. "Ay, but ——" ob-

served the managing mamma, "you were both in such a hurry, or you might have made better bargains. But it's always the way; and yet I kept winking at you all the while. I should have got those things half as cheap again."

Indulgent as I am by nature to the little whims and foibles of the sex, I could not, on the present occasion, refrain from hinting to my fair friends a part of what was passing in my mind, At first they laughed at my quizzical scruples, resorting, for their defence, to the common-place remark, that "the few trifles they occasionally purchased, could make no material difference; for that the people would smuggle all the same, and meet with plenty of encouragement from others, if not from them." And when I pressed the question a little further, suggesting to their consciences, whether all who encouraged the forbidden traffic were not, in great measure, responsible for the guilt incurred, and the lives lost in the prosecution of it, they bid me not talk of such horrid things, and hurried away their recent purchases in a sort of disconcerted silence, that spoke anything rather than remorse, and purposed reformation. My "sermonizing," as it was termed, seemed to have thrown a spell over the frank sociability that usually characterised our evening coteries. Conversation languished—the piano was out of tune, and the young ladies' voices not *in tune*. The mamma broke her netting silk every three minutes; and, from a dissertation on the rottenness of modern silk, digressed insensibly into the subject of foreign missions, ladies' committees, and branch Bible associations; ever and anon, as the storm waxed louder and louder, interspersing her remarks with pathetic lamentations at the perverseness with which the very elements seemed to conspire with government against the safe landing of the commodities "her soul longed after."

The storm did indeed rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way, before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a huge boat-cloak, I sallied forth from the cheerful brightness of Lady Mary's boudoir, into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was, in truth! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, whirled high into the air in showers of foam, and both were driven into my face by the south-west blast, with a violence that obliged me frequently to stop and gasp for breath. Large masses of clouds now hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale watery rays yet gleamed at intervals with ghastly indistinctness, along the white sands, and on the frothy crests of the advancing billows.

As I pursued my way, buffetting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to mingle in their wild uproar. The hoarse and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm, and the creaking and labouring of planks, and the splash of oars, was distinguishable, I thought, in the long lull of the retreating waves. I was not deceived; a momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a lugger in the offing. And one of her boats—a black speck on the billows—was discernible working her way laboriously towards the coast. At that moment, another boat shot along close in-shore, with the alacrity of lightning; and, at the same instant, a man rushed by me, whose tall remarkable figure I recognised for Campbell, even in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I

heard a long shrill whistle, echoed and re-echoed by another and another, from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. Those sights and sounds indicated too plainly that the demons of mischief were at work, and the time and scene were gloomily in unison with their hour of evil agency. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any objects but the white sands under my feet, and the sea-foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward way yet lay before me, and in that space I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sands by land-springs from the cliffs.

Intermingled and bedded in these were numerous rocky fragments, and foundered masses of the cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's day-lightway; but the impenetrable darkness that now enveloped every object, made me pause, to consider how far it might be safe, or even practicable, for a stranger to persevere in the wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberations, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposing to apply there for a light and a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home.

I had no need to knock for admittance, the door was wide open, and on its threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within slanted athwart her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intense breathlessness, and with eyes straining, as if they sought to pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching.

Her ear soon caught the sound of my step on the loose shingle, and she started forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Amy! thank God! here they are!" The young woman sprang to the door with a light, and its beams, alas! revealed my then unwelcome face, instead of that of the father and husband. "Oh, sir, I thought—" was poor Margaret's hurried, unfinished exclamation, when she discovered her mistake, "but *you* are kindly welcome," she added, quickly recovering herself, "for this is not a night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son,—Oh, sir! they are both—both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all—the Ranger's boats are on the look-out for the lugger they are going to help to unload, and God knows what may happen. I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceably at home, such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain. We had promised my lady, and the cargo was to be landed to-night. O, sir! my lady, and the like of she, little think—" and the poor woman burst into tears. This was no time for admonition and reproof, or for those consolatory observations so often made to the unhappy, of "I told you it would come to this;" or, "This would not have happened if you had taken my advice;" or, "Well, you have brought it all upon yourself."

When God has spoken, the fellow-mortal may well forbear all language but that of sympathy and comfort, and *He* had now spoken to the hearts of these poor people. The fatal consequences of their illicit traffic, and its nefariousness, were brought home to their minds more forcibly by the agonising suspense they were enduring, than could have been effected by any arguments I might have laboured to enforce. I did my best to allay their terrors—to dispel them would have been impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder, and independent of that, there were other grounds of too reasonable apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell's not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the shore so recently, but at all events he and his son were abroad with a desperate gang, expecting, and armed against resistance. Forgetful of my own purpose of borrowing a

lantern to proceed homeward, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for not turning away from them in the hour of trial.

A cheerful fire brightened the interior of their little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates had at one time been those of peaceful and honest industry. The fire-light gleamed ruddy-red on the clean brick floor; a carved oak table, and a few heavy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and housewifery; and one, distinguished by a high-stuffed back and arms and a green cushion, was placed close beside the ingle-nook, the easily distinguished seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand (the curious meer-schaum pipe) on the high mantle-piece, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few china cups, some tall ale glasses (their long shanks ornamented with white spiral lines), two foreign shells, some little French pictures of saints in all the colours of the rainbow, and sundry tobacco-stoppers of fantastical figure, were arranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elaborately set out with its rows of yellow ware, its mugs of various shape and size, and quaint diversity of motto and device, its japanned tray and mahogany tea-chest proudly conspicuous in the centre. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets, and fishing apparatus, and high over the chimney-piece, part of a whale's jaw, and two long crossed peacock's feathers, were affixed in a sort of trophy. All sorts of useful and nondescript articles were suspended to the rafter; but Campbell's duck-gun, and his two clumsy pistols rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armoury. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the youthful widow had recently been employed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it often rested idly on her lap, while her eyes were rivetted with mournful solicitude on the countenance of her mother.

There was something particularly interesting in the appearance of this young woman. Not beauty of feature, for, excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by very long black eyelashes, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was now deeply tinged with the sallow hue of sickness. Her lips were whiter than her cheeks, and her uncommonly tall figure, bowed down with the burden of weakness and sorrow, was attenuated to a state that would have amounted to gaunt meagreness, had the frame been less slightly and delicately formed. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly in unison with the general character of that shadowy figure that seemed almost transparent to the working of the wounded spirit within.

Amy's young heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death, and her timid tender spirit was overburthened with a heavy load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and brother had involved themselves in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses.

As she sat looking in her mother's face, I could read in hers the thoughts that were psssing in her mind. At last, a large tear that had been slowly gathering, swelled over her quivering eyelid, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle, she came and edged herself on one corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out, "Mother!"—"My Amy! my dear child!" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, "why should you always reproach yourself so? You, who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us, and a blessing, ever since you was born? Before your poor father fell into evil company, and hearkened to their wicked persuasions, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and your dear fatherless babies,

by God's blessing on our honest industry? And where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof?" A look of eloquent gratitude and a tender silent kiss were Amy's reply to that soothing whisper. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts beguiled them from the intense anxiety with which they had been listening to every sound from without; but the redoubling violence of the storm roused them fearfully from that temporary abstraction, and they started, and shuddered, and looked in one another's faces, and in mine, as if imploring comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waters was indeed tremendous, and I felt too forcibly convinced, that, if the poor Campbells were exposed to it in their little nut-shell of a boat, nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave.

There was some chance, however, that the landing of the contraband bales might have been effected by the lugger's boats without help from shore; and in that case, the prolonged absence of the husband and son might arise from their having proceeded with others of the gang to convey them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was eagerly caught at by the anxious pair, but the ray of hope elicited from it, gleamed with transient brightness. A gust of wind more awful than any that had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning sounds, seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent—now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky darkness without—now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful glimmer. The wind whistling through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by "the old clock that ticked behind the door" in its dark heavy case. At that moment a large venerable-looking book, that lay with a few others on a hanging shelf near the chimney, slipped from the edge on which it had been overbalanced, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother, and, stooping to pick up and replace it, she perceived that it had fallen open at the leaf, where, twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded with pious gratitude the birth of her son's first-born. "Ah, my dear son! my own good Maurice!" ejaculated the heart-struck-mother, "I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me—Thou wert the first to leave me, and now—" She was interrupted by the low indistinct murmur of a human voice, that sounded near us. I started—but Amy's ear was familiar with the tone—it was that of one of her little ones, talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay opened from that we were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstacy was he welcomed—with what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles!—But the joy was short-lived, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehension; for, disengaging himself roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he made straight towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back in it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife—"My son! my son!" she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arm—"What have you done with him, Campbell? He is dead! He is murdered!—Oh! I knew it would come to this—" "Peace, woman!" shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face as he

started up wildly from his chair with a look of appalling fierceness,—"Peace, woman! your son is safe;" then his voice abruptly sinking into a hoarse low tone, he added, "*This* is not *his* blood," and he flung on the table before him his broad white cross belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. "Campbell!" I said, "unhappy man! what have you done? To what have you exposed your wretched family? For their sakes escape—escape for your life, while the darkness favours you." He looked at me for a moment as if wavering, but immediately resuming the voice and aspect of desperate sternness, replied, "It is too late—they are at my heels—the bloodhounds! They tracked me home." And while he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the sound of loud voices confirmed his words. The door burst open, and several rough-looking men in sailors' garb rushed into the cottage.

"Ah! we have you, my man," they vociferated, "we have *you* safe, though the young villain has given us the slip." "Villain!" shouted Campbell, "who dares call my boy a villain?" But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued, quiet tone, "But I am in your power, and you may say what you please, and do what you will." And so saying, he once more threw himself back in his old chair, in sullen submissiveness. The women clung weeping around him, his unhappy wife exclaiming, "Oh! what has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault—he would not hurt a fly—for all his rough way he is as tender-hearted as a child.—Richard! Richard! speak to them, tell them they have mistaken you for another." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted his eyes up from the floor on which they were rivetted. "No mistake at all, mistress!" said one of the men, "he has only shot one of our people, that's all, and we must fit him with a pair of these bracelets." And so saying, he began fastening a pair of handcuffs on Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed, indeed, almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl, about four years old, who, having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from her bed, and made her way to her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out,—"Send away naughty men, grandad—naughty men frighten Amy."

The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom, were touched electrically by the loving voice and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave convulsively, and for a few minutes the tears of the old man and the little child mingled in touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened on his left wrist pressed painfully on her tender arm, and as she shrunk from it he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His features were wrung by a sudden convulsion; but the expression was momentary, and turning round his head towards his weeping daughter, he said quietly, "Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby—I little thought, dear lamb! she would ever find hurt or harm in her old grandfather's arms."

It was a touching scene—even the rough sailors seemed affected by it, and they were more gently completing their operation of attaching the other manacle, when again voices and footsteps were heard approaching; again the door opened, and another party of sailors entered, bearing amongst them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty, by the rash hand of the wretched man before us, whose fire was not less fatal for having been discharged almost aimlessly in the bustle of a desperate conflict. "We've missed our

boats, and we could not let him lie bleeding on the beach, poor fellow!" said one of the new comers, in reply to an exclamation of surprise from those of their party already in possession of the cottage. Campbell's agitation was fearful to behold; he turned shuddering from the sight of his victim—the women stood petrified with horror; I alone retaining some degree of self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might yet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid, apparently a corpse, on three chairs next the door.

Comprehending my purpose, the humane and serviceable tenderness of poor Margaret's nature prevailed even in that hour of her extreme distress, and she came trembling to assist me in the painful examination.

The young man's face had dropt aside on one shoulder towards the wall, and was almost covered by the luxuriant hair (a sailor's pride) which had escaped from the confining ribbon, and fell in dark wet masses across his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down over the side of the chair, and taking it into mine, I found that it was already as cold as marble, and that all pulsation had ceased.

Margaret had as promptly as her agitation would permit removed his black handkerchief, and unbuttoned the collar of his checked shirt, and though she started and shuddered inwardly at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, persisted heroically in her trying task. A handkerchief had been hastily stuffed down as a temporary pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it, Margaret's finger became entangled by a black silk cord passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She was hastily putting it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon the medallion (a perforated gold pocket-piece), and the eye glancing towards it, a half-choked exclamation broke from her lips, and looking up I saw her standing motionless—breathless—her hands clasped together with convulsive vehemence, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, in the state of indescribable horror with which they were rivetted on that bosom-token. At last a cry (such a one as my ears never before heard, the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my veins) burst from her lips, and brought her daughter and husband (even the unhappy man himself manacled as he was) to the side of his victim, over whom Margaret was still bending in that intense agony. But at last, as if suddenly conscious that her husband stood beside her, and was gazing with her on that ghastly spectacle, (while large cold drops gathered on his brow, and his white lips quivered as he gazed,) she looked up in his face with such a look as I never shall forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expression of passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of hers, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a low, distinct, unnatural voice—"*Who* is that, Richard?" He started, and his eyes, which had been rivetted with an expression of deep horror on the bloody work of his rash hand, now caught sight of the gold token, and from that wandered wildly and hurriedly over the lifeless form, while his whole frame shook as if in the paroxysm of an ague fit. Gradually the universal terror subsided—the wandering eyes settled into a ghastly stare, the convulsive working of the muscles of his face gave way to a rigid fixedness, and he stood like one petrified in the very burst of despair. Once more Margaret repeated, in that quiet, deliberate tone, "*Who* is that, Richard?" and suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the locks that had hitherto concealed it. Then clasping her hands in a sort of joyous triumph, she cried out in a shrill voice—"I knew it was my son!

My son is come home at last! Richard, welcome your son!" and snatching her husband's hand, she endeavoured to pull him forward towards the pale face of the dead. But he to whom this heart-rending appeal was spoken, replied only by one deep groan, that seemed to burst up, as it were, the very fountains of his heart. He staggered back a few paces—his eyes closed—the convulsion of a moment passed over his features, and he sunk down as inanimate as the pale corpse, that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the bosom of the brain-struck mother.

[SOLITARY HOURS.]

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Thrice twenty summers have I seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's surviving frame,
Carved many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love had whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

[THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.]

ADAM FLEMING.

Adam Fleming was the son of a little farmer in Scotland, during the reign of the frail, the unfortunate Mary. Inheriting from nature an attractive person and a vigorous mind, and receiving, from the kindness of a maternal uncle, an education superior to what is generally bestowed on persons of his rank in society, he had won the affections of a beautiful and wealthy heiress in the shire of Dumfries. But, as it seldom happens that we can enjoy any pleasure, or any happiness, without exciting envy or discontent in those who are less fortunate or less deserving, the preference given to Fleming, by Helena Irvine, before a host of suitors, excited in one of the disappointed candidates, inveterate malignity, and vows of vengeance.

Observing that a favourite evening walk of the happy lovers was on the banks of the Kirtle, a romantic little stream, skirted with shrubs and overhanging rocks, flowing in a serpentine course near the abbey of Kirkconnel, the villain procured a carbine, and at their accustomed hour concealed himself in a thicket near the place. The fond pair soon approaching, he levelled the instrument of death at his unsuspecting rival; but occasioning, as he moved, a rustling of the leaves, Helena turned quickly round, saw his deadly purpose, and defeated it by throwing herself before her lover; but in preserving him, she received the contents of the gun in her own bosom, and sunk a bloody and lifeless corse into his arms. Neither love nor justice admitted a moment's delay; placing his murdered mistress gently on a bank, Adam pursued the flying, the cowardly assassin, with the fury of a hungry lion; soon overtook him, and seizing the merciless ruffian by the hair of his head, planted a dagger in his heart. The report of the piece, and the cries of the dastardly fugitive, drawing several peasants to the spot, Fleming, instead of submitting his conduct to the justice of his country, which must have considered it as justifiable homicide, and without well knowing what he sought, fled towards the sea coast, where he saw a vessel outward bound: throwing himself into a boat, he went on board, made a confidant of the captain, and sailed with him to Lisbon.

Careless of life, and probably wishing to shorten it, he entered into the service of the King of Portugal, and distinguished himself in a military capacity, at some of the distant possessions of that monarch, in the Brazils. Receiving, after many years, ample rewards, and an honorable dismission, he resolved, in the spirit of the times, and forgetting that for sinners like him a Saviour had died, he resolved to expiate the crime of murder, to which he had received such urgent provocation, but for which *he could not forgive himself*, by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Having accomplished his purpose, he was anxious to pass the short space of life which remained, in his native country; trusting for safety to the mercy, or the oblivion of his former neighbours. Soon after landing in Scotland, he determined to visit the spot where his beloved, his long lost Helena was interred: worn down by years, sorrow, and the toils of war, and naturally agitated by recollecting the circumstances, and viewing the place of her death, his debilitated frame was not equal to such emotions; reaching with difficulty her tomb, in the chapel of Kirkconnel, he sunk on the earth which covered her remains, and expired without a groan.

This little narrative, which the scrupulous critic may consider as the romantic fiction of a novelist, is founded on fact, supported by the evidence of authentic family documents, in the possession of a worthy baronet who resides near the spot, and corroborated by the remains of a monumental inscription in the chapel, which is now in ruins.

[From the Lounger's Common-Place Book.]

THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY,

OR THE MONK'S THREE VISITS.

The result of the fatal victory of Hastings was for a long time severely felt and deeply lamented by the English. The flower of the native nobility perished in that disastrous battle: of those who survived, the majority were driven into exile, while a few who were induced to accept the terms offered by the conqueror, soon found that their destruction was only postponed until a more convenient opportunity, and were very speedily conducted to the dungeon or the block. The common people, too, experienced their full share of the tyranny of the two Williams. The Norman Barons, who became lords of the soil, looked upon them as their property, and thought themselves justified in the exercise of any act of oppression or cruelty towards them. Resistance was vain, complaint was useless, and the once high-minded people of England, by degrees, sunk into a state of tame and passive submission.

Nearly half a century had elapsed since the battle of Hastings was fought, although the wounds of the nation were as grievously painful as if they had been inflicted but yesterday, when one general expression of joy pervaded the whole realm, on receiving the intelligence of the death of William Rufus. This monarch had succeeded to all the hatred inspired by his father, without attaining any of that respect which the military talents of the Conqueror extorted from his bitterest enemies. His profaneness, and open and avowed contempt for the Scriptures and the ordinances of the Church, had also alienated the clergy from him, so that his death was considered both by the ecclesiastics and the people as a judgment which he had drawn upon his own head, in the opinion of the former by his profaneness, and in that of the latter by his tyranny. The minds of all were now occupied by the questions of who should be his successor. The Normans were anxious to place the crown on the brows of his elder brother, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, who, indeed, as far as priority of birth went, had a better title to it even than the late king, while the English eagerly turned their eyes towards the young Prince, Henry Beauclerc, who was born in England, was one of the first scholars of the age, was accomplished both in mind and person, and had ever shown more sympathy and respect for the sufferings of the people, than his father or either of his brothers.

Prince Henry had followed in the train of his brother to the chase in the New Forest, but not being so expert in the sport, or not having so great a taste for it, he had, with one or two attendants, loitered considerably in the rear of the King. He had seen much in the conduct of his brother, and the disposition of the people towards him, which led him to fear, that however submissive the latter might then appear to be, they could not long patiently endure the yoke under which they laboured, and would seize the first favourable opportunity for throwing it off. As he rode along, his mind thus moodily occupied, some one grasped his horse's reins, and a deep solemn voice exclaimed:

"Hail! Henry, King of England!"

The Prince started, and raising his head, beheld an aged man in an ecclesiastical habit, standing before him. His cowl had fallen from his head, and his long white hair streamed in rich profusion down his shoulders. His face was furrowed deep with wrinkles; but even now, at his advanced age, it beamed with a singular expression of intelligence and

majesty. His bright blue eye appeared to flash fire; and his lip was wreathed with a smile, which seemed to betoken a feeling of imperiousness and triumph.

Henry had grasped his sword, but on seeing the old man he let it fall again into its scabbard.

"What meanest thou, bold traitor?" said the Prince. "How darest thou call me King of England while William Rufus lives!"

"He lives now," replied the monk; "but mark me, Henry Beauclerc," he added, pointing to the west, where the sun was rapidly declining, "ere yonder orb has sunk beneath the horizon, the sun of his life will have set for ever."

"Cease, cease this idle prattle," said the Prince, endeavouring to extricate his horse's reins from the grasp of the Monk, but without success.

"Hail! Henry Beauclerc," reiterated the latter; "thou shalt speedily be King of England; thou shalt restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne of these realms; and with English hearts and hands thou shalt conquer the country of the Conqueror!"

At that moment a dreadful shriek rang through the forest; and the Monk, seizing Henry's arm, again pointed to the west. The sun was on the very verge of the horizon, and in an instant afterwards sunk beneath it. The Prince turned wonderingly towards the Monk, but the mysterious monitor had disappeared.

"'Tis passing strange," said he to his attendants; "know ye aught of this person?"

"'Tis the mad Monk of St. John's, said a page; "he fought on the side of the Saxons at Hastings, and was left for dead on the field. Some benevolent brothers of Waltham, who went over the field after the battle, in the hope that they might be of service to the wounded, discovered some signs of life in this person, and bore him to the Abbey. There they succeeded in healing his wounds; but could never prevail upon him to reveal his name or rank. From the richness of his dress and the value of the jewels which were found upon him, he is supposed to have been a Saxon lord of distinction. He afterwards became a brother of the order of St. John at Chester, and has rendered himself remarkable by his acts of piety and penitence; but his misfortunes are supposed to have disordered his intellect."

"His voice sounded prophetically in my ears," said the Prince, "and that shriek was strangely coincident with the setting sun. Heaven shield our royal brother! Let us scour the forest in search of him."

The Monk's words were proved to be prophetic. William Rufus was found dead in the forest; and within a few hours afterwards, Henry Beauclerc was proclaimed King of England at Winchester. Such were the extraordinary events which followed the Monk's first visit to that prince.

Henry's elevation to the throne was hailed with the acclamations of the whole nation. A few of his brother's partizans endeavoured to advance the interests of the Duke of Normandy, but that prince was then engaged in the Crusade in the Holy Land. He had left his dukedom a prey to civil dissension, and during the whole time that he had been the ruler of that province, his conduct had been remarkable for nothing but slothfulness and indecision. On his return from the Crusade, however, he resolved to make an effort to win the crown which his father had won, and accordingly landed at Portsmouth with a formidable army. The English began to fear a renewal of the fatal scenes at Hastings. They rallied round their native born monarch, and exhibited throughout the country such a spirit of

resistance to the invaders, that Duke Robert paused in his enterprise before a blow was struck, and at length determined to leave his brother in quiet possession of the crown, and to return to Normandy.

Henry, in the mean time, continued to endear himself to his people by his vigour, wisdom, and justice. He repressed violence, abolished the prevalent system of rapine, interposed between the tyrannous barons and their oppressed vassals, and by his decision and impartiality acquired the epithet of the "Lion of Justice." He moreover abolished that odious institution of William the Conqueror, the Curfew; granted his subjects a charter, in which he confirmed to them the privileges which they had enjoyed under their Saxon kings; and proclaimed his intention of marrying Matilda, the daughter of the King of Scotland, by Margaret, the sister of Edward Atheling, and lineally descended from the ancient Saxon monarchs of England.

The words of the Monk of St. John had made a deep impression on his mind. One part of his prophecy had been fulfilled—he was king of England; but the other part, that he should restore the ancient Saxon race to the throne, seemed utterly inconsistent with the former, for he was himself of Norman origin, and it was only by virtue of his father's conquest that he could claim any title to the crown of England. It was not until the very morning of his intended nuptials, when he was walking in solemn procession from his palace at Westminster to the Abbey, for the purpose of celebrating them, that the truth flashed upon his mind, that by the act which he was then about to perform, he was accomplishing the Monk's prediction.

"'Tis strange," he said, to Anslem, Archbishop of Canterbury, who walked on his right hand, "but by this marriage I shall confirm the prophetic intimation which I received from the Monk of St. John, in the New Forest, on the evening of the death of the Red King; whom God assoil!" he added, crossing himself.

"It grieves me, my liege," said the Archbishop, "to find that the ravings of a fanatic and an impostor have sunk so deep into your Grace's memory. The events which have come to pass according to his prediction, were in the ordinary course of things. The Red King's violent and heedless course of life promised a speedy termination to it; and that the wisest and most accomplished prince in Europe should espouse a princess, whose virtues and talents so nearly resemble his own, might surely have happened, although this cowled dreamer had never existed."

"True, true, good Anslem," said the King; but he said it in a tone which induced the Archbishop to believe that his heart did not yield that acquiescence to his arguments which his lips professed.

"The Monk," resumed the Archbishop, "also promised that your Grace should, with English hearts and hands, conquer the country of the Conqueror. This is an event which is surely scarcely within the verge of probability, for your Grace and the Duke of Normandy have concluded a peace (which Heaven keep inviolate!) by which you have guaranteed to each other the integrity of your respective dominions, and a free enjoyment of their rights in both realms to your subjects."

The King answered not; but the project which he had long formed of subjecting to his sway the hereditary dominions of his father he could not easily part with, and the feeling of the English people, who were eager for an opportunity to retaliate upon Normandy the injury which William and his followers had inflicted upon England, would, he knew, second him in any attack which he might make upon the territories of his brother. The

acclamations with which the multitude now greeted him as he passed on to the Abbey, confirmed him in the estimate which he had made of their willingness to support him, and with a proud step and an exulting spirit he crossed the threshold of the sacred edifice.

The Princess Matilda had arrived before him. She was surrounded by the Scottish barons who had escorted her from her father's court, and by several beautiful females, who were in attendance upon her. On her progress she had been greeted with the enthusiastic cheers of the populace. Some invoked St. Edward's blessing on her head; some exclaimed that the disasters of Hastings had now terminated; and others traced a wonderful resemblance in her features to the effigies of her illustrious ancestor, the Great Alfred.

The King and Princess had both entered the Abbey, amidst the benedictions and applauses of all who beheld them. The Barons and official dignitaries then followed them to the altar, and the Archbishop was about to perform the ceremony, when a stentorian voice from a remote part of the church, exclaimed, "Forbear!" All eyes were turned towards the quarter whence the interruption proceeded, and an ecclesiastic, with his features closely shrouded in his cowl, was seen slowly pacing down the eastern aisle. He approached the altar, and removing his cowl, the King and his attendants immediately recognized the Monk of St. John's.

"What new vagary is this, reverend Father?" said the King, forcing a smile, but evidently feeling more respect for the intrusive Monk than he chose to acknowledge.

"I say," cried the Monk, "to yon Norman priest, Forbear! This is not an occasion on which, when an English-born prince weds the last heiress of the ancient and illustrious Saxon race, a Neustrian ecclesiastic should mar, by his officiousness, the auspicious ceremony."

A tumult of applause followed the Monk's address. The Archbishop and the Norman barons frowned, but the official persons about King Henry, who were, for the most part, chosen from among the Saxons and the Scottish nobles who attended the princess, evidently participated in the pleasurable feelings expressed by the multitude.

"And where," said the Archbishop proudly, "if a Norman priest must not perform this august ceremony, shall we find one of rank and honour sufficient to entitle him to perform it?"

A loud and bitter laugh burst from the lips of the Monk, which resounded through the aisles of the Abbey for several seconds. "Where!" he said, "thou puling priest! where shall such a one be found?" and he thrust his hand towards his side and seemed to be seeking a weapon; but, as his eye glanced on his sacerdotal habit, a cloud gathered on his brow, and his cheek grew pale as ashes. "Peace! peace! my heart, be still, he muttered half audibly; "it is not yet the time; but, Sir King, I say to thee, let these Saxon hands tie the indissoluble knot between thee and yon fair princess, and so perchance, may one, who has been the cause of all his country's evils, make some atonement by becoming the instrument of their cure and solace."

The populace renewed their acclamations as the Monk spoke; the Norman Archbishop drew back from him abashed, and the King gazed upon him with an expression of mingled awe and wonder. "I know not who or what thou art, mysterious man," said the Monarch, "but I have good cause for believing that thou art in some way more and better than thy garb proclaimeth. Be it, therefore, as thou desirest; wed me to this fair princess; and may Heaven grant that this union may be as thou sayest—the cure and solace of this nation's evils!"

The monk united the hands of the two royal lovers, and breathed his benediction with a fervour and enthusiasm which seemed to affect even Archbishop Anslem and his partizans. The King and Queen knelt before the altar, the populace prostrated themselves on the ground, and at the conclusion, the organ pealed forth a solemn strain of blended exultation and devotion.

"And now, O King!" said the Monk, "thou rememberest what passed at our last interview."

"Most distinctly do I remember," said the King, "and not easily shall I forget it."

"Then did I predict," added the Monk, "that three things should happen to thee, Henry Beauclerc: that thou shouldest be King of England; that thou shouldest restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne; and that with English hearts and hands thou shouldest conquer the country of the Conqueror. Did not the first event happen almost at the moment that I said it, at my first visit?—has not the second prediction been accomplished even now, at my second visit, by the instrumentality of his hands whose lips uttered it?—and when I visit thee for the third time, King Henry, the third event shall come to pass before we part, and then we shall part for ever."

The Monk uttered these words in a tone of great energy and solemnity; then, drawing his robes closely round him, and grasping his staff, he proceeded slowly down the aisle by which he had entered; the people made way for him, many falling on their knees and craving his blessing as he passed; and in this way, with downcast head and measured step, he departed out of the Abbey.

"What say you now, my Lord Archbishop!" asked the King, turning towards the astonished and mortified Anslem.

"My liege," said the Prelate, "he is doubtless an impostor; albeit when I tried to rebuke him, there was something in his eye and brow which deprived me of the power of utterance. It irks me to see your Grace so worked upon by the arts of gramarye, in which this Saxon Monk is, I doubt not, but too well versed. The faith of your Grace and your princely brother Robert, are too deeply pledged to each other to allow of the possibility of what this dreamer has predicted ever coming to pass."

While the Archbishop was speaking, a horn was heard sounding outside the walls of the Abbey; and immediately a horseman, whose dress and accoutrements proclaimed him to be a herald, entered and rode up towards the spot on which the King stood.

"How now!" said Henry, who immediately recognized the Norman king-at-arms, "what says our loving brother?"

"I must crave your royal pardon," said the Herald, "for what I am commissioned to utter, before I venture to use language which will sound but ill in your Grace's ears."

"Speak out," said the King; "thou knowest that thy character and thy office sufficiently protect thee."

"Then," said the Herald, throwing down his gage, "I am commanded by King Robert, thy king and mine, thy father's eldest son, to hurl his defiance at thee, and bid thee immediately resign to him the crown of this fair realm, which thou hast wrongfully and traitorously usurped. What answer shall I bear to thy loving brother?"

"Nay," said the King, while a bitter smile writhed his lip, "first answer me, I pray thee, where our loving brother is sojourning at present?"

"He is at Tinchebray in Normandy," said the Herald, where he has

collected forces, who wait but the signal of his uplifted finger to pour themselves upon the coasts of this kingdom, for the purpose of enforcing his just and reasonable demand."

"Say you so?" answered the King; "then methinks it would be treating King Robert, as thou callest him, uncivilly, seeing he is so near us, to send an answer to his so courteous communication by a messenger. We will ourselves wait upon him in person at Tinchebray; and if the arguments which we shall bring with us shall not convince him that his claim is untenable, we must e'en doff the diadem from these poor brows of ours, and place it on his own. What say ye, lords and knights, and ye, not least in our esteem, our gallant yeomen,—will ye accompany us to Tinchebray?"

"God save King Henry!" shouted a thousand voices; "God save Queen Matilda! Death to the Normans; victory and vengeance!"

"You have our answer, Sir Knight," said the King, addressing the Herald. "Bear it speedily to our brother, and assure him that we shall lose no time in confirming your intelligence by our presence. What ho! there, attend him, and show him such respect as is befitting his rank and office. What say you now, my Lord Archbishop!" said the King, again addressing the Primate, and smiling—but the Archbishop held his peace, and accompanied the royal party back to the palace in silence.

It was on the 14th of October, 1107, that the English army, under the command of the King, sat down before the Castle of Tinchebray, then held by Robert de Belesme for the Duke of Normandy. This was the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Hastings, and of the day (his last birth day) on which King Harold had lost his kingdom and his life. The sun had not risen above an hour when the King's forces came in sight of the Castle, and found that the fortress was not left to its own resources, but that Duke Robert had arrived before them with a numerous army to its relief, which occupied a strong position in advance of it.

"Seest thou this?" said a Knight in black armour, riding up to the King, and showing him his shield, which bore the marks of many a lance and arrow upon its disk.

"Who art thou, friend," asked the King, "who hast so many times intruded thyself upon my notice, since our embarkation from England? I would not willingly disparage thy prowess, although I know thee not; but I doubt not that there are five hundred in my army who are as good as thou, and who are a s much entitled to assume these airs of familiarity with me."

"It matters not," replied the Knight! "but this shield guarded this arm at Hastings, and neither arm nor shield has since, until this day, been exhibited in the field: then I fought against the Normans, and they conquered England; now, I fight against them this day, and by God's good grace will assist thee in conquering Normandy."

"Thou seemest a stalwart and vigorous knight," said the King, "and thy appearance but ill accords with thy assertion, that thou borest arms nearly half a century ago. However, Heaven pardon thee, if thou utterest untruths, and visit not our cause with the punishment due to thy falsehoods! There are now other matters that demand my attention too imperiously to allow me to listen any longer to thy prating."

The centre of the Norman Army was commanded by the Duke in person, the right wing by the Earl of Mortaigne, and the left wing by Robert de Belesme. Their cavalry was not quite so numerous as that of the English, but in their infantry they had greatly the superiority. Robert never ap-

peared to greater advantage than on that day; and before the commencement of the engagement, he was seen in every part of his army animating his soldiers, inciting them to attack, and reminding them that they must this day prove themselves worthy of wearing the laurels which were won at Hastings, or submit to become the vassals of that people who had then been so heroically conquered. The Earl of Mortaigne, and Robert de Belesme also, who were the inveterate enemies of Henry, had nothing to hope from his clemency in the event of his proving victorious, and were indefatigable in their efforts to kindle the martial energies of their followers. The whole army participated in the spirit of their leaders, and chaunting, like their ancestors at Hastings, the song of Rollo, they rushed furiously on the advanced guard of the English. The assault was irresistible; the ranks of the English were broken, and the Norman assailants shouting victory, advanced upon that part of the main body of the English which was commanded by King Henry himself. Robert de Belesme cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, shouting the name of Henry, and defying him, if he had a particle of honour and valour, to meet him and give him battle. This man, who had the reputation of being an incarnate fiend, excited so much terror by his presence, that all fled before him, and left the King almost alone exposed to the assault of Belesme and his myrmidons. The monarch, however, at the head of a small band of friends, defended himself valiantly, but his strength was evidently failing him, and his friends were falling one by one at his side. "Englishmen, to the rescue, oh!" he shouted, and renewed his efforts with increased vigour. "Normans, remember Hastings!" exclaimed De Belesme, and made another furious assault, by which the King was unhorsed. "Remember Hastings!" echoed a stentorian voice; "ay, Englishmen, forget it not!" and immediately the Knight in black armour, whom we have already mentioned, rode up at the head of a party of about a hundred men, and smiting De Belesme with his sword on the helmet, he bore him from his saddle. "On, Sire," he said, assisting the King to remount: "the Earl of Mortaigne's division has been repulsed by the Earl of Mayne; Duke Robert is contending at fearful odds with the Earl of Mellent; and now, could we but drive back the followers of De Belesme, the victory and Normandy are ours. Once more, Englishmen, remember Hastings!"

Thus saying, the unknown Knight put spurs to his steed, couched his lance, and rushed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. The King and his followers imitated his example, and the forces of Helias, Earl of Mayne, who had driven Mortaigne from the field, speedily joining them, they carried all before them. The slaughter was immense. The English arrows darkened the air, and every English lance was red to the hilt with blood. The Black Knight in particular, traversed the field like the angel of destruction; wherever he appeared, the enemy sunk beneath his blow, or fled before him. "Remember Hastings!" he shouted at every step his good steed took; and this cry, which had originally been set up by the Norman leaders, to remind their followers of their ancient triumph, now eagerly spread from rank to rank in the English army, and seemed to give herculean force to their arms, as they hurled their javelins or twanged their bows against the enemy. When a part of their forces seemed wavering and dismayed, the shout was "Remember Hastings!" and they rushed on again as though invigorated with wine;—when the English warrior felt the death-wound in his heart, he spent his remaining breath in saying, "Remember Hastings!" to his comrades, and died with a smile upon his lip;—when the Norman captive sued for quarter, the answer was, "Remember Hastings!" and his head rolled in the dust!

In the mean time, the Duke of Normandy and his forces were resisting with unequal strength, but undiminished gallantry, the attack of the Earl of Mellent. The two divisions of his army were broken and dispersed, and the main body of the English was advancing against him under the conduct of King Henry. He, nevertheless, fought on with incredible valour, and had even cut himself a passage through the ranks of his assailants, and, being well mounted, was leaving his pursuers behind him, when he found himself surrounded by the Black Knight and a select band of warriors, who had kept close to him during the whole engagement.

"Yield thee, Duke of Normandy!" said the Knight; "yield thee—or thy days are numbered!"

"I yield to no one," said the Duke, "merely because he bids me do so. I yield to no one but to him whose right hand can subdue me!"

"Say you so?" said the Knight; "then yield to me," and directing his sword furiously at the breast of his opponent, the latter reeled from the saddle, and the shouts of the spectators, which were speedily re-echoed over the whole field, proclaimed that the Duke of Normandy was taken prisoner.

The clamour of the battle instantly ceased. The Normans threw down their arms—some fled, some were butchered upon the spot, and four hundred knights and ten thousand soldiers were taken prisoners.

"Brother," said King Henry, approaching the place where the Duke stood in the custody of his captors; "you have put us to some cost and trouble in coming over here to answer your courteous message; nevertheless it were ungrateful in us, seeing the result, to grudge either. Since, however, it may not be quite as convenient in future to answer your messages, we have resolved to place you nearer our royal person; Cardiff Castle is not so troublesome a distance from our palace as Tinchebray."

"I am your prisoner, Henry," said the Duke, moodily, "and must submit to the will of Heaven. Do with me as you please: the curse which our father provoked, when he invaded a peaceful kingdom, is upon me."

"But where is the Black Knight?" asked the King; "our gallant deliverer, to whom the glorious success of this day is so mainly attributable?"

"He stands yonder," said a page, pointing to the left of the King, "and is, I fear me, grievously hurt, for he pants for breath, and seems scarcely able to support his tottering weight."

"Approach, valiant Sir," said the King; "I trust that you have sustained no hurt which a skilful leech will not know how to treat?"

"I am not hurt," said the Knight, "but my days are numbered. I have lived to see this day; it is enough, and now would I depart in peace."

The Knight's voice seemed strangely altered: during the battle its stentorian tones had been heard all over the field, but now it was feeble and tremulous. "Unbar his visor," said the King; "surely I have heard that voice before."

The Knight's visor was unbarred, and revealed to the wondering eyes of the King and his attendants the features of the Monk of St. John.

"Did not I tell thee, O King! that at my third visit—the third event which I had prophesied, the conquest of Normandy, should come to pass before we parted?"

"True, holy father," said the King; "and thou hast proved thyself the apostle of truth."

"I said, too," added the Monk, and his features changed, and his voice grew more tremulous than ever, as he spake, "that when we did part, we should part for ever. Yet I have something for thy ear, and for the ears of

the knights and barons who surround thee, which I would not willingly leave the world without disclosing."

"Support him," said the King; "he is falling!" and two pages hastened to the assistance of the Monk, whose strength was gradually failing him.

"Speak out, old man!" said the King; "who and what art thou?"

"This," said the Monk, "is the eightieth anniversary of my birth, and the fortieth of my perilous fall, and the fall of my country; but blessed be Heaven! my country has retrieved that fall; and I, at last, can die in peace."

"Reveal thy name," said the King, "for as yet thou speakest riddles."

"My name!" said the old man, and the stentorian strength of his voice seemed to return as he uttered it, "is HAROLD—Harold the Saxon—Harold the King—Harold the Conquered!"

A bitter groan burst from his heart as he pronounced the last epithet; and he hung down his head for a moment.

The King and his attendants gazed with the intensest interest on the man who they had thought had been so long numbered with the dead. Even the captive Robert forgot his own misfortunes in the presence of his father's once powerful opponent. Harold, at length, seemed to overcome his emotion, and gazed once more on the assembled princes and barons.

"King of England!" he said, rearing up his stately form, and extending his hands over the Monarch's head, "be thou blessed! thou hast restored the ancient race to the throne; and thou hast conquered the country of the proud Conqueror. Thy reign shall be long and prosperous; thou shalt beget monarchs, in whose veins shall flow the pure stream of Saxon blood, and ages and generations shall pass away, yet still that race shall sit upon the throne of England."

His voice faltered—his eyes grew dim—his uplifted arms fell powerless to his sides—and he sunk a lifeless corse into the arms of the attendants.

[HENRY NEELE.]

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the Rose;
'O fondest object of my care,
'Still fairest found, where all are fair
'For the sweet shade thou givest to me,
'Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.'
'Then,' said the Rose, with deepened glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'—
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed.

[FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.]

RECONCILIATION.

——— "FASTER, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postilion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length, enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moon-beams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysteric sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley, folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and, drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley?" she repeated with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devotedly—madly," cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us."

"No more oaths—enough of protestations. Are you willing, by one action—at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

"I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!"

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return!"

"Return, instantly!"

"Ellen, are you serious—are you"—he might have added, "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honour, I implore you to take me back to my father——"

"To your father?" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father, my grey headed, my doting, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father," she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: "he lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate," she cried; "would you still sooth my frantic soul with words—your Ellen? Short-sighted man, your Ellen! what shall bind her to a husband who could abandon a father—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn your horses' heads," he said; "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigour from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I,—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Morley—God bless you, my brother, my dear brother," and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moment of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

* * * * * * * * *

"Where is he—let me see him—is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent——"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well——"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too late;" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father! do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother——"

"Cease"—said the old man, endeavouring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; "forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," said he, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction, and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word, as a man of honour:—I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm round his daughter's waist, and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said.

"Behold, in all this, the goodness of God: behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desires to secure my daughter's happiness." I felt that age was creeping on me—and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved, over this holy book, to prove my contrition for my sinful harbouring of hatred towards my fellow creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"O my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned; "in pity, my dear father——"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life. [ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.]

CURLING.

In the whole range of rural sports, I know nothing more exhilarating than a *spiel* on the ice, where the players are numerous and well matched—the stakes, a dinner of beef and greens—and the forfeit, the honour of the rival parishes. Whether we mingle with the eager throng, or perambulate the banks of the frozen lake, on the principle that "distance lends enchantment to the view," the scene abounds with points of interest that might well afford scope for the pencil of a Wilkie, or the pen of a Scott. First, we have the icy arena itself, scooped at the bottom of some quiet vale, fringed with reeds, from which the wild duck rises whirring on the wing,

and skirted with alders, whose beautifully feathered and fantastic tops seem even more engaging than when nursed into foliage by the beams of May. All around is blank and dreary—the snow-flake freezes as fast as it falls—the sun seems level with the horizon's verge—the hills make the spectator cold to look at them; and every thing, in one word, conspires to complete the picture of a winter's day. But the courage of men, bent on the favourite amusement of curling, is not easily damped by the inclemency of the elements; on the contrary, their spirits seem to mount as the thermometer falls; and nothing pleases them more than a feeding storm, and, along with that, the prospect of a long lease of their "roaring play." Arrived at the scene of action, all is bustle and animation till the stones have been distributed, assorted, claimed—rings measured, trumps fastened, ties fixed, and the order of battle completely arranged; and as these preliminaries are speedily settled, to it the parties set with all the anxiety of those who contend for a much higher prize. Lots, perhaps, are cast for the first shot; and the greatest novice invited to deliver the first stone; and should his arm lack the proper pith, that instant a dozen brooms are raised to help the laggard over the *hogg score*. A second, a third, a fourth succeeds, and so on, till the line stretches a tolerable length, though not by any means to the "crack of doom;" and each man is warned, by his respective friends, to plant, if possible, an excellent guard—dislodge this stone and cover that—open up one port and close another—play soft or strong, outside or inside, as occasion may require—and steer as closely by the signal broom, as the mariner, warned by similar devices, threads his watery way through sand banks and shallows. As the sport deepens, it is amusing to contrast the bustle that obtains in one little spot, with the stillness that broods over the external world; while the hills above are silent and dark, the shining lake below is instinct with life, and resounds with sounds of mirth and glee which, borne along on the elastic air, invade the solemn loveliness that reigns around, till echo itself takes up the tale, and repeats, in broken fragments, the curler's vocabulary. At length, as the more veteran players advance to decide, by their skill, the fate of the *side*, the interest becomes intense; and gives rise to so many calculations of what is done, and what avoided; such bustling to and fro, as must appear a perfect mystery to the uninitiated. The last wary shot booms athwart the ice as if impelled by magic, and, while every port to an on-looker seems closed, finds its way under the guidance of a powerful arm and steady eye, through passages rivalling the intricacy of the walls of Troy. Then follows the shout of victory, and the murmur of defeat, till the contest is renewed under the mingled emotions of hope and fear—the vanquished trusting that the tables may be turned, and the conquerors confident they will remain the same. At this stage of the business, which may be aptly enough described as the first act of the curling drama, the grey beard is appealed to, and the glass handed round, accompanied by rations of bread and cheese—appliances which custom renders needful; and when the combatants, while flapping their benumbed hands, feel their stomachs warmed, and their strength recruited, to work they set with fresh vigour—the one party bent on recovering the ground they unfortunately lost, and the other determined to retain the laurels already won. In a trice the eager players are marshalled, and the broom put in requisition as before; again the stones boom away and away, meandering here, meeting there, and whirling from the collision like the urchin's top at school; again shot succeeds shot, and game follows game until the conclusion of the *bonspeil*, or the approach of evening proclaims it time the sport should surcease; and the combatants wend their

way to the nearest *clachan*, to enjoy their favorite feast of beef and greens. And now the scene changes entirely, though, as the savoury viands load the board, all feel the effects of the keen mountain air, and make so good a use of their time while opportunity serves, that the business of eating becomes nearly as noisy as the business of play; rounds of corned beef, flagons of home-brewed, disappear with a rapidity that is truly astonishing, and of which no adequate conception can be formed by persons whose appetites were never whetted by a day on the ice. But the clamour of dinner ceases at last, and anon the *reeking* bowl shines like a planet of the first magnitude, the glasses like satellites that reflect its light; the song, the laugh, and the jocund tale go round; the leaders of the spiel, the heroes of the well-fought ice-field, are pledged in bumpers filled to the brim; and the morning's exploits are discussed and re-discussed, and new plans formed for the morrow. Even the most inexperienced feel the influence of the *esprit de corps*, and fight all their battles o'er again. The storm without gives additional zest to the revelry within: the spring, summer, and autumn are the season of toil—winter the appropriate period of rest; and every hardy yeoman who has done his duty, who had gone to bed late, and risen betimes till his crops were in the barn-yard, and his cattle in the stall, so far from brooding over the evils of high rents and falling markets, trusts that better days are in store for him, that he will be spared to see many a Christmas come round, when he may give care to the winds; and yielding unresistingly to the spirit of the times, float down the current of universal festivity. [J. MACDIARMID.]

A BALLAD FROM THE GAELIC.

THE eagle flew over the Laggan Loch,
And down by the braes of Badenoch,
And eastward, eastward sped his way,
Far over the lovely links of Spey,
Till the lord of Balloch turn'd his eye
To the haughty journeyer of the sky,
And he said to his henchman, "Gill-na-omb,
What brings the eagle so far from home?"
Then Gillion watched his lord's dark eye,
And his voice it falter'd in reply;
And he said, "My lord, who needs to care
For the way of the eagle in the air?
Perhaps he is watching Lochdorbin's men,
Or the track of the Gordons of the Glen,
For he spies, from his stories of the wind,
That the dead are often left behind;
Or, haply, he knows, in our forest bounds,
Of some noble stag dead of his wounds."
"Go, saddle my steed without delay,
I have mark'd yon eagle, day by day,
Still hovering over yon lonely dell—
There's a dread on my soul which I dare not tell.
Gillion, no mystery may I brook,
I like not your suspicious look,

And have noted your absence from my hand
More than I approve or understand;
Say, have you heard no word at all
Of some one miss'd from her father's hall?"
"No, my good lord—No, not one word,
As I shall be sworn upon my sword;
And why should the eagle's yelling din
Awake suspicions your heart within?"
That lord he mounted his gallant steed,
But at his henchman he shook his head,
And gave him a look as bounding away,
That fill'd his black heart with dismay;
And he fled to hide in the bosky burn,
For he durst not wait his lord's return.
The lord of Balloch away is gone,
With beating heart, to the wild alone;
For in the dead of night he had dream'd
Of that dell o'er which the eagle scream'd,
And there, with his mortal eye, he saw
A vision of terror and of awe;
And something was borne on his soul oppress'd,
Of a deed that would never be redress'd;
For there are spirits that the truth can scan,
And whisper it to the soul of man.
The eagle he sail'd upon the cloud,
And he spread his wings, and he scream'd aloud,
For he durst not light in the lonely dell,
But his rage made all the echoes yell;
For he saw the blood below his feet,
And he saw it red, and he knew it sweet,
And though death was pleasing to his eye,
The silken tartans stream'd too nigh.
The lord of Balloch rode on and on,
With a heavy gloom his heart upon,
Till his steed began to show demur,
For he snorted and refused the spur,
And, nor for coaxing nor for blow,
Farther one step he would not go;
He rear'd aloft and he shook with fear,
And his snorting was terrible to hear.
The gallant steed is left behind,
And the chief proceeds with a troubled mind.
But short way had that good lord gone,
Ere his heart was turned into a stone;
It was not for nought that the steed rebell'd;
It was not for nought that the eagle yell'd;
It was not for nought that the visions of night
Presented that lord with a grievous sight,—
A sight of misery and despair:
But I dare not tell what he found there,
For the hearts of the old would withhold belief,
And the hearts of the young would bleed with grief,
Till the very fountains of life ran dry;
Sweet sleep would forsake the virgin's eye,

And man, whose love she had learn'd to prize,
Would appear a monster in disguise—
A thing of cursed unhallowed birth,
Unfit to dwell on his Maker's earth;
The very flowers of the wilder'd dell
Would blush, were I that tale to tell.
Ah! the clan of Lochdorbin for ever may rue
That the dream and the result proved so true,
For twenty ruffians of that dome,
And at their head base Gill-na-omb,
Were hung by the necks around that dell,
To bleach in the snows and rains that fell,
And there they swung, the wild within,
Till the dry bones rattled in the skin;
And they hung, and they hung, till all was gone
Save a straggling skull and white back-bone,
A lesson to men of each degree,
How sacred the virgin form should be.
As for Lochdorbin's brutal chief,
He was pinion'd like a common thief,
And cast into a dungeon deep,
Below the Balloch castle-keep,
Where he pined to death, there not the first
Who had died of hunger and of thirst;
On his own flesh he strove to dine,
And drank his blood instead of wine,
Then groan'd his sicken'd soul away,
Cursing the lord of Balloch's sway,
And wishing, with dying grin and roar,
That twenty maidens, and twenty more,
Were in his power in the lonely dell,
And all by that lord beloved as well.
He is gone—extinct, and well away—
His castle's a ruin unto this day,
And neither the shepherd nor hind can tell
The name of the chief that there did dwell,
And all that remains of that cruel beast,
Who laid the Buchan and Bogie waste,
Are some shreds of bones in the Balloch keep,
Still kick'd about in that dungeon deep;
Or haply some films of dust unshrined,
Whirl'd on the eddies of the wind.
So perish all from noble range,
Who would wrong a virgin for revenge.*

[BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.]

* The scene of this ancient and horrible legend seems to have been in the country of the Grants, whose chief may have been the Lord of Balloch. In the same district, also, there is an ancient castle, or rather garrison, of great strength and magnificence, called Lochindorb. It is situated on an island. Its walls are twenty feet thick, and it covers fully an acre of ground. It has a spacious entrance of hewn stone, and strong watch towers at each corner. The inhabitants of the district can give no account of it, but say it was the residence of a great cateran chief, who was put down by the Earl of Moray and the Laird of Grant. Another account is, that he and all his followers were surprised, and cut off to a man, by the Laird of Grant. It is not improbable that this cateran chief may have been one of King Edward's officers.

THE SPECTRE'S VOYAGE.

THERE is a part of the river Wye, between the city of Hereford and the town of Ross, which was known for more than two centuries by the appellation of "the Spectre's Voyage;" and across which, as long as it retained that appellation, neither treaty nor remuneration would induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions current among the lower orders were, that at about the hour of eight on every evening, a female was seen in a small vessel sailing from Hereford to Northbrigg, a little village then distant about three miles from the city, of which not even the site is now discernible; that the vessel sailed with the utmost rapidity in a dead calm, and even against the wind; that to encounter it was fatal; that the voyager landed from it on the eastern bank of the river a little beyond the village; that she remained some time on shore, making the most fearful lamentations; that she then re-entered the vessel, and sailed back in the same manner, and that both boat and passenger vanished in a sudden manner as they arrived at a certain part of the river, where the current is remarkably strong, within about half a mile of the city of Hereford.

This singular tradition, like most stories of a similar character, was not without a foundation in truth, as the reader will perceive who takes the trouble to peruse the following narrative.

In the turbulent reign of Edward the Second, when the whole of England was one theatre of lawless violence; when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the very intelligible if not very equitable principle,

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can;"

the city of Hereford was distinguished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the unshrinking firmness with which they adhered to the cause of Queen Isabella and the young prince her son, afterwards the renowned King Edward the Third, in opposition to the weak and ill-fated monarch who then wore the crown, and his detested favourites the Spensers, father and son. Sir Hugh Spenser the younger, was a man of unquestionable talents, and possessed virtues which, during a period of less violence and personal animosity, might have proved honourable to himself, and useful to his country. The nobles, however, hated him for his obscure birth and his devotion to the service of his prince, who, however imbecile and unworthy of his high station, was nevertheless unstained by any flagitious crime, was possessed of a kind and generous heart, and was especially endeared to Spenser, on account of the wealth and honours which he had prodigally lavished upon his family and himself. The discontents of the Queen and the Barons were not vented in fruitless complaints or idle menaces. They flew to arms. The King of France, the Queen's brother, assisted them with men and money; the Count of Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa, the young prince had been contracted, did the same. The King was driven from London, and forced with the elder Spenser, whom he had created Earl of Winchester, to take refuge in Bristol. Being hotly pursued to this city by the Earl of Kent and the Count of Hainault, at the head of a formidable army, he was obliged to flee into Wales, leaving the elder Spenser governor of the Castle of Bristol. This fortress was

immediately besieged, and speedily taken, as the garrison mutinied against their governor, and delivered him into the hands of his enemies. This venerable noble, who had nearly reached his ninetieth year, was instantly, without trial, or witness, or accusation, or answer, condemned to death by the rebellious Barons: he was hanged on a gibbet; his body was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs; and his head was sent to Winchester, the place whence he derived his title, and was there set on a pole, and exposed to the insults of the populace.

When the news of this catastrophe reached the younger Spenser, he was at the head of a fine army, which had sat down before the city of Hereford, for the purpose of reducing it to obedience to King Edward. The formidable force which he commanded, had struck terror into the hearts of the citizens, so that, notwithstanding their attachment to Queen Isabella, and their detestation of Spenser, they had shown symptoms of their willingness to yield to the latter upon reasonable terms; and he, desirous of obtaining possession of the city without any unnecessary effusion of blood, had granted a truce of a week's duration, to give them time to decide upon what conditions they would open their gates to him. The disastrous intelligence which he received from Bristol, however, made him doubtful whether he should hold inviolate the truce which he had granted to the besieged. He did not doubt but that the Earl of Kent and his troops, flushed with conquest, would hasten to his destruction, and to the relief of Hereford, and that unless he could possess himself of the city and castle, and, by shutting himself up in the latter, be enabled to bid defiance to his enemies, the fate of his father must inevitably be his own.

The favourite recreation of the inhabitants of Hereford was then, as it is now, to make excursions either alone, or in parties, upon their beautiful river. This amusement had become so much a custom with them, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone and at night in a small skiff, with which almost every family of respectability was provided; and on a bright moonlight night the bosom of the river was beautifully diversified by the white sails glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were usually the praises of Prince Edward, or execrations of Spenser, and those who had corrupted the King. It was on such a night, that the incident with which our narrative commences occurred. The moon was riding in an unclouded sky—unclouded except by those light fleecy vapours which hovered round the form of the queen of night, increasing rather than diminishing her beauty. The river seemed one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels passing and repassing, gave it a delightfully animated appearance. In one, which seemed to be venturing nearer to the camp of the enemy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate female form, and on the shore which she was approaching, a little above the village of Northbrigg, stood a soldier, whose accoutrements bespoke him to belong to the army of Sir Hugh Spenser.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. "Dearest Isabel," he said, "blessings upon thy generous trusting heart, for this sweet meeting! I have much to tell thee, but that my tongue dares not utter all with which my mind is stored; and if it dared, it is not on such a night as this, so bright, so beautiful, that tidings dark as mine should be communicated." Isabel, who had laid her head upon his breast when they met, started from him, and gazed with the utmost terror and surprise at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance.

"Walter, what means this? Come you to break the trusting heart

which beats for you alone? Come you to cancel your vows—to say that we must part for ever? Oh! better had you left me to the mercy of the wave, when its work of death was half achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which waits upon a broken heart, and blighted and betrayed affections?"

"Sweet, dry these tears!" replied the soldier; "while I have life I am thine. I come to warn thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Hereford are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty; but her hour is come, and the path of the destroyer, although secret, is like the stream which hides itself for a time beneath the earth only to spring forth more strongly and irresistibly than ever."

"Thy words are dark and dreadful; but I do not know of any cause for fear, or of any means of avoiding it, if it exists."

"Fly with me, fly!—with thy heart and hand reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls, and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their beavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their river."

"Oh! no, no, no! my father's head is grey, and but for me alone all his affections, all his hopes are buried in my mother's grave. He hates thee and thy cause. When I told him a stranger had rescued his daughter from the wave, he raised his hands to heaven and blessed him. I told him that that stranger was a follower of the Spensers, he checked his unfinished benediction and cursed him. But if he knew thee, Walter, thy noble heart, thy constant love, methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer."

"Alas! my Isabel, entreaty would be vain, and time is already flapping his wings, loaded with inevitable ruin, over yon devoted city and its inhabitants. Thy father shall be safe—trust that to me; and trust me too, that what I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one, thou must not look upon the horrid face of war: and though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall-flowers on the ramparts of the city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair, so feeble, from his violence and lust."

"Whoe'er thou art," she said, "there is a spell upon my heart which love and gratitude have twined, and which makes it thine for ever; but sooner would I lock my hand with that of the savage Spenser himself, when reeking with the best blood of Hereford's citizens, than leave my father's side when his grey hairs are in danger, and my native city, when treachery is in her streets and outrage is approaching her walls."

These words were uttered with an animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Walter stood for a moment transfixed with wonder; and before he recovered his self-possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff and was sailing before the wind to Hereford. "Curse on my amorous folly!" he exclaimed, "that, for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has perhaps ruined a better concerted stratagem than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Sinon. I must away, or the false girl will wake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done: and yet, must I devote her to the foul grasp of ruffian violence? No, no! my power is equal to save or to destroy." As he uttered these words he rapidly ascended the rocks which skirted that part of the banks of the river on which he stood, and was soon lost among the wild woods that crowned their summit.

We shall not enter into any detailed account of the events of that night. The royalists, by means of an unexpected attack during the truce, and aided by internal treachery, hoped to make themselves masters of the city of Hereford.

The citizens, however, had by some unknown means obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel their attacks. Every street was lined with soldiers, and a band of the bravest and most determined, under the command of Eustace Chandos (Isabel's father), manned the city walls. The struggle was short but sanguinary—the invaders were beaten back at every point, their best troops were left dead in the trenches, and above two hundred prisoners (among whom was Sir Hugh Spenser himself) fell into the hands of the citizens. The successful party set no bounds either to their exultation or their revenge. The rejoicings were continued for three successive days; the neighbouring country was ravaged without cessation and without remorse; and all the prisoners were ordered, by a message to that effect received from Queen Isabella, to be treated as felons, and hanged in the most public places in the city. This decree was rigorously and unrelentingly executed. The royalist soldiers, without any distinction as to rank or character, suffered the ignominious punishment to which they were condemned, and the streets of Hereford were blocked up by gibbets, which the most timid and merciful of its inhabitants gazed upon with satisfaction and triumph.

Sir Hugh Spenser, both on account of his rank and of the peculiar degree of hatred with which each bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution, the streets were lined with spectators, and the principal families in the city occupied stations round the scaffold. So great was the universal joy at having their enemy in their power, that even the wives and daughters of the most distinguished citizens were anxious to view the punishment inflicted upon him whom they considered the grand cause of all the national evils. Isabel was not of this number; but her father sternly compelled her to be a witness of the dismal scene. The hour of noon was fast approaching, and the bell of the cathedral heavily and solemnly tolled the knell of the unfortunate Spenser. The fatal cavalcade approached the place of execution. A stern and solemn triumph gleamed in the eyes of the soldiers as they trod by the side of the victim; but most of the spectators, especially the females, were melted into tears when they beheld the fine manly form of the prisoner, which seemed better fitted to adorn the royal levee, or a lady's bower, than for the melancholy fate to which he was about to be consigned. His head was bare, and his light flaxen hair fell in a rich profusion of locks down his shoulders, but left unshaded his finely-proportioned and sun-burnt features. He wore the uniform of the royal army, and a star on his breast indicated his rank, while he held in his hand a small ivory cross, which he frequently and fervently kissed. His deportment was firm and contemptuous, and as he looked on the formal and frequently grotesque figures of his guards, his features even assumed an expression of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, which was raised fifty feet high, seemed to appal him, for he had not been apprised of the ignominious nature of his punishment. "And is this," he said, as he scornfully dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye, "ye rebellious dogs, is this the death to which you doom the heir of Winchester?" A stern and bitter smile played on the lips of his guards, but they remained silent. "Oh, God!" he continued, "in the field, or on the wave, or on the block, which has reeked so often with the bravest and noblest blood, I could have died smiling; but this ————." His emotion seemed increasing, but with a violent effort he suppressed every outward sign of it, for the visible satisfaction which gleamed on the dark faces around him, at the state of weakness to which they had reduced the proud heart of their foe, was more galling to his soul than the shameful death to which he was devoted.

By the time he reached the place of execution, his face had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with apparently unconcerned alacrity. At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from that part of the surrounding booths in which the family of Chandos sat; and in another instant a female, deadly pale, and with her hair and dress disordered, had darted on to the scaffold, and clasped the prisoner in her arms.

"Walter!" she cried, "Walter! can it be thou? oh! they dare not take thy life; thou bravest, best of men! Avaunt, ye bloodthirsty brood! ye cannot tear me from him. No! till my arms grow cold in death I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!"

"Oh! Isabel!" he said, "it is too much; my soul can bear no more. I hoped thy eyes had been spared this sight—but the cold tyrants have decreed it thus: oh! leave me, leave me!—it is in vain—unmannered ruffians spare her!" While he spoke, the soldiers forcibly tore her from him, and were dragging her through the crowd.—"My father! save him! he saved thy child.—Walter! supplicate him—he is kind." She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Spenser writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart, and she sank senseless in the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; but her reason had fled, and her health was so shattered that final recovery was hopeless. She took scarcely any food, refused all intercourse with her former friends, and even with her father, and would sit silent and motionless for days together. One thing only soothed her mind, or afforded her any gratification; and this, as she was an experienced navigator of the river, her friends indulged her in—to sail from the city of Hereford to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly every evening; but when she landed, and had waited a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable. This practice one evening proved fatal. Instead of steering to the usual landing-place, a little above the city, she entered a part of the river where the current is unusually strong. The rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the frail bark in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sank to rise no more!

The tragic nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind which two centuries did not efface. The spirit of Isabel was still said to sail every night from Hereford to Northbrigg, to meet her lover; and the beach across the river which this unearthly traveller pursued, was long distinguished by the name of "The Spectre's Voyage."

[NEELE'S ROMANCE OF HISTORY.]

LAVALLETTE.

A MANUSCRIPT of the celebrated Lavallette, in which are traced the principal occurrences of his eventful career, and the contents of which the veteran, at different periods before his death, communicated to his friends, has furnished the subject matter of the following sketch. Cautiously abstaining from all political and party discussions, we confine our task to a rapid survey of the facts connected with the destiny of one who played no unimportant part in the drama of the French revolution—of one who, in-

debted to female constancy and courage for his preservation from the scaffold, was afterwards enabled, by the clemency of his sovereign, to resume his place amongst his countrymen, and to seat himself in peace and forgetfulness of the past, by the side of his accusers and his judges.

Lavallette was born in Paris in 1769, the same year as Napoleon. His father, a respectable merchant, spared no expense on his education, which was far above his social position. It soon became necessary to give a fixed direction to his pursuits; and as he had but little taste for the paternal calling, it was resolved to devote him to the ecclesiastical state; for in the career of arms it was supposed that his talents and acquirements would be wholly thrown away. He accordingly assumed the sacerdotal habit; and having obtained the situation of under librarian among the brotherhood of St. Geneviève, he retired from society, and buried himself amongst his books and manuscripts. Rumours of the revolution, which shortly afterwards broke out in all its fury, were soon echoed even through the peaceful retreat of Lavallette. Mighty events were at hand, and a latent prompting of ambition, whispered to the young seminarist that his destiny lay beyond the precincts of a cloister. One day, as our student, with two friends, sauntered through the Rue Mazarine, the conversation turned on the prospects of the future. "Doubtless," said Lavallette, "you imagine me quietly buried among my musty volumes. You are mistaken; I am resolved to woo Fortune while she is in the humour; this revolution inspires me with ardour." His comrades laughed heartily. "Ah, my good friend," said one of them, "these are big words; you will, all your life, be just as you are now—a poor devil, scraping the walls to avoid the carriages."—"Say you so? and yet methinks I shall have my day; the course is open to us all; and I am ready to wager that I shall reach the goal before either of you." The sportive challenge was accepted. The two comrades followed their respective careers with honourable success; but Lavallette's progress was gigantic; at thirty years of age he had already won his wager.

With the events of 1789 our readers are probably acquainted. Young Lavallette, who had not irrevocably entered into orders, exchanged the cassock for the trappings of war, and joined the national troops organized by Lafayette for the defence of the throne and state. A few years afterwards, one of the college friends, above alluded to, passing through the street where the almost forgotten wager had been accepted, perceived a young officer in splendid uniform and tri-coloured scarf, hastily withdrawing from observation, and his foot already on the step of a sorry cabriolet. The face appeared familiar to the student, who drew near, and recognized his quondam friend. A cordial shake of the hand was mutually exchanged. "Whither bound?" said the student. "To Italy, with all speed."—"But why such haste!"—"My good friend Barras threatens to make me a target in four-and-twenty hours."—"In that case you have no time to lose, for he seems in the vein." "I know it but too well: having wished to oppose the cruelties of last night, I am this morning a fugitive; but my conscience is pure, and I have a friend in Buonaparte. Adieu; we shall meet again;"—and in a few hours Lavallette was on the road to Italy. On the glorious day of Arcola, he received, on the field of battle, the rank of captain, and the appointment of aide-de-camp to Buonaparte, who, in presence of the whole army, complimented the young soldier on his bravery. "Lavallette," said he, "when I write the history of this campaign, you shall not be forgotten." Buonaparte kept his word. After the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, Lavallette accompanied Buonaparte to France, and took a leading share in the memorable events of the 18th Brumaire, which led to the establishment of the

consular power, and ultimately seated Napoleon on the throne. As a reward for his fidelity and talent, Lavallette was appointed to the situation of *directeur des postes*. He was also promoted to the rank of count, state counsellor, and grand officer of the Legion of Honour. For twelve years he continued to discharge the important duties of his station with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the empire; and when at length the illusions of a powerful mind, intoxicated with success, had vanished—when the setting sun of Napoleon was about to sink for ever beneath the political horizon, the warm attachment and prudent counsels of the devoted follower, were no less conspicuous than had been the zeal and talent of the able and enlightened statesman.

The events of 1814 occasioned Lavallette's retirement from office, to which, however, he was momentarily recalled on the Emperor's return to the capital in the subsequent year. Lavallette's defection from the royal cause, after his previous adherence, has by some been stigmatized in terms of indignant reprobation; while others have, with equal extravagance, defended his conduct on that occasion. On this subject we forbear to touch: Our present purpose is to relate facts, without trespassing on the domain of political discussion.

On his return to public affairs, Lavallette afforded a striking example of moderation; which, however, if we may judge by subsequent occurrences, made little impression on his enemies. A confidential clerk in his administration having solicited an interview, presented him with a private list of suspected individuals. Restraining his indignation, Lavallette suffered the informer to proceed without interruption, and the treacherous disclosure at length terminated. "Sir," said the director, sternly, "have you ever looked boldly on the countenance of an honest man?" The astounded understrapper muttered an incoherent phrase in explanation. "Now," said Lavallette, committing the list to the fire, "look me in the face, and learn to know me better."

Lavallette's misfortunes commenced with the loss of the memorable battle which terminated the existence of the imperial dynasty. Previously to his arrest he might easily have quitted Paris; and his refusal to avail himself of the opportunity has been frequently alleged by his partisans as an undeniable proof that his conscience was free from self-reproach. On the 10th of July, whilst at dinner with his friends, he was arrested and placed in solitary confinement. The preliminaries to his trial were long and threatening, and the fate of Ney and Labedoyère seemed to indicate but too clearly the lot reserved for the prisoner. On the 19th of November, he appeared before the fatal tribunal. His defence was at once noble and touching. The trial lasted two days, after which he was condemned to death. He heard the sentence with resignation, consoled his weeping friends, and, turning towards the clerks of his own office, who had borne evidence against him, bade them a last and dignified adieu.

The gentle firmness of his manner during the trial, might lead to the supposition that he was resigned; but no sooner had he returned to his solitary dungeon than the soldier shrank from the contemplation, not of his death, but of the mode of his intended execution. He had a friend, an old companion in arms, who at that time possessed some influence at court. To him he addressed a letter, imploring a melancholy favour, soliciting that a soldier might be spared a felon's death. A cold refusal was the only answer. With a view to steel his heart against this cruel injustice—to familiarize himself with the idea of an ignominious punishment, at which his soul revolted—he daily questioned his gaolers on the subject, and ex-

acted the most minute details relative to the hideous and humiliating preparatives of a public execution. The sinister ideas with which his mind was occupied filled his days with agony, and agitated his slumbers with fearful visions. One dream in particular with which he was visited, appears so remarkable, that we make no apology for quoting it precisely in his own words:—"One night," says M. Lavallette, "I had sunk into a torpid slumber; the clock struck the hour of midnight, and the slow, monotonous sound awoke me. I distinctly heard the iron gate opened, and the heavy tread of the sentry advancing to relieve his comrade from his post. I fell asleep a second time. In my sleep I had a dream. I thought myself in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Rue de l'Echelle; the scene was enveloped in profound and dismal obscurity; all was still, save that from time to time a low, inarticulate sound was heard. All at once, from the bottom of the street, a troop of fleshless men and horses approached me. The riders were armed with flambeaux, whose light glared redly on their bleeding sinews, their sunken eyes rolling in their large orbits, their mouths opening from ear to ear, and helmets of flesh hanging from their hideous heads. The horses dragged their hides after them in the kennel, which overflowed with blood to the houses on each side, at the windows of which appeared for a moment, and then disappeared, a band of pale, dishevelled females, all silent as the grave. Low, inarticulate moanings were heard in the air. I was the only living being in the street, where I remained motionless with terror, and without even strength to seek safety in flight. The fleshless troop pushed on at full gallop; and as they passed, other riders succeeded, and petrified me with their appalling gaze. For upwards of five hours they filed past. At last they disappeared, and were succeeded by a quantity of artillery waggons, laden with mangled, palpitating corpses; an infectious odour poisoning the air. On a sudden, the iron gate was shut with violence, and I awoke. I struck my repeating watch—it was no more than twelve! Consequently the horrid phantasmagoria scene had lasted only two or three minutes, the time necessary for relieving the sentries and closing the gate. The night was piercing cold; the sentinels were quick in passing the watchword; and, besides, the gaoler next morning confirmed my calculation. However, there is no one incident of my life, the duration of which I can recollect with more certainty, or the details of which are more deeply engraved on my memory." The days glided swiftly away: the Court of Cassation had rejected the prisoner's appeal: and the last hope had failed—a supplication for the royal clemency, presented by Mad. Lavallette, and seconded by the Duc de Ragusa. The day fixed for the execution was at hand; even the gaolers approached the wretched man with an emotion of pity. The evening before he was to suffer, Madame Lavallette, in a rich merino dress lined with fur, penetrated to his dungeon; in her bag was a suit of female apparel. Without loss of time she acquainted her husband in a firm tone that flight was now the only resource; pointed to the disguise with which she was provided; assured him that the necessary precautions had been taken for his escape; that a sedan-chair waited outside the prison; a cabriolet on the Quai des Orfèvres; and that a trusty friend, whom she named, would answer for the rest. Lavallette at first refused: he had resigned himself to die. "I might consent," said he, "to play my part in a tragedy; but I will not figure in a farce. Were I to agree to this foolery, I should be arrested in this disguise, and exposed to the derision of the mob. Besides, can I abandon you to the insolence of brutal gaolers, and the persecution of my enemies?"—"If you die, I die with you. Save yourself for my sake." Lavallette yielded. "Dress your-

self," said his wife; "and quickly. No adieus, no tears: your moments are numbered." His toilette was soon finished. "Farewell," said she; "stoop your head as you pass the wicket, or the feathers of your hat will be caught." Gliding behind a screen, she touched a bell: the door opened, and the prisoner passed, followed by his wife's *gouvernante*. On reaching the outer gate, where the sedan-chair was in waiting, the chairmen were absent: the soldiers on guard assembled in groups for the purpose of indulging their curiosity with a sight of Madame Lavallette; they looked at her husband without uttering a word: it was a dreadful moment. At length the servants came up; Lavallette was conveyed away. From the 23d of December to the 10th of January, he remained concealed in Paris in a garret, whence he could hear the proclamations cried in the streets, and containing the offer of a large reward for his apprehension. Every barrier in Paris was closed: the delivery of passports suspended. Couriers, with a description of the fugitive's person, crossed each other in every direction. At eight o'clock in the evening of the 9th of January, 1816, he was accompanied by a friend to the house of Capt. Hutchinson; and the next morning, at the very instant when a scaffold was erected on the Place de Grève for his execution in effigy, he left Paris, disguised in an English uniform, and, in company with Gen. Sir Robert Wilson, made towards the frontier. M. Lavallette was wholly unacquainted with the English language; and during the journey was obliged to keep his handkerchief constantly applied to his cheek, under pretence of a swelled face. He was thus spared the necessity of conversing with the English officers whom he met on his road, and who were all acquainted with his companion. On one occasion, at Compiègne, where Sir Robert and his fellow-traveller entered the public inn, they found the agent of a commercial house entertaining a numerous audience with the story of Lavallette's escape; to which the narrator made many absurd additions, repeating at every pause, "Gentlemen, you may believe me; I was in Paris at the time." On another occasion, just as they reached the frontier, a captain of *gendarmes* demanded the travellers' passports, and took them away for examination. Lavallette's was under the fictitious name of Cossar, represented as a general officer in the British service. After a long absence, the captain of *gendarmes* returned, stating, that no such name as that of General Cossar could be found in the English army list. "You jest," said Sir Robert Wilson, at the same time making a sign to the postillions, who instantly set off at full speed. At length the fugitive arrived at Mons, where his generous guide was obliged to leave him. Lavallette, overcome with emotion, pressed the general's hand to his heart, in token of his gratitude. After a lengthened silence, Sir Robert, turning to Lavallette —"My dear friend," said he, "let me ask you one question: what was your objection to the guillotine?" Lavallette stared in speechless amazement. "Because, added Sir Robert in explanation, "I was told that you had requested as a favour to be shot." "Why, in the former case, the sufferer is dragged through the streets in a cart; his hands tied behind his back: he is next strapped to a plank which slides under the fatal knife."— "Ay, ay," said Sir Robert, "I understand; you objected to have your throat cut like a calf's!"

Lavallette passed through Germany, and soon reached the hospitable soil of Bavaria, where he was taken under the monarch's august protection. At a subsequent period he received a full pardon, and returned to Paris. In the midst of the congratulations with which he was welcomed, one voice was wanting—Madame Lavallette's. She had been separated from her husband from that agonizing moment when, with the eloquence of devoted

affection, she had commanded him to seek safety in flight; herself remaining as a hostage in his place. She was now unconscious of his presence. She beheld him without emotion—without a tear! The wretched wife, in combining the means of his escape, had exhausted her vigorous mind; and his flight once accomplished, her intellect was a wreck. The last blow was indeed overwhelming. "Your Majesty," says Lavallette, in expressing his gratitude to his sovereign—"your Majesty has restored to me possessions dearer than life; but even royalty cannot overbalance the sum of my calamities." His past misfortunes and the dictates of duty prescribed the same course—a voluntary seclusion from the world.

The vicissitudes of his life afford a striking exemplification of the fact, that our destinies are often dependent on very trifles—on accidents, over which even gifted minds exercise but little control. Had some lynx-eyed gaoler, with indiscreet curiosity or unseasonable gallantry, presented his arm to the supposed Madame Lavallette in 1815, a scaffold had terminated the career of one who, fifteen years afterwards, breathed his last in the arms of his family;—his moral and physical sufferings had afforded a holiday spectacle to the idle crowd, and a few devoted friends alone had followed to an unhallowed resting-place the remains lately embalmed with the tears of a nation, and committed with honour to a soldier's grave! Man can but seize with vigour and unshaken purpose the opportunities which a superior will creates.

[FROM THE FOREIGN LITERARY GAZETTE.]

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March, with grief, doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours
Follow with May's fairest flowers! [SHELLEY.]

FAZIO.

In the annals of Pisa is found the name of Guglielmo Grimaldi, who came to settle in Pisa from the confines of Genoa. He was then a youth of about two-and-twenty, with very few resources, and living in a hired apartment; yet with saving habits, and some ability, he was at length enabled to lend little sums of money upon usury. And in this way, by hoarding his gains, while he spent little, he became in no very long time a rich man, without losing his desire of adding to his wealth. He lived alone, and with the most unremitting diligence and secrecy, amassed and concealed his increasing stores, until growing old at length, he found himself in possession of thousands, of which he would not have parted with a single crown, to save the life of a friend, or to redeem the whole world from eternal punishment. On this account he was detested by all his fellow citizens, and paid dearly enough for it in the end. Having supped out with some of his miserly acquaintance, he was returning late to his own house, when he was assaulted by an unknown hand, and feeling himself wounded in the breast, he cried out and fled for help. Just at this moment came on a terrific storm of hail, and wind, and thunder, which increased his distress, and compelled him to look out for shelter. Becoming faint from the loss of blood, he ran into the first house that he found open, belonging to one Fazio, a goldsmith, attracted by the blaze of a large fire, at which he, the said Fazio, was making chemical experiments, having for some time past devoted the whole of his earnings to these pursuits, attempting to convert the dull metals of lead and tin into fine silver or gold. For this purpose he had now made so glorious an illumination, that he was compelled to open the door to admit air, while he melted down his metals; but hearing the sound of footsteps, he turned round, and beheld Guglielmo Grimaldi, the miser. "What are you doing here, friend," he inquired, "at such an hour, and in such a night as this?" "Alas!" answered the miser, "I am ill; I have been attacked and wounded; I know not why, nor by whom:" and he had no sooner uttered these words, than he sat down and died upon the spot.

Fazio was greatly surprised and alarmed at beholding him fall dead at his feet, and opening his bosom to receive air, he tried to recal him to life, believing at first that the poor miser was dying of pure exhaustion and inanition, by denying himself food. But on discovering the wound in his breast, and finding that his pulse no longer beat, he concluded that his visitor had really departed this life. Running to the door, he was about to alarm the neighbourhood, when hearing the terrific raging of the storm, he again drew back, and sought refuge in his house. Now his wife Pippa, and twin boys, happened just at this time to be on a visit to his father-in-law, who was likewise about to take his leave of the world. Instead of calling a physician, then, he suddenly changed his measures, and closed the door: examining next the body of the deceased, he found only four florins in his purse. Then, hid in a heap of old rags, he discovered a great bunch of keys, which from their appearance, belonged to the house and chambers, the chests and strong boxes, of the miser; who, if report were true, had hoarded up immense wealth, especially in ready cash, secured in his own house.

The moment the idea flashed across Fazio's mind, being of a keen and

penetrating genius, he determined to turn it to his own account, and to aim a bold stroke at fortune, whatever were the event. "Why not hasten," he said, "to his stronghold at once? I am sure to find it in his house, without a living creature near to say me nay. Why not transport it quietly, I say, into my own dwelling? I think no one will hinder me, such a night as it is, thundering as if the sky would fall! Besides, it is past midnight, and every living soul is either sheltering or asleep. I am alone here too, and the assassin of the poor miser must, by this time I think, have taken to flight, without stopping to see where he took refuge. So if I can only keep my own counsel, who will ever suspect that Grimaldi the miser ran into my house thus grievously wounded, and died? This is surely then an unlooked for blessing; and were I to go about, telling the real truth, who knows whether I should be believed? People might say I had robbed and murdered him, and I should infallibly be taken and put to the question; and how should I be able to clear myself? I dread to encounter the ministers of justice, for most probably I should never come alive out of their hands. What therefore will be the best? Why, Fortune is said to aid the bold; bold then will I be, and try to rescue myself at once from a lot of penury and pain." Saying these words, he thrust the keys into his bosom, and throwing a fur cloak over his shoulders, his face half buried in a huge slouched hat, he issued forth with a dark lantern in his hand, offering his bosom to the pelting of the pitiless storm with a secure and joyous air. Arriving at the miser's house, that stood at no great distance, he seized two of the largest keys, and soon made good his entrance; then advancing at once to the most secret chamber he could find, he gained admittance by double keys, and beheld a large chest, which after much difficulty he succeeded in opening. This contained others, which were equally well secured, and which he had still more difficulty in unlocking; but what treasures opened upon his view, when his task was completed! One contained all kinds of gold rings, chains, and jewels, with other ornaments, the most massy and valuable in their nature. In another were bags almost bursting with gold ducats, all regularly numbered and parcelled. Fazio, overpowered with joy, relinquished the bags filled with chains and jewels, saying, "As these may perhaps be recognized, I will stick to the solid gold." Having secured the last then under his arm, he departed, with the keys in his belt, towards his own house, without meeting a single person by the way: such were the pealing thunders, and the flashes of terrific light, which redoubled the terrors of the storm. Fazio, however, reached his house, and having secured the treasure, changed his dress; and being stout and active, he took the dead body of the miser in his arms, and bore it into his cellar. There he proceeded to make, in the floor, an excavation sufficiently large to contain his remains, into which, dressed exactly as he was, with the keys of all his treasures in his pocket, Fazio now thrust the body at least six feet below the earth, and covering it up, he fixed the whole firmly down with certain pieces of lime and tiles, in such a way that no one could perceive the place had been at all disturbed. Having thus disposed of the old miser, he proceeded very leisurely to count over the bags of money, to which he had thus become the heir; and such was the sudden blaze of gold that opened on his eyes, that it was with difficulty he could support the sight. Each bag contained exactly three thousand ducats, as it had been marked, which he deposited in a large chest of drawers, secured by a secret lock. His next care was to consume the trunk and bags in which he had brought the treasure, in

the great fire prepared for the transmutation of his metals; and to these he added his crucibles, his bellows, and his base metals, having no further use for them; and having thus completed his labours, he went to rest.

By this time the storm had abated, and it was already day-break; Fazio therefore continued to sleep, and recruit his exhausted strength, until near vespers. He then rose, and went as far as the piazza, and upon the exchange, in order to learn whether there were any reports yet afloat in regard to the disappearance of the deceased, but he heard nothing either that day or the following. On the third day, however, the miser being no longer seen about his usual affairs, people began to make remarks, more especially when they saw his house shut up, suspecting some evil must have befallen him. Several of his friends, with whom he had last been in company, then made their appearance, relating every thing they knew; but no further intelligence could in any way be elicited. Upon this the court issued an order that his dwelling should be forcibly entered, where every thing was found apparently as he had left it, to the surprize of the spectators, and the whole of his property was taken possession of in the name of the government. Books, writings, jewels, and furniture, every thing was found as it ought to be, in such a way as to preclude the idea of any attempt at robbery. Advertisements, however, were immediately issued, offering high rewards for the production of his person, either dead or alive. All inquiries were in vain; and though the subject excited considerable noise and alarm, nothing whatever transpired. At the end of three months the government, being at war with Genoa, and no relatives advancing their claims, the whole of Grimaldi's goods were confiscated for the use of the state; but it was considered an extraordinary circumstance that there was no appearance of ready money.

Fazio in the mean while continued quiet and unmolested, rejoiced to perceive how well the affair went off, and leading a happy life with his wife and family, who were now returned to him. To them he did not venture to breathe a syllable of his good fortune; and had he fortunately persisted in this resolution, he would have avoided the utter downfall and ruin of his family. For the affair had already begun to be forgotten, gradually dying away for ever, and Fazio had given out that he was about to take a journey into France, for the purpose of disposing of several bars of silver which he had recently made; a report ridiculed by many who were aware that he had already thrown away his time, his labour, and money, in forging the precious metals, while his friends strongly dissuaded him from leaving the place, observing that he might carry on his experiments at Pisa as well as at Paris. But our goldsmith had adopted his plan, very well knowing that he had plenty of good silver to dispose of; though pretending that he had not money enough for his journey, he mortgaged a little farm for one hundred florins, half of which he took with him, and left the other half for his wife. He then took his passage in a vessel to Marseilles, deaf to all the tears and entreaties of his wife, who besought him not to throw away the last of their little substance, and abandon her and her little ones to penury and to woe. "When," she said, "were we happier or better, than when you pursued your own trade, bringing us daily enough for all our wants? Leave us not then to solitude and despair!" Fazio, tenderly soothing her, promised on his return to throw such a golden harvest into her lap, as would console her for all past sufferings; but still in vain. "For," she continued, "if all this fine silver really exist, it will surely be as valuable here as in France; but I fear you want to desert us for ever; and when once these fifty ducats are spent, what will become of me, wretch that I am? Alas, must I go begging with those

helpless little ones? Must I lose you, and be left to solitude and tears?" Her husband, who loved her most affectionately, unable to behold her affliction, determined to acquaint her with his good fortune, and kissing her tenderly, he took her one day after dinner into the chamber where he had concealed his newly acquired wealth, and related to her the particulars that had occurred. He then exhibited the whole of the riches he possessed, bags of ducats, silver and gold without end; and such was the astonishment and delight of his now happy wife, that she flung her arms in an ecstacy of pleasure round his neck, and weeping, begged forgiveness for all the complaints and reproaches she had used. Insisting upon her promise of secrecy, Fazio then acquainted her with his future plans, explaining how shortly he meant to return to her, and what a joyful and uninterrupted course of happiness would thenceforward be theirs. She no longer objected to his departure; but taking a tender farewell, bade him to think of her, and hasten as soon as possible his return.

The next morning, accordingly, having well secured the valuable metals he was taking along with him, double locked and barred, and leaving a large portion of his treasures with his wife, he went on board, accompanied by the regrets and reproaches of all his friends, in which his wife, the better to conceal her feelings, affected to join. Indeed the whole city united in ridiculing his enterprise, and some who had known him in his better days, expressed their opinion that he ought to be taken care of, for that he was certainly inclined to run mad. Others said, that they had long been aware what would be the consequence, and he would very soon share the fate of his mad predecessors in the accursed art of alchemy, that ruined, instead of enriching its followers. In spite of all, however, Fazio set sail, and with prosperous breezes, soon arrived at Marseilles, taking care by the way to throw the whole of his chemical apparatus into the sea, reserving only the more valuable articles he had obtained from the miser's house, with which he landed, and proceeded with the carriers as far as Lyons. In a few days after, he emptied the contents of his money-bags, depositing a large sum at one of the first banks, for which he received letters of exchange on Pisa, some at the house of Lanfranchi, and others at that of Gualandi; after which he sat down to write to his wife, acquainting her that he had disposed of his silver, and intended shortly to return to Pisa. This letter the lady shewed to her father, as well as to the rest of Fazio's friends and relations, some of whom expressed themselves much surprised, while others declared that he was a ruined man, the truth of which would speedily appear. Soon after, having received his letters of credit, Fazio left Lyons for Marseilles, and thence taking ship for Leghorn, he had the pleasure, in a short time, of again beholding his wife and children. Embracing them again and again, he declared that he had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations, while the tidings quickly spread among his acquaintance, that he had returned home rich with the products of his metals. He lost no time in presenting his letters of credit, on which he received nine thousand gold ducats, which were immediately sent to his house, exciting the joy and congratulations of all his relatives and friends.

Thus finding himself one of the richest men in his trade, and with the credit of having realised his fortune by his own ingenious experiments, Fazio began to think of living in a more splendid manner, and of sharing some of his happiness with his friends. In the first place, therefore, he bought an estate, and then a handsome house, besides making several other rich purchases; and investing his money in such advantageous concerns as offered, he soon assumed the manners and establishment of a prince. He added to the number of his domestics, and set up two equipages, the one

for himself, and the other for his lady; his sons were distinguished for the richness of their apparel; and he continued to live on the happiest terms with his wife, enjoying together the luxuries and pleasures which they had at command. Pippa, to whom such a life was totally new, became somewhat vain of the change, and was in the habit of inviting her acquaintance to witness it, among whom was an old lady, with her fair daughter, whom she invited to come and stay some time with her. Fazio, to whom she said that they would be of use to her in a variety of ways, was induced to give his consent, happy to perceive that they assisted his wife in the cares of her establishment, and that they all lived on the best terms together.

But fortune, the constant enemy of any long continued enjoyment, and content, was preparing to change the colour of their fate, and turn this summer sweetness and glory of their days, into the chilling winter and sorrow of despair. For it was the cruel lot of Fazio to become enamoured of the young charms of the fair Maddelena, the daughter of their guest; and such was his continued and violent passion, that he at length succeeded, by the most consummate art, in leading her from the paths of innocence. Their intercourse continued for some time unknown to his poor wife, and he conferred on his unhappy victim the most lavish proofs of his regard. But as they came bolder with impunity, the unsuspicious Pippa could not, at length, fail to be aware of the truth, and she displayed the indignation of her feelings on the subject in no very gentle terms. She reproached her fair guest with still more bitterness, and one day took occasion, in Fazio's absence, to drive her with the utmost fury and opprobrium from her house. Fazio, on returning home, was greatly incensed at these proceedings, and continued, with the same infatuation, to lavish the same favours upon the young Maddelena as before. On this account, scenes of the most cruel and distressing nature were continually occurring between him and his wife; the demon of jealousy had taken possession of her bosom, and family peace and love were thenceforward banished alike from their bed and board. It was in vain that Fazio now attempted to soothe or to subdue her irritated feelings. She spurned his divided affection, and she met his threats with still more violent passion, treating them with merited indignation and contempt. In order to avoid these reproaches, her husband went to one of his villas, at some distance, whither he invited his young mistress, and continued to lead the same abandoned course of life, while his wife remained plunged in the profoundest wretchedness and despair. These feelings, however, were soon absorbed in rage and jealousy, when she found, after some months, that her husband did not return, and was lavishing still greater proofs of tenderness and favour upon her rival. Thus dwelling with ceaseless anxiety and pain upon one hateful idea, the sense of her wrongs became too great to bear, and in a short time she came to the resolution of accusing her faithless and abandoned husband to the state, by revealing the transaction which had led to his sudden elevation and prosperity. And this appearing the only resource she had left to revenge her injuries upon the author of them, without further warning or consultation, she proceeded alone, to consult a magistrate, who holding an office similar to that of the Council of Eight in Florence, took down her deposition, comprehending every thing she knew relative to the affairs of her husband. She, moreover, directed them to the exact spot where the remains of the miser had been buried, in the cellar of their former house, and where the officers of justice accordingly found them. Then still retaining her in custody, the magistrate despatched the captain of the band to the residence of her husband, where they found him enjoying himself in the society of his fair Maddelena. Immediately

seizing him as a prisoner of the state, they conducted him back to Pisa, overwhelmed with the most abject despair; and when brought up for examination, he refused to utter a syllable. But his wife being ordered to appear against him, he cried out with a loud voice, at the sight of her, "This is justice, indeed!" and then turning towards her, he added: "My too great affection for you has brought me to this;" and, taking one of the magistrates aside, he freely revealed to him the truth of the affair, exactly as it had occurred. With one accord, however, the whole court refused to give credit to the story, asserting that there was every appearance of his having himself robbed and murdered the unfortunate Guglielmo, and threatening instantly to put him to the torture if he did not confess. This, upon his maintaining his own story, they proceeded to do, and by dint of repeated trials, they at length compelled him to say what they pleased; and afterwards proceeded to sentence him to be broken alive upon the wheel, while the state appropriated the whole of his possessions. The remains of the miser, Grimaldi, were then ordered to be removed, and interred in sacred ground; the beautiful Maddelena and her mother were driven with ignominy from the villa to their former abode; and the establishment of Fazio was completely broken up; his wife, with her family and domestics, being compelled to take refuge wherever they could. On being released from court, where she had appeared in evidence against her own husband, the wretched Pippa returned home; but to a home desolate and deserted by all but her children. In the agony of her grief, she wept, she raved, she tore her hair, too late perceiving, with feelings of remorse, the grievous error she had committed.

The tidings spread rapidly throughout all Pisa, and the people joined in expressing their astonishment, no less at the supposed enormity and deceit of which Fazio was accused, than at the strange treachery and ingratitude of his wife. Even her own relatives and friends, who assisted her, unanimously agreed in condemning her conduct, reproaching her bitterly for the degradation and ruin which she had brought upon her family; besides the inhumanity of having thus betrayed her husband to a painful and ignominious death. Having said this, they left her weeping bitterly, and overpowered with intolerable remorse. On the ensuing day, the wretched Fazio was led forth, and drawn through the streets of Pisa on a sledge; and after being thus exhibited to the people, he was conducted to the place of execution. There, having been first broken upon the wheel, he was executed in the presence of the people, and left on the same spot, by way of example, during the rest of the day.

The tidings of this terrific scene coming to the ears of his wife, whom he had continued cursing and reviling to his latest hour, in a fit of desperation she resolved to take vengeance upon herself. About dinner hour then, there being few people to observe her, she seized her two little boys by the hand, and led them, weeping, towards the great square, the scene of the execution; while such as met her by the way only bestowed their maledictions on her, and allowed her to pass on. When she arrived at the foot of the platform, where the body lay, few spectators being present, she proceeded, still weeping bitterly, to ascend the steps of the platform, with the children along with her, no one around offering the least resistance. There, affecting to lament over the wretched fate of her husband, she was sternly and severely upbraided by all who stood near, who said aloud: "See how she can weep now that it is done! It is her own work; she would have it so; and let her therefore despair!" The wretched wife then tearing her hair, and striking her lovely face and bosom with her clenched hands, while she

pressed her burning lips to the cold features of her husband, next bade her little boys kneel down to kiss their father; at which sight the surrounding spectators, forgetting their anger, suddenly burst into tears. But their distracted mother, drawing a knife from her bosom, with remorseless fury, hastily plunged it into the breasts of her sons, and before the people were prepared to wrest the deadly weapon from her hand, she had already turned it against herself, and fallen upon the lifeless bodies of her husband and her children. With a loud cry the people ran towards the fatal spot, where they found the dying mother and her two infants, pouring their last sighs as they lay weltering in their blood. Tidings of this tragic scene having spread rapidly throughout all Pisa, crowds of people came hastening from all sides filled with lamentation and terror, to witness so heart-rending a spectacle; where the yet warm and reeking bodies of the father, the mother, and the children, were piled indiscriminately upon each other. And surely nothing we have heard of the woes of Thebes, of Syracuse, or of Athens, of Troy, or of Rome, can be said to equal the domestic sorrow and calamity which Pisa thus witnessed in the lot of a single family, the whole of which was swept away in one day, the innocent victims of mistaken justice. The terror and surprise of the inhabitants of Pisa, shortly spreading through other parts of Italy, caused so great a sensation in the different cities, that people left their houses to visit the fatal spot, lamenting over the bodies of the innocent children, lying, with smiling countenances, as if buried in a profound slumber, on their parents' funeral bier. It was impossible for them to restrain their tears at the sight, a sight sufficient to soften a heart of stone, and at which Justice herself now dropped her fatal sword. For she at length consented to grant to the prayers of Fazio's relatives that the bodies of the hapless children should be decently interred in the burial ground of Santa Catarina; while those of the parents, who had died a desperate and unrepentant death, were to be placed without the sacred bounds, under the walls of the city. The procession was accompanied with the tears and lamentations of thousands, whose outcries against the cruelty and injustice of their fate, and whose expressions of pity for their sufferings, were loud and vehement. [ROSCOE'S ITALIAN NOVELISTS.]

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

How fraught with music, beauty and repose,
This holy time, and solitude profound!
A lambent lustre o'er the mountain glows,
With Love's sweet minstrelsy the woods resound.
Through the soft gloom yon sacred fanes around,
The radiant fly* its mimic lightning throws—
Fair Ganga's† stream along the green vale flows,
And breathes a calm and thought reviving sound!
Such hour and scene my spirit loves to hail,
When nature's smile is so divinely sweet,
When every note that trembles on the gale,
Seems caught from realms untrod by mortal feet,
Where everlasting harmonies prevail—
Where rise the purified, their God to greet!

[ORIENTAL HERALD.]

* The fire-fly. † The Indian name of the Ganges.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE IN THE CASTLE OF BLEINK ELMEINK.

(From the inedited Memoirs of Madame de Montespan.)

After the siege and surrender of Maestricht, when the King looked forward to nothing less than the complete conquest of Dutch Brabant, he took us into a country which was still suffering cruelly from the ravages of war, and in proportion as we advanced it became more and more difficult to obtain suitable quarters for their Majesties and the Court.

One day the quarter-masters discovered, amidst a labyrinth of ravines and woods, a large ancient castle, surrounded by deep moats. It was entered by a single draw-bridge, which was flanked by some lofty towers surmounted by cranies and culverins. The castle was the residence of its owner, Count Bleink Elmeink, who came out to meet the King and Queen, and greeting them in the French language, placed all he possessed at their disposal.

Torrents of rain having fallen for two days, we were all wet and chilly. Large fires were therefore kindled; and when the spacious corridors, massive stair-cases, and lofty apartments were properly lighted up, we could not but admire the grandeur, and even the taste displayed in the construction of the edifice. The chamber allotted to the Queen had a sort of alcove, adorned by six large marble cariatides, connected by a rich ballustrade. The bed was hung with azure blue velvet, embossed with large sprigs, and trimm'd with a profusion of silver fringe, cords, tassels, &c. The immense escutcheon of the Bleink Elmeinks surmounted the chimney-piece, and was supported by two colossal figures of Templar knights. The King's apartment was the *fac simile* of one which existed in Jerusalem in the time of Saint Louis. This was notified by the devices and inscriptions in the Gothic and Celtic languages which appeared on the walls.

As to my room, it was stated to be after the exact pattern of the *chamber of the famous Pontius Pilate*, whose name it bore; and my eyes were regaled for three days with the detailed representation of the passion of our Saviour, from the scourging to the agony of Calvary. The Queen paid me a visit, and she did me the honour to say that she envied my beautiful apartment.

On the fourth day, the weather having cleared up, we prepared to travel onward, when an extraordinary event occasioned us to send after the King, who, on the previous evening, had set out to join the army. There was an old country-woman who acted as a sort of house-keeper in the castle. In fulfilment of her duty she frequently came into our apartments to receive our orders and transmit them to the servants. Observing that the Queen's trunks were being packed up, and that we were preparing for departure, she said to me—"Madam, the Sovereign Lord of Heaven ordained that the officers of the King of France should discover this castle for his majesty's abode. That great sovereign, in acknowledgement of the attentions he has received here, has presented his august portrait, set in diamonds, to my master, the Count of Bleink Elmeink. His majesty would have done better to have ordered his head to be struck off."

"Heavens! good woman, what do you mean? Surely the Count is guilty of no crime; his manners are, indeed, somewhat reserved, and even stern; but the family enjoys a high reputation, and the King and Queen have received the best accounts of them."

"Madam," resumed the old woman, drawing me to a window, and

lowering her voice, " do you see at the further end of the court-yard, that old tower which rises higher than the rest, and whose summit is surmounted by silver arrows? In that tower, Madam, the amiable Countess of Bleink Elmeink has been confined for five years."

The woman then informed me, that her master who had formerly been page to the Empress Eleonora, married for her wealth a young Hungarian lady of quality, by whom he had two children, who were both living. The Count, who never loved his wife, on account of a deformity in her figure, had cruelly ill treated her for the last four or five years, during which time she had been a captive in the tower, receiving daily only the scanty allowance of food necessary to support existence.

" When," continued the old woman, " the King's quarter-masters presented themselves before the moat, and ordered the gates to be opened, the Count was not a little dismayed. He feared that all was discovered, and that his cruelty would meet the punishment it deserved. He did not recover from his alarm until he saw their Majesties. We remarked his consternation, though it might have escaped your eyes."

" And where are the Count's two children?" enquired I. " The young Baron," replied the woman, " is at Vienna, or Olmutz, pursuing his studies. His sister, who is beautiful, and entirely free from her mother's deformity, has been in a convent almost from her cradle, and on entering her 19th year she is to take the veil."

I at first thought of confiding these disclosures to the Queen; but I soon reflected that in dealing with a man of such importance as the Count of Bleink Elmeink, we could not dispense with the authority of the king. I therefore immediately despatched my secretary with a note to his Majesty, urgently requesting him to return to the castle, without mentioning for what reason. He did return, and that speedily. The old woman repeated to him all that she had told me, and at first the King could scarcely credit what he heard.

His Majesty never acts or decides precipitately. He walked up and down the room two or three times, and then he said to me, smiling, " This is a novel sort of affair. I am not very deeply versed in jurisprudence, and whatever course I adopt, may, perhaps, at some future time, become a precedent. However it is my bounden duty to deliver our poor hostess, and to reward her nobly for the hospitality we have enjoyed beneath her roof,"

He immediately summoned the Count, and assuming an unconcerned air, he said to him, rather in a tone of gaiety: " I believe, Count, you were once page to the Empress Eleonora?"

" Yes, Sire,"

" She is no more; but the Emperor will of course recognise you!"

" Sire, I have no doubt he will."

" I have fixed upon you as the bearer of a message to his Majesty. It is an affair with which none but a man of your reserved and cautious character can be entrusted. Prepare therefore, to set off as my courier to his Imperial Majesty. I will immediately write my letter, to which you are to bring me the answer."

This journey was anything but agreeable to the Count. But his youth and health left him not the shadow of a pretence for excusing himself. He set off with apparent alacrity, but his vexation was easily discernible beneath his pretended cheerfulness.

Two hours after his departure, the King ordered the draw-bridge to be raised, and he then went to acquaint the Queen with all that had happened. " Madam," said he, " receive the unfortunate Countess

graciously, and extend your protection to her in case mine should fail." On hearing the melancholy story the Queen burst into tears, and her agitation and astonishment were excessive.

The King, without further delay proceeded to the tower in which the captive was confined. The door was forced open, and in a few minutes the Countess of Bleink Elmeink, supported by two servants, entered the Queen's apartment. She was about to throw herself at her Majesty's feet, but the King prevented her. He himself conducted her to an arm-chair, and we formed a group round her.

She sighed deeply, and shed a torrent of tears, without uttering a single word. At length, turning to the King, she said in tolerably good French: "Sire, may your Creator and mine reward you for this unhoped-for goodness. Do not abandon me after having broken my chains, but let your power protect me against the unjust cruelty of my husband. Allow me to go to France, to whatever convent your Majesty may be pleased to name. May my august deliverer become my lawful sovereign. I wish to live and die under your dominion."

Madam de Bleink Elmeink did not appear to be more than eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age; and in spite of all the tears she had shed, her large blue eyes were still beautiful. Her elegant countenance indicated the woman of polished mind and high birth; but her figure did not correspond with her head and face. She was hump-backed, or at least awry, but when seated, this deformity was not perceptible, and her whole appearance was then graceful and pleasing.

The Queen was quite captivated with her. She rose from her seat, and giving the Countess her hand to kiss, said: "Madam, your misfortunes interest me, and I love you as if you were my own relation. I will place you at my Val de Grâce, where I will see you frequently."

The Countess, having in some degree recovered her strength, threw herself at the Queen's feet and fervently kissed her hand.

We conducted her to her apartment, where she partook of a little refreshment, and slept until the following day.

To keep her company, the Queen remained eight days longer at the Castle of Bleink Elmeink, after which the Countess set off for France, and took up her abode in the charming retreat at Chaillot, which was built by the Queen of England. [COURT JOURNAL.]

ACCOUNT OF GIUSEPPE, THE CELEBRATED ITALIAN BANDIT.

THERE lately lived in the Roman States, a brigand, named Giuseppe il Bellone, so called for his handsome and youthful appearance. He had three associates; but, although their names inspired the surrounding inhabitants with fear, it should be confessed that these men had never shed the blood of those whom they robbed. "It would avail him nothing," Giuseppe said, "to murder his victims, since their bodies would be useless to him; but their wealth served to support him and his comrades, and with this he remained satisfied.

Giuseppe frequently visited the neighbouring towns, entered the theatres and coffee-houses, and freely conversed with those whom chance threw in his way. One day he went to dine in a tavern in Forli. Several gentle-

men, who were there, also began to speak of the brigand Giuseppe, and of the robberies he daily committed, and he joined in the conversation with great coolness, and reflected with severity on the want of energy in the Papal Government, which had not yet been able to seize the four robbers, though all the troops in the Papal States, who were known to be able soldiers, had made the attempt, and failed—not from a lack of courage on their part, but from want of skill or resolution, or of both, on part of those who commanded them. Having spoken thus, Giuseppe left his hearers in perfect astonishment, and wondering who the man could be that dared thus loudly to censure the conduct of the reigning power.

One evening, Giuseppe, who frequently travelled in disguise that he might not be recognised, passed before a country house, two or three miles distant from Forli. The daughter of the owner of the house stood at the door—a lovely girl, about eighteen years of age. Giuseppe was struck with her appearance, but refrained from speaking to her then, as his dress, which was that of a person of rank and fortune, might inspire her with suspicion, and cause her to reject his intended offers; for Giuseppe knew well, from experience, that a girl of low condition, but of good principles, will reject at once the advances of a man of fortune, who can offer her nothing but fortune; while she will frequently lend a willing ear to one, her equal in station, and who has, probably, nothing to bestow on her but his affection. With this idea, Giuseppe assumed the dress of a peasant, and repaired to the house of Catherine's father, and inquired if he was at home. Catherine came forward, and replied that her father was from home, superintending the labours of the field, but that he would shortly return to luncheon; and invited the stranger to enter, and wait his return. Giuseppe accepted the invitation; and, taking the opportunity of questioning the girl, he perceived that she was not only free from every artifice, but endowed with very high spirits; and he, therefore, thought her the more likely to enter into his romantic views, and accede to his proposals. In the mean time the father returned, and Giuseppe immediately addressed him, saying, "I am in want of a couple of oxen, and having heard that you had some to dispose of, and were a worthy honest man, I have made up my mind, if we can agree, to strike a bargain with you." The unsuspecting countryman thanked Giuseppe for the good opinion he expressed of him; and, assuring him that he would do all in his power to merit it, he took him to examine the cattle, which, as may be supposed, were bought without any hesitation by Giuseppe, who immediately laid down his gold pieces to the great joy of the delighted peasant. The latter, charmed with the appearance, manners, and, above all, the liberality of his new acquaintance, thought he could do no less than shew him a little civility; and ordering his daughter to prepare dinner, he invited his guest to spend the day with them—an invitation which was, of course, readily accepted. Giuseppe, in the mean time, lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself in the good graces of Catherine; and, in the course of conversation, he learnt from her that she had lost her mother; that two of her sisters were married; and that her father and her two young brothers were the only persons who, besides herself, inhabited the house. Dinner being over, the father of Catherine invited Giuseppe to spend the evening with them, telling him that he might, the next morning, return home, and take with him the oxen he had purchased. Giuseppe accepted the invitation, but added, "I would not, however, interfere with your occupations; go, therefore, and attend to your labours in the field, and when they are over, we will repair to the Café, and drink a bottle of sparkling wine to our better acquaintance." The unsuspecting father consented, and

left his daughter with Giuseppe. He immediately availed himself of the opportunity, declared his passion, informed Catherine that, having seen her some time ago, he had since loved her, and had anxiously sought an opportunity of declaring his feelings to her. He displayed to her eyes, besides his gold, many valuable trinkets and jewels, which he pressed her to accept as pledges of his affection and sincerity; and finally assured her, that if she would but follow him, he would immediately make her his wife.

Catherine, already prepossessed in favour of Giuseppe, consented to accept his offer, provided he could obtain her father's consent; but this was not what he wanted. He wished her, he said, to shew her confidence in him, by immediately leaving her father's home, and accompanying him to his own house; he would, he added, bring her back the next day to her father, who would easily forgive them, and then, convinced not only of her attachment, but of her confidence of him, he would at once take her to church and make her his. Catherine, who was not wanting in good sense, easily saw through this artifice, and, notwithstanding the love she already felt for Giuseppe, she had strength of mind sufficient to reject his insidious offers. He again pressed his suit, appeared hurt at her refusal, and left her, saying, that he would send a boy, the next morning, to fetch the oxen; he entreated her not to mention to her father what had passed between them, but merely to say that, recollecting that important business required his presence in the town, he had been obliged unexpectedly to depart. He then mounted his horse, and hastened to the mountain, where his companions anxiously awaited his return, and whom he made acquainted with his intention of going in the night, and bringing away Catherine by force. In the meantime her father returned, and, surprised at the absence of Giuseppe, and the disconcerted appearance of his daughter, he questioned her closely, and, after much trouble, heard from her an account of all that had passed. He immediately, and from many other circumstances which had already struck him, suspected he was not what he had represented himself to be. Convinced that the man, who could thus abuse the hospitality shewn him, must be a villain; and, from Giuseppe's apparent liberality and wealth, suspecting him to be a brigand, he determined to set off for town at break of day and denounce him as such to the officers of justice. At about midnight, however, Giuseppe came with his three companions; he knocked at the door, and when Catherine's father, opening the window, inquired who was there, he replied, that having business in town the next day, he had come to fetch away the cattle he had purchased in the morning. The good peasant opened the door, and immediately Giuseppe and his companions entered. He told him at once, and in a few words, that his wish was to marry his daughter, and his intention to take her to his home; that if he would consent, they should be friends, but that if he refused, he would take by force what was denied him. In vain the old man exclaimed against the iniquity of such a proceeding; in vain Catherine, who had risen on hearing the tumult, implored for mercy. Giuseppe was determined, and nothing could prevent him from effecting his purpose. He tied the father and his two sons to a beam in the cottage, placed a handkerchief on the mouth of Catherine to prevent her screams from being heard on the road, and then carrying her, half dressed as she was, to the place where the horses stood, he mounted, placed her before him, and departed with one of his companions, leaving the two others to guard Catherine's father and brothers.

As soon as these considered their chieftain and his prey far enough to be beyond danger, they mounted their horses, and soon joined Giuseppe,

who, on account of the efforts Catherine repeatedly used to throw herself from the horse, had been unable to proceed so speedily as he could have wished. They, however, reached the mountain before the end of the day, and Giuseppe, loosening the cords which bound Catherine's arms, and the handkerchief which covered her mouth, he introduced her into his dwelling, which, though a cavern under ground, was spacious enough, and afforded every necessary, and even many of the comforts of life. On entering this place, the unhappy Catherine felt all the horrors of her situation, for she perceived that her father's suspicions were but too well founded, and that the man who wished to make her his wife, and in whose power she now found herself, was certainly a robber, and probably an assassin. Giuseppe did all in his power to console her; he assured her, that so far from wishing her ruin, his intention was to marry her as he had before said, and that he would, in the evening, send his men to fetch a priest, who should perform the office, and make her his for ever. Thus the day was spent: Catherine in bewailing her unhappy fate; and Giuseppe in endeavouring to console her. To do this he left no means untried. He assured her that prejudice alone rendered his avocation so odious in her sight; that, more just than the generality of the world, he took from those that had too much, to bestow it on those that had too little; that, so far from having stained his hands with the blood of his fellow creatures, the persons whom chance and the force of arms had placed in his hands were treated with every possible kindness, and that, moreover, since his profession was so odious to her, he would anxiously seek an opportunity of performing some action which might entitle him to a free pardon from the Holy Chief of the Roman States, and that then his Catherine need no longer blush at her situation, but, reconciled to her father, and beloved by all around her, she would be what he wished to make her, the happiest of women. These arguments, combined with that greatest of all arguments in a woman's breast, *love*, in a great measure overcame the objections of Catherine; and when evening came, and Giuseppe dispatched his men to fetch the priest who was to unite them, the hours which elapsed till their return, probably appeared as long to the fond deluded girl, as to her impatient and ardent lover.

At midnight the companions of Giuseppe set off on their errand, and soon after returned with an old priest, his eyes covered with a handkerchief, and all his limbs trembling with fear. Giuseppe, however, soon comforted him by assuring him, that so far from being in any danger, this event would probably prove the happiest in his life, provided he would readily perform what he should request him to do. He then stated that he wished him to confess a young girl who was in the adjoining apartment, and, after that, to perform the marriage ceremony between her and him —"Oh!" exclaimed the delighted monk, who, provided his body was safe in this world, cared little what became of the souls of other people in the next, "if this be all, you shall be satisfied, and if you wish it, I will confess and marry every one of your men, and as many more as you please." "No," said Giuseppe, "*we* never confess, but the good lady who is about to become my wife is a good Catholic, and, to satisfy her, I wish every thing to be done *comme il faut*." The priest was then introduced to his fair penitent, whom he very seriously exhorted to submit with resignation to her fate, an act which required, on the part of Catherine, less violence to her own feelings and inclinations than the good father seemed to suppose. The confession over, the marriage was performed, and the priest, well paid for his trouble, was taken back as he had been brought, and, on arriving in his cell, delighted at his own safety, and at the sight of the handful of gold which Giuseppe had

given him, he thanked his patron saint for his kind protection; and, already reckoning on the good things which this gold might procure, he muttered within himself,—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Catherine enjoyed considerable happiness with Giuseppe, to whom she was sincerely attached, and who, on his part, neglected nothing that could contribute to her happiness. Sometimes, however, thoughts of home, of her father, and, above all, of the degrading and dangerous rank which her husband held in society, passed across her mind, and then Catherine felt by no means happy. Giuseppe knew this, and anxiously watched for an opportunity of doing some action which might obtain a free pardon from the Roman government; the opportunity soon offered, and Giuseppe, as it will be seen, did not allow it to escape.

One night Giuseppe was with his companions on the high road, waiting till chance or good fortune should throw some prey in their way. About the break of day the sound of wheels was heard, and soon a carriage, drawn by post horses, appeared, with a servant seated behind, and having the appearance of belonging to a person of rank. The brigands, putting a pistol to the postillion's head, desired him to stop; while the servant, who was placed behind the carriage, begged, with every symptom of fear, that his life might be spared, as he had heavy sins on his conscience, and wished to confess before he died. The person who was inside, from being fast asleep, had not at first heard what passed; but being awakened by the cries of his servants, and the oaths of Giuseppe's men, who threatened to send him into the next world, "with all his sins upon his head," unless he held his peace, Signor Spontini at length opened the carriage door. He was a little fat old man, wearing the clerical dress, of some dignity in appearance, and evidently also perfectly conscious of it, and not unwilling to shew the high opinion he had of his own importance. Giuseppe desired him to leave the carriage that he might inspect it; but he, with considerable tranquillity, refused to do so, and said, that if he knew who he was, they would not expose themselves to the danger of interrupting him, but would rather allow him quietly to proceed on his way. "And who may you be?" asked Giuseppe. "Signor Spontini," replied the important personage, "Secretary to his Holiness, and now going, by his order, to Bologna, on business of the utmost importance."—At these words he threw himself back into the carriage, expecting, no doubt, that after having told his name and errand, he should be at liberty to proceed. Judge of his astonishment, when Giuseppe, placing two of his men at each side of the carriage, told him that he was the very person he wanted—that, for a thousand crowns he would not allow him to proceed a step on his road; but that, as he felt the highest possible respect for his Holiness and his honourable secretary, so far from treating him with disrespect, he would immediately take him to his own residence, and make him welcome. Signor Spontini wished to argue against such a proceeding; but it was in vain. Giuseppe ordered his men to drive to the mountain, and at the mountain they soon arrived. The Secretary, on entering the cavern, considered himself as a lost man, but Giuseppe soon comforted him. "Your fate and mine," said he, "are in your hands If you will consent to do what I shall request, the palace of his Holiness himself could not afford you a safer retreat than this will prove; but, if you refuse, all the wealth, and all the power of his Holiness, could not save you from instant death. What I wish is this; to write that you, and the important documents which you have with you, are now in my hands, and that both you and they will have ceased to exist in three days, unless his Holiness sends me, *in his own hand writing*, a promise of pardon

for myself and my men, and a sufficient pension to enable my wife and myself to live like honest people, in an humble but respectable manner." Signor Spontini wished to represent that . . . but Giuseppe stopped him :—" I have no time to lose," said he, " in arguing with you ; I have formed my resolution ; take your's ; here are pens, ink, and paper ; and here," he added, laying his hand on his belt, with a look which chilled the poor Signor's blood with horror—" here is a pistol ; I shall return in an hour ; if the letter is not then written, your doom is sealed." It will be readily believed that, on Giuseppe's return the letter was prepared—a man was immediately sent with it—and the expiration of the three days was probably expected with as much anxiety by Catherine and her husband, as by Signor Spontini. On the morning of the third day, however, an answer was received, stating that the Roman government complied with the terms proposed by Giuseppe, who, knowing that such arrangements are not only common in Italy, but always strictly adhered to, immediately repaired to Rome. A lodging was given to him in the citadel, until a suitable place was found for his residence, and the amount of his pension fixed. This was done shortly after, and the writer of this little history saw, a few months ago, Catherine, who, reconciled with her father, said she now felt completely happy, since she could think of her husband without fear and without shame.

[DUMFRIES MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

SONG.

How sadly sweet the moonlight hour, when, from their shrines on high,
The stars—like angel forms,—look out, along an azure sky !
When not a cloud in heaven throws its shadow o'er the deep,
And gentlest zephyrs only breathe to lull the wave to sleep !
When earth and air and ocean smile, beneath the holy gleam,
Like some bright scene the spirit loves to picture, in a dream !
And dew-drops hang on every flower,—till, in the blessed ray,
They seem like eyes from which all clouds are sweetly wept away !

Then memory's lingering visions sink more softly on the soul,
And sorrow sighs herself away beneath their mild control ;—
And hearts that, o'er their fading joys, too long have darkly pined,
Grow bright again, as o'er them steals a moonlight of the mind !
While hope, beneath its ray, once more takes up her soothing tune,
—Like that lone bird who utters all her music to the moon !—
And peace, which—like the dove,—had flown before life's waters dark,
Returns, to plume her snowy wings, within her native ark !

[HERVEY'S POETICAL SKETCH BOOK.]

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MONKEY.

For the last few days I have felt myself extremely uncomfortable. My appetite has failed me, and I have been troubled with unpleasant dreams and strange fancies, both by day and night. "Why is this," I ask myself, "what can the matter be? I cannot surely be in love in my old age?" Oh, no! The years of such pleasing folly have long since past, and all the gaieties and frolicsome pranks of my youth are but as a dream. I recall them to memory alternately with a smile and a sigh; and, as I sit and mumble my nuts in solitude with my few remaining teeth, and view the grey hairs which cover my emaciated and shrivelled frame, I find it difficult to imagine that I am the same monkey that was once the life and soul of every party. And as for love—even if my years did not exempt me from the torments of the tender passion, who could I be in love with? I have often felt a conviction that I am the only survivor of my race; and love cannot exist without hope!

Of this latter truth I was long since convinced, by an adventure which befel me in my voyage from India to Europe. The ship in which I was a passenger, or rather a prisoner, stopped to take in a supply of water, and was, as I then thought, very fortunately becalmed. The face of the country was altogether too tempting to be withstood, and I made my escape to the shore, where I roved and revelled for many hours in all the luxury of newly recovered liberty. But, when evening drew near, I felt a painful sense of loneliness, and was beginning to wish myself again on shipboard, when my eyes were ravished by the sight of one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever beheld. She was sitting upon the bank of a small rivulet, with her elegant tail gracefully spread in a circle upon the ground close around her, so as to appear as though she was seated upon a cushion of rich black and white fur. I approached as carefully as possible, but when within a few yards, she looked round, and uttering a cry of alarm, started up and ran off to the adjacent woods. Had I pursued immediately, doubtless I should have overtaken her; but I was paralysed. As she rose and fled, her tail streamed behind like that of a comet. Many a tail have I seen since, but never one like *that*. A lover's description of his mistress, however, as I have since had frequent occasion to observe, is seldom interesting to any one else. I shall therefore only say, that she was the handsomest of the ringtailed species, of whose very existence I was not previously aware.

A passion, which I then believed would terminate only with my life, instantly took possession of me. I ran after her, and in wild and tender accents, besought her to take pity upon a poor solitary being, far from home, and in a strange land. But all remained silent, save the coarse howling of some unknown animals which dwelt in that country; and I passed a sleepless night in a tree, anxiously watching for the morning, that I might be enabled to seek the mistress of my affections, and offer her my vows. Ere the sun rose, I began the search; yet it was noonday ere we met. Her shyness at first was excessive; but at length I persuaded her to sit quietly and listen to my story, at which she felt much interested, though it was evident that she doubted my word when I told her that I had crossed the sea. She then informed me that she likewise had lost sight of her own tribe and kindred, which had been alarmed and scattered by strange noises along the shore, which I suspect were from the guns of the ship.

So there we were, alone in that wilderness! And when two young mon-

keys are left alone together in a wood, what can be expected? There was something singular about the countenance of my dear Cinera,* which I could not help occasionally wishing were more in character with those of my own tribe; but then there was a gentleness in her manners, and a lightness and elegance in her every movement, which were perfectly bewitching, and which were doubtless greatly enhanced by the splendid black and white ringtail, the recollection of which even now sometimes haunts my pillow.

We had spent some hours together, and I flattered myself that all was going on favourably for me. We were again at the side of the rivulet, seated, side by side, beneath a low spreading tree that overhung the water; and she had, at my request, assumed the same attitude as when I first saw her; and I was gazing passionately upon her, while her eyes were modestly cast upon the ground. If ever I felt the tender passion, it was at that moment! But I was soon to be cured, and in a very different way from what I had anticipated. The very recollection makes my blood run cold! I was sitting, as before described, lost to every earthly thing, save the beautiful Cinera, when suddenly I felt a sharp twitch across my two forepaws, by which they were perfectly benumbed; and, looking round, I beheld a monstrous animal with a huge grinning mouth, and blue ribbed cheeks,† standing over me with a stick with which he was about to repeat his blow. Resistance was out of the question against such a baboon, and, therefore, I immediately sprang aside, and made my escape, leaving Cinera to do the same. For some time I dared not venture to look round; but finding I was not pursued, I at length halted to draw breath, and then, casting my eyes towards the fatal spot, I beheld the hideous creature squatting by the side of Cinera, and sharing with her a pile of fruit which I had toiled hard to collect, and which I had presented to her as a pledge of the sincerity of my affection. What was to be done? My whole frame trembled with agony. I thought of taking a stone, and creeping slily up the tree and letting it fall upon the monster's head; but my paws hung powerless by my side, and refused to perform their office. Yet a spell seemed to be upon me, and I could not tear myself from the spot. So I stood aloof and gazed, and a gleam of hope even then came upon me. He will soon have devoured the fruit, thought I; and as for his being a rival in the beautiful ring-tail's affections with a well-formed and comely monkey like me, *that* is quite out of the question.

I was right respecting his appetite; for the gormandizing wretch would have crunched fifty times the quantity between his tremendous jaws; but no opportunity was afforded me of judging whether he really had sufficient vanity to talk of love. At that period my eyes were particularly good; so that, though I was more than three hundred yards distant, I plainly perceived a hideous, leering, liquorish expression in his countenance, as he looked towards Cinera, and drew his right arm, from the elbow down to the paw, across his frightful grinning mouth. "By my native groves!" cried I, "this is too much!" and such was my agitation, that I plainly heard my heart thump against my ribs.

At this moment, however, there arose a strange outcry in the woods, which excited the attention of all parties. Cinera jumped upon her hind legs, and uttered a respondent shriek, at which the outcry was repeated, and suddenly a large party of ringtails, who were doubtless her friends and rela-

* "Prosimea cinerea, caudâ cinctâ, annulis alternatim albis et nigris." The most elegant of the maucauco species, and of a mild and harmless nature.

† "Simia Sphinx." Linn.

tives, rushed forward into the open ground. The baboon looked sulkily round, and began his retreat by slowly and awkwardly lounging, and pretending occasionally to jump along the banks of the rivulet, which, by a circuitous course, came to the place where I lay concealed. The lovely ringtail—now for ever lost to me—was instantly surrounded by her own tribe; and there was such a confused chattering among them, that I in vain endeavoured to ascertain whether they were congratulating or scolding the amiable truant. Amid the group, which had now grown very numerous, I plainly discerned her, as she stood alone in a sort of ring which they had formed round her; and she appeared to be addressing the multitude. With intense feelings of anxiety, I observed that she pointed in the direction which I took when scampering away from the baboon. Hope and strange ambitious dreams instantly arose within me. I perceived that she was a female of high rank among them, and judged that I was the subject of her discourse. "Dear creature!" said I to myself, "she is no doubt endeavouring to describe my perfections, and asking her parents' consent to our happy union. It is evident that her race are much behind my own nation in the noble art of climbing; but I will take pity upon their ignorance, and our young family shall be brought up according to the customs of Persia.—In the meanwhile, I will, by long accounts of my travels, and the display of my agility, astonish the natives, and, as a matter of course, I shall become their leader."

Such was my last soliloquy in that country; and it was scarcely terminated, when the whole body of ringtails uttered a simultaneous yell, and advanced towards the place of my retreat. Their grimaces were too evidently hostile for me to wait the result: therefore, when they were within about a hundred yards, I rose up and fled, and, in an instant, all were in pursuit of me. I made for the sea-shore, where I had left the ship on the preceding day, and where she still fortunately lay at anchor. My speed was such that I gained ground considerably of all the ringtails, whose yells were far behind when I arrived within half a mile of the water side; and then, and not till then, I took courage to look back. Never shall I forget the horror which then took possession of me! Not twenty yards from me was that detestable ribbed-nose baboon who had driven me from happiness. He had joined, unknown to me, in the chase, and, at every bound, notwithstanding his apparent clumsiness, gained upon me; and what made him still more horrible was the brandishing of that fearful stick, the painful effects of which I had already experienced. On he came, and nearer, and yet nearer I heard the bounding of his hind legs, and the whirring of that awful weapon! Still I strained every nerve, and the ground appeared to fly from under me; but all my exertions seemed vain—the monster was now so close that I expected every bound would bring him on my tail. I heard him draw his breath, and fancied that the hot and impure air, which issued from his mouth, warmed the nape of my neck. Fear added wings to my flight—I saw nothing—I knew nothing—I cared for nothing;—death itself was nothing, so that I might escape from that inconceivable horror! To all that happened afterwards I was insensible. I made one tremendous bound—it seemed as though I had leaped beyond the limits of earth, and was careering it amid the clouds—then came a noise as of thunder, and anon a yell of agony more piercing than the cry of ten thousand cats, and then all was darkness—sudden and unusual darkness;—for my eyes were open, and my limbs continued in full activity, yet without performing their duty; for the ground was gone from beneath me, and the light of day had closed upon me. I had jumped into the sea!

The noises which I had heard in my descent were the firing of a gun, and the consequent cry of my wounded pursuer. One of the ship's boats happened to be at the usual place of landing at the moment; and by the exertions of the crew, I was saved from a watery grave, after I had rescued myself, by my agility and that desperate leap, from the great blue-nosed baboon.

The revulsion which had taken place in my feelings was extraordinary; for immediately I found myself safe on shipboard, I would not have given a rotten nut for my hitherto beloved Cinera. She became as nothing to me; nay, the recollection of her, for some time after this adventure, was absolutely disgusting; so that I really think, had she at that period been given up to me, I should have contrived to throw her overboard. Reflection has, since that time, led me to do justice to her good qualities; for, after all, she did but submit to the guidance of her parents and friends, and is most likely long since married to some one in her own sphere of life. I question much, indeed, whether one bred up in the evident barbarity of the ringtails would ever have made a fit companion for me. But—let that pass.

I shall only add, that my love was completely dispelled when hope vanished; and that, from my own experience, I am convinced that a stick, properly applied, and a good ducking, would do more towards curing young monkeys, who fancy they are dying for love, than any other remedy with which I am acquainted.

My own occasional lowness of spirits at the present period, however, proceeds, I am convinced, from very different causes. Alone as I am, in a country far distant from the place of my birth and early associations, I cannot avoid recollecting that such things were; and a sigh will sometimes escape me when I reflect that the remainder of my days must be spend among beings so artificial as the human race. I am disgusted with their vain boastings. To hear them talk, one would really imagine, that they were all perfection; and yet they are indebted to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and even to poor miserable worms, for their outward skins, their own being of such a wretched texture as to be nearly useless; and, strange as it may seem to animals who have been clad by nature, these borrowed coverings are a chief source of pride to the creatures called men and women. The greater part of their lives is spent in putting them off and on, and endeavouring to procure a greater variety, in which to strut about and endeavour to imitate the monkey tribe. But their imitations are perfectly ridiculous, and never can approach the graceful and natural agility of our tribes which they, notwithstanding, affect to consider as beneath them!

It would be an endless task to recount all the follies of their various attempts at concealing their natural deformity. The males, having no tail of their own, decorate themselves with one made from the wool of sheep; and so ignorant are they of the real and native elegance of this appendage, that they split it into two pieces, which hang uselessly dangling behind them! The variety of these mock upper skins worn by the females is yet infinitely greater; a circumstance the more remarkable, because that sex have far less occasion for concealing their persons. Indeed, I have seen some of them who need not fear a comparison with the comeliest of our own tribes. They have far more natural vivacity than the males, are much more kind and amiable in disposition, and, particularly when young, evince a partiality for the monkey race in general, which has frequently been a source of amusement to me. Their sham skins are usually of various co-

lours, but generally so arranged as to indicate that they wish to look like birds, while their mates endeavour, as much as possible, to appear like us.

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It was my misfortune, in early life, to fall into the hands of this species of animals, of whose existence no one, in the extensive districts belonging to our tribes, was previously aware: and it has been my lot, with some few brief intervals, to remain among them ever since. I am now grown old and grey in captivity; but I shall not indulge in the natural garrulity of old age to such an extent as to write all the events of my eventful life, notwithstanding that hope sometimes whispers flatteringly in mine ear, that many monkeys will peruse these reminiscences with interest and gratification, if not with advantage.

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It is acknowledged by all, that the earth has undergone strange and divers revolutions, not only as it regards its organic formation, and the changes constantly in progress by the agency of rivers, floods, seas, and subterraneous fires, but in the power held by different animals over extensive tracts upon its surface. Long before man was known, our tribes possessed a wide and undisputed sway over regions now disfigured in a strange manner by what are called houses, little dirty hillocks with holes in them, from whence smoke issues, as if in petty imitation of a volcano. Men dwell in these, and have so increased in number for the last few centuries, that it really becomes a serious question how their encroachments are to be put a stop to, so as to preserve upon the face of the earth a sufficient space for the aboriginal inhabitants. Sometimes a feeling of despair comes over me when I think on the present state of things, and I am haunted with the idea, almost amounting to conviction, that I am doomed to be the last monkey. But it may not be so! The reign of man, like that of the lions, tigers, and elephants, must have an end: and then our tribes may again be in the ascendant. Why they should not now be so I cannot conceive, unless it be from a want of union among ourselves; for such is the cowardice of the human race, that even I, old and decrepid as I am, have put half a dozen to flight by merely showing my teeth, and could clear the whole house where I am now writing in five minutes, were it not that I find their services convenient in this strange country, where there are few trees, and scarcely any fruit worth gathering. So I employ them to bring me fruit from better climates, and, upon the whole, have little reason to complain of their neglect. But it was not always thus. I have undergone many hardships, particularly after my first arrival in this country, which they call Great Britain, although it is but a small island, and a mere speck when compared with other nations. But the inhabitants possess a great deal of influence among their kind, owing, it is said, principally to certain of them called sailors. And I am inclined to believe the fact, partly because I have had opportunities of witnessing the bravery of that class of men, and received many attentions from them during my voyage here; but, principally, because the generality of them have a real tail, (which, however, grows out of their head!) and are very expert in the noble science of climbing.

I am aware that many things which I may state will probably startle monkeys of a future age; but I consider myself as performing a duty for the benefit of future generations. Future generations did I say? What, and if there should be no more! Again that dreadful apprehension comes over me! Cold and chill, and shudderingly, it creeps throughout my whole

system—it shakes me to the centre—and again my blood returns throbbing, boiling, and rushing through my veins, my brain feels scorched, and in vain I seek to quench in tears those torments which inwardly consume me, as I think on my bitter doom of desolation. And am I indeed to be the last monkey? No; I will not admit the idea, notwithstanding the fruitless research which I have prosecuted for years to discover one of my own kind. Still, methinks, some portion of our race must exist in the enjoyment of liberty and independence, basking in the rays of the genuine monkey sun, (for here they have one which scarcely emits any warmth,) or gamboling in the delicious shade of fruit-bearing forests. But the picture is too painful for me to follow up. It recalls to me the charms of my dearest Keeba, my first love, and the graceful activity of Monicha, my second, and the amiable playfulness of Simiana, my third, and the delicately refined taste of Cercopitheca, my fourth, whose heart I won one morning by a present of two moths, and a beetle of unusual dimensions; and my fifth—alas! here memory fails me—I cannot exactly recollect who was my fifth. But it is no matter; for perhaps, after all, it scarcely becomes the gravity of age and grey hairs to dilate on such subjects.

Let me be serious, and write of more important concerns and events, so that my manuscript may prove a treasure of instruction and amusement to the fortunate monkey into whose hands it may fall, and my name and memory be cherished in after ages. First, then, of my name. I am known in this climate by that of Jocko, an appellation given to me by the human race, who thereby evinced their deplorable ignorance, since every well-informed monkey knows that Pongo and Jocko* are the names of animals very different from us, and, as I have ascertained from comparison, bearing a much greater affinity to man, and consequently, every way inferior to us in the scale of nature. Indeed the only striking similarity between man and our tribes appears to be the reciprocal taste for imitating each other; a foolish propensity, to which, in my younger days, I was much addicted, and which, to confess my folly, was the cause of my captivity. It happened in this wise. We were sitting, a whole troop of us, in calm and rational chat, under the shelter of a noble banyan-tree, which threw its hundred stems and thousand roots into the earth, and its million branches, curving in beauty, into the upper air. There were the splendid and gaudy-coloured birds, pluming themselves in tranquillity, and there were we, sitting in picturesque groups, amid the verdant foliage, with our wives, our sweethearts, and our little ones; sometimes cracking a joke, and sometimes cracking a nut, or regaling upon the various dainties with which our pouches were stored.—Suddenly an alarm was given by our sentinels of the approach of strangers. We were instantly upon the alert, and, to our astonishment, perceived about half a score animals of different and extraordinary colours advancing upon their hind legs, some with split tails, and some with the little single tail growing out of their head, as before described. Their heads were almost all different in form; one was small and flat, another large and round, like a huge gourd; a third, long and high, with a tuft of feathers at the top; and a fourth, with the sides squeezed together, and curved like a cresset moon reversed. All, however, were unnatural, and we gazed upon them, for some time, with various feelings, according to our different temperaments. For my own part, I must say that I did not share in the alarm visible in many countenances around me; a strong feeling of curiosity swallowed up every

* The greater and smaller species of Orang-outang.

other emotion, and I kept my eye intently fixed upon the intruders, who, for some time, appeared to be totally unconscious of our vicinity.

At length some of our females, in spite of strict orders to the contrary, found it impossible to keep their tongues quiet any longer, and began a-jabbering, which drew the attention of the strange creatures upon us. It was now useless to hesitate, so we all immediately joined in the cry of our tribe, and warned the intruders not to approach nearer, upon their peril, or they must abide the consequences.

The animals, however, persisted, in spite of all our vociferations, to which they only replied by a strange sort of cackling, which I have since found is called laughing, and, discordant as it is, is held by them in high estimation, as a peculiar privilege and perfection of their species. When they had come under the shade of our banyan, we gave them notice to quit, in a manner which it was impossible to misunderstand, namely, by pelting them with sticks and stones, which we had previously collected, and other convenient missiles. For some time, notwithstanding, they kept their ground, and continued the cackling as before, varied occasionally by a sharp noise made by clapping their forepaws together. One among them attempted to climb into the tree; but his clumsiness was perfectly ridiculous, and amused us exceedingly. So much indeed was I delighted that I jumped and squeaked, and nearly fell off the branch on which I sat. Never, that I recollect, was I in higher spirits. I considered the animals below us, in every respect beneath me; and in mere wantonness, took deliberate aim at the one with a half moon head, whom I hit with part of a cocoa nut shell on the cheek, whereat he appeared to be much exasperated, and immediately seized what I then fancied was a stick, from one of his companions, and pointed it towards me. The manner in which he did this was, as I thought, exceedingly preposterous; for he held it as if to make me believe that it formed part of his own nose. I was much astonished, however, when a great noise, as of thunder, issued out of the end, with a cloud of dust; and my wife, who was close by my side, began to scream, and tumbled out of the tree. I attributed the fall to her own clumsiness, as she was an awkward monkey; and, to say the truth, we had not lived happily together for some time, for she was considerably larger than myself, and had given me a severe beating only the day before. When I saw her lying on the ground, and perfectly quiet, I knew she must be dead, being satisfied that nothing less would have quieted her; and I felt my mind greatly relieved, and began to look round among our troop for another mate.

In the meanwhile, the new-comers below began pulling my dead old wife about in a strange manner, turning her round and round, and jabbering to each other. At first I fancied they were going to eat her; but, at length, they laid her down, and I was glad to perceive that they had not had the sense to take the fruit which was in her pouch, and which I resolved to make my own immediately on their departure; for it is one thing to lose one's wife, and another to be deprived of her property.

The strange creatures now clustered together, and began to eat and drink, after an extraordinary fashion, out of the shells of cocoa nuts and large gourds. Their mode of drinking out of the latter particulary interested us; and, when they went away, we were somewhat surprised to observe that they left several behind them standing on the ground.

Perhaps my spirits were somewhat elevated in consequence of my wife's fall. Be that as it may, I was one of the first to descend and examine the hollow gourds left by the strangers; and I was accompanied by several

young females of our tribe, who had witnessed Glumdalla's accident, and therefore knew that I was at liberty to attend them. The things were half filled with what seemed to be water; so following our natural imitative propensity, we either lifted them in our forepaws, or dipped in our heads and began to drink, as the strange animals had done. In a very short space of time I felt myself unusually vigorous and active: it seemed to me as though I was larger and stronger than any of our troop; and my courage was such, that I almost wished my old wife alive again, that I might return the drubbings she had given me. My companions likewise appeared to have undergone a change. The females seemed handsomer, and the males uglier than usual; but all were merry and clamourous; and, indeed, it appeared as though we were trying which should make the most noise, and most frequently get possession of the gourds to imitate the strangers.

I have a very confused recollection of the manner in which that eventful scene terminated. There was some quarreling, I remember, among us, and we fought; but I have no idea what it was about. The last thing that I can call to mind appears like a dream; and I should ever have believed it nothing more, but for the deplorable consequences, by which the whole tenor of my life has been changed. It seemed as though the strange and great animals suddenly came upon us; but their manner was altogether different from that which they had practised on their first visit. Instead of moving slowly as before, they now flew about, like birds, in every direction; and I was astonished to see them overtake and lay hold of several of the most active among us. At length one approached me, and stretched out his long forepaw. Resistance against such a monster was not to be thought of. I therefore ran towards a stem of the banyan, which I unaccountably missed; but in a very short time I laid hold of another, which I thought to climb with the speed of lightning; when, to my great amazement, the whole tree had suddenly grown to such a height that its branches were above the clouds, which I plainly perceived rolling between me and them. Overcome by the dread of my pursuer, and this appalling change in the face of nature, my limbs refused to perform their office—I fell, exhausted, to the ground, and all remains a blank on the tablet of memory, from that moment till I awoke, ill and feverish, and surrounded by the human species.

It seems that the liquid which they had left in the calibashes (as they call them) was of an intoxicating nature, and had deprived us of the use of our faculties. I had got drunk. What "drunk" means, together with many other terms and things unknown among us, shall be explained in a glossary, which I shall annex to this manuscript, for the benefit of all inquisitive monkeys.

The cruelty of thus depriving us of our senses, for the sake of afterwards taking us prisoners, must appear to the reader as most execrable. But, to do justice to the human race, they do not consider the former any punishment; on the contrary, it is an infliction which they constantly practise on their dearest friends, and nothing seems to afford them greater pleasure.—They meet together frequently in large bodies for this very purpose; and at the commencement of their proceedings, I have sometimes been quite startled at their very close resemblance to us, as they sit and grin and nod at each other; but after a while, they become awkward and stupid, and are not fit to be compared with the meanest of our tribes. The only motive that I can guess for this strange practice is, that they thereby get rid, for a time, of a very troublesome thing which they call "reason," about which they are eternally chattering, and pretending that it is something superior to our instinct.

What the precise nature of this boasted "reason" is, I have never been able satisfactorily to decide. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that whenever a man has lost what little falls to his share, in one of these drinking bouts, he always imagines that he is possessed of much more than any one else, and believes himself the only animal fit to rule over his tribe.—One can hardly conceive any thing more ridiculous. If they had any quality at all comparable with instinct, it would be impossible for them to fall twice into such a stupid error; for they really make themselves quite ill by this foolish custom; and I have heard that some even hasten their death, and make their lives miserable thereby. Yet, while they are at it, they every now and then interrupt the general course of conversation, and cry out "Health!" But enough of this folly!

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[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb!

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither "toil nor spin;"
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparell'd in:
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of Eastern queen endiadem'd with light.

The young, rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy, careless creatures! of time they take no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, "would God that it were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

[MISS C. BOWLES.]

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Alvarez de Rameiro was the son of a Portuguese marquis, by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates, and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations: but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often as much "upon compulsion" as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady, whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch), it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge into the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately afterwards the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair —for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did better: she seized a rake, and, approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her, dripping like a river-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-weed in great profusion. Never did human being present a more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim with Trinculo, "What have we here?—a man or a fish?" And indeed, until "the creature found a tongue," it would have been no easy task for Linnæus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable: whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse, on seeing him safely landed, was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, "to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition."

"Apparition!—nay, senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth, to be mistaken for any

thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute; and as for your apologies, you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months."

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since but for you I had been their food. You moat, although not wide enough to swim in, possesses marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. "Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in."

"Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat."

"You forget, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, "that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, senor," said the daughter, "to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud:—I should like the cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—"a world too wide" for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities naturally developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness, and was equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight-forward disposition of the Englishman, who, probably, found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as refection, he made a point of keeping it up, and, with this general

object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart —he filled his glass, and, passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation. "It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass, man, and don't keep your hand on the bottle; it heats the wine."

"Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth's society, and her father is the last person from whom I would wish to conceal it."

"Then have the kindness to push the cigar-dish a little nearer, for mine is out."

"I hope, sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her?"

"I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her."

"Nor to yourself, I trust?"

"No; or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them."

"They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?"

"Nay, your own honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence."

"May I, then, without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?"

"In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but, now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

"When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore ever I hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?"

"I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prise your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her."

"Well, there is some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and, in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

"As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant."

"And a heretic."

"No, sir; my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then, let me tell you, that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and, as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk; but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities."

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever, which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still, however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart, and the honourable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual

means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty, overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the Inquisition, and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage-door with the intention of assassinating him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and, being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

"Alas, my daughter!" said the old man, "I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service.—Follow me."

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: "There, in that room, is he whom you seek; may God prosper your errand!" With these words he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her; and, entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form, and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but raising

his eyes, looked coldly and sternly upon her, and, without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings: and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments as if to ascertain if she had any thing more to say. His reply was:—"Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office, upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the Inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant; what was his name?"

"Wentworth, senor."

"Wentworth!—I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending, I adopted certain measures which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combated them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathering around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble; I frowned defiance on my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho,' said he, 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, at parting, said, with a smile, 'Now, Carvalho, we are foes again.'—And is he dead?—Then have I lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth, I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see; but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have laboured day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not a man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavour to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room for a few minutes, thoughtfully and per-

plexed : at length he resumed : "The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede ; it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling ; tell no one that you have seen me ; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth ; around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses ; at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling ; and immediately opposite was a bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown ; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand on a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said : Senor Alvarez, you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

"Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may'.'

"You speak rashly, Senor ; the Holy Office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the Inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said : and if any man has aught against me, let him stand forth."

"The Holy Office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts ; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent : but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites that, having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith ; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, senor Alvarez, is the charge ; what have you to urge against its truth ? "

"God forbid that, in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine Author ! You have reproached me with my English parentage ; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then I am a heretic ; and if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of Heaven's mercy."

"Nay, senor Alvarez, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion ; and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture,

we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church.—By a law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, become the property of the church; and as, from your connexion with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possion of all you know upon the subject."

"Behold," said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, "the cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the Inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he, upon whom your dungeons have once closed, stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insidiously proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father, and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which, if its power were equal to its will, would make this beauteous world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith: by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostasy."

During this speech, the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed, when Alvarez had finished: "You vaunt it bravely, senor! we will now try that persuasive power which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative."

"You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret."

"Away with him to the torture!" roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remoter parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, "Well, senor Alvarez, we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?"

"He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it."

"You will need it all, senor, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order; we have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!"

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his, and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in

the tone of supplication. "If," said he, "there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim; tear me piecemeal, limb from limb; but, for the sake of Him whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, oh spare, this beauteous work of his hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it!—Oh, if yon image of the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of his meekness and his mercy, I beseech you harm her not!"

"Nay, senor," replied the inquisitor, with a laugh of irony, "you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!"

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon; and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle was all she could oppose to the application of the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was, therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed "Forbear!" and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arm, however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes.

The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho.

The inquisitor started, as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

"Senor Carvalho," said he, "this visit is an honour for which we were not prepared: may I beg to be informed of its object?"

"Simply the liberation of these prisoners."

"Upon what authority do you demand it?"

"My own will."

"Much as we respect that, senor, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask."

"As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me, and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, senor; the prisoners must pass to their trial, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf meets out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, senor, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularity is not my wont, or a jest within the torture room of the Holy Office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much the charm of novelty to be forborne. But credit me, I was never more in earnest than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now, I depart not

alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners, or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"Senor Carvalho," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat, if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, "in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship-loads, until his holiness heartily wished the appeal, and the locusts that followed it, in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth, and passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped, and said; "Here we part; I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you is, get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer" (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them,) "will assist you in getting your effects on board: follow them with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe, beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. May God bless and keep you! Farewell!" He pressed the hand of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed; before half of the allotted time had expired they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous. [ACKERMANN'S FORGET ME NOT.]

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A CONVERSATION POEM.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and, though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,

Most musical, most melancholy bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh, idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so poor Wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain,
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Beloved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens, most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere, in one place, I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost

Forget it was not day! On moon-light bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may, perchance, behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vow'd and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watch'd
Many a Nightingale perch'd giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing—an infant's dream,)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hush'd at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

[COLERIDGE.

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